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HIS VANISHED STAR.

III.

THE gloom of the place had a unique underground quality which could hardly be compassed elsewhere by the mere exclusion of daylight. The yellow flare from the open door of the furnace seemed chiefly to serve to render visible the surrounding darkness. The masses of shadow were densely black. Where the firelight smote them they merged reluctantly into expositions of the darkest possibilities of umber and burnt sienna and dismal gradations of duskier brown. The clay wall facing the furnace door at one side, however, glowed with the reddest of terra-cotta hues. Against this the group was outlined, motionless, all eyes turning upon the black aperture of the tunnel along which the faint, wan gleams of Taft's lantern had preceded him. The moonshiners had an air of pretermitted work, and the expectant, receptive attention which characterizes the secluded in colloquy with him from the world without.

There is a certain rapacity in this demand for developments. Withdrawn from the scene of action, it seems as if anything definite and decisive might have happened in the interval of time, when perhaps only combinations of causes are slowly and imperceptibly tending toward the precipitation of the event. When the full-voiced greetings were supplemented by the inquiry for the news, Lorenzo Taft stood for a moment at a loss, conscious of a need of caution in the

recital of his suspicions and doubts and indeterminate fears. He sat down on the side of a barrel, looking, in the flickering dusk and the vivid gleams from the furnace, like some able-bodied, overgrown Bacchus, with his flowing yellow hair and beard definite against the terra-cotta wall behind him, his reckless, jovial blue eyes full of life and vigor, and his fair and florid complexion wearing already the deeper flush painted by brush whiskey.

"I dunno 'bout news, edzac'ly." He hesitated, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, as if he could hardly summarize so few experiences and impressions for the benefit of the debarred.

"That 's always the way," sarcastically exclaimed Jack Espey, a slight, eager-eyed young man, the impersonation of impatience. "'Renzo don't never hear no news in the Cove; leas'twise" — he cast a keen, significant glance at the others — "none ez he air aimin' ter tell agin."

The facial expression of the other men changed subtly, unmistakably. Some strong sentiment of disaffection had evidently been set astir in Taft's absence. As he slowly recognized it, a deep, dismayed gravity fell upon his features, which were as incongruous with his expression for the moment as if they were merely component parts of some jovial mask. It was a petrified look, as if he had suddenly beheld the Gorgon Head of Trouble.

The other men said nothing, maintain-

ing a sort of wary attention inimical in its close receptivity. The suggestion had communicated instant fire to certain inflammable suspicions and antagonisms. All the work about the still was given over for the nonce, and Lorenzo Taft had a certain overpowering realization of being brought suddenly to judgment, without a moment in which to take account with himself and his agile duplicities and perfect his defense.

There were four of the moonshiners besides Lorenzo Taft. Their aspect had so little in common that one might wonder at the cohesive property of the enterprise to hold them together, were it not for the opportunity of profit so rare in these mountain communities, and the great and ever-present dangers of the law that served to cement their association when once they had fallen into the toils of the illicit worm. One, in his shirt-sleeves, was beyond middle age, bearded and grizzled and grave, with a sedate eye, hard, callous hands, and a steady look as if he might be trusted to do a good deal of hard work by sheer force of industrial momentum when once about it. He had distilled much liquor against the law in his time, and even had an experience in such matters antedating the obnoxious whiskey tax. His was a sober, trusted judgment in questions of pomace and mash, singlings and doublings, and the successes of the manufacture were his. Another had a downy lip, full, petulant, passionate; a large blue eye, deeply bloodshot; a tousel of light curling hair; an overgrown, large-jointed look, — a mere boy, despite his thickened utterance, his shaking hand, and his frequent reference to a jug down amongst the shadows which the others left almost untouched. A far more dangerous personality was exemplified in the keen-eyed man, of about twenty-five, called Jack Espey. He had a wild, alert, aggressive look, widely opened bluish-gray eyes, full of reflections of the world without, straight black hair, a drooping mus-

tache, a fair complexion, a square jaw, and about him was the unmistakable presage of dying with his boots on. He wore a white wool hat set far back on his head, a blue shirt, and blue jeans trousers, and he clasped both his hands across one knee above his long spurred boot, while he sat on a shelf of the rock, half in the shadow and half in the light. The gleam fell on the handle of the knife in his belt and his pistols, which he did not lay aside to assist in the work. Yet it was not toward him that Taft, surprised and overtaken, cast the first covert glance of anxiety and deprecation. A smiling, dark-eyed gaze fixed upon his face shook his confidence, in that moment of detection. The smile was not one of pleasure, but Larrabee's eyes were seldom without it. It was tinged with a suggestion of contempt; it was habitually slow; it seemed rather an unintentional emanation from the spirit within than a means of communication with others of his kind. He smiled, as it were, to himself. He had a pale, clear-cut, intelligent face, with fine straight features, dark eyes, and short auburn hair. He was about twenty three or four years of age, lean but strongly built, and tall, and was dressed in brown jeans, with great rough boots. He had a certain inactive, lounging aspect, and laid aside with a reluctant gesture the worn New Testament which he had been laboriously reading as he sat close to the door of the furnace and caught its glimmers.

"Naw," reiterated the keen, eager Espey, with what he intended to be a sneer, but which was instead a snort of indignation, "ef 'Renzo hears enny news, he ain't rememberin' ter sheer it with we-uns; he keeps it from us, moles o' the yearth that we be!"

He dropped his voice dramatically. The others, with a hot sense of injury, gazed with glowing eyes upon Taft.

"Why, look-a-hyar," Taft felt impelled to defend himself, "what is it I ain't told ez ye want ter know?"

There was a close understanding among the "moles o' the yearth," for the united accusation about to be voiced was withheld as Larrabee fixed his ever-smiling eyes upon him and held up his warning hand.

"Waal, 'Renzo, what is the news ye hev tole hyar?"

It was the pride of intellect which illumined his face, that ineffable sense of power which a conscious mental superiority bestows. The smile in his eyes extended to his lips; he laughed a little, showing his strong white teeth, and there was something craftily brilliant in his expression as he looked down and turned the Testament in his hands, and looked up and laughed again.

"Yes," exclaimed Espey rancorously, "ye purtend ter go out an' see nuthin' an' hear nuthin'. I reckon ye air 'feared we 'll git skeered too easy, an' light out an' leave the still, an' sech; so ye tell we-uns nuthin' 'bout sech ez ye meet up with. Jes' undertake ter jedge fur us an' gin us no warnin' nor nuthin'!" —

Larrabee broke in suddenly: "*We 'll undertake ter tell you-uns the news, 'Renzo Taft, though we do be 'moles o' the yearth'! Thar's a stranger in the Cove!*"

A large, imposing personality is at a peculiar disadvantage when overtaken by disaster. Lorenzo Taft felt detected in every fibre, and he was conscious of comprising a good many pounds avoirdupois of culprit as he sat arraigned before them all. He could only look from one to the other in flushed doubt and anxiety as to how much they knew of what he had his own reasons to conceal.

"He air 'bidin' down at old Lucy Tems's house; an' ez ye sot out ter go thar this evenin', ye air 'bleeged ter hev viewed him," persisted Larrabee.

"Oh, I viewed him," said Lorenzo Taft, the steadiness of his fixed gaze beginning to waver somewhat as he sought to assume a more incidental manner, in the midst of his amazement to hear the

details of his visit to the Tems cabin from these "moles o' the yearth," miles away in the rain and the mist and the darkness, and locked up in the denser medium of the depths of the solid ground.

"I 'll tell ye his name," continued Larrabee, his eyes still smiling, but the curves of his mouth fierce, and his breath coming fast. "His name is Kenn'ston, or sech."

A wild, confusing fear of supernatural agency in this knowledge had begun to pervade Taft's consciousness. Then he caught himself suddenly.

"Ye mus' hev hearn on *him* whenst *he* war hyar afore," he said.

"Hyar afore!" exclaimed the anxious-eyed men in concert.

"He be the man ez 'lows ter build some sort'n tavern in the Cove, or sech like. Ye mus' hev hearn 'bout him."

A silence ensued. "That war 'way las' year," the elder moonshiner said at last.

"He 'pears ter go powerful slow," said the boy, disaffected and incredulous.

As the grizzled old distiller pondered on the matter, the perplexed wrinkles and lines of his worn face were painful to see. "Ye be right sure he ain't no revenuer nor nuthin'?" he asked anxiously, subordinating his own judgment.

"Great Gosh, naw!" exclaimed Taft with a resonant, confident note. This idea, so at variance with his knowledge of Kenniston's plans, had not occurred to him. He broke out into a sonorous laugh at the fears which for the first time he comprehended. "Revenuer!" he cried contemptuously. "Moonshining would be a powerful slick bizness ef revenuers war sech ez him!"

The sense of relief induced a slackening of the tension among the others. They too laughed, albeit a trifle constrainedly, and glanced consciously from one to the other. But Larrabee turned the Testament back and forth doubtfully in his hands, and asked suddenly, without looking up, "Then, why n't ye tell

'bout him a-fust, ef ye did n't want us not ter know 'bout him, — jes' ez news?"

Taft was silent for an instant. But the sense of partial success is a prophetic element in the completion of triumph, and, with an irreflective dash at the nearest means of exculpation without full disclosure, he replied precipitately: —

"News! I did n't count *him* no news. Sech ez him don't count much whenst a man's a-goin' a-courtin'."

The silence with which this was received was expressive of extreme surprise. The crackle of the furnace fuel, the roar of the flames, the rush of the air along one of the unseen shafts near by that had some immediate communication with the outer atmosphere, and sustained a strong current through the connecting drift, even the continuous dripping from the worm, each made itself conspicuous in the absence of other sound.

Jack Espey had suddenly lifted one spurred boot to his knee, and was affecting to examine the rowel. "Who be ye a-courtin' thar at old Cap'n Lucy's?" he gruffly demanded, but with an off-hand manner.

The steady look which Larrabee fixed upon Taft was, however, not incidental. The blood rushed to Taft's head. He had not dreamed of this complication. He saw that his answer meant far more to each of them than to him. And yet it was a difficult answer to give. He could not even seem to hesitate, and he must needs decide his fate at chance medley.

"Ad'licia!" he blurted out at a venture. Then, as the recollection of the handsome, silent Julia came over him with the inevitable sense of comparison, a pang seized his utilitarian heart; for since an excuse for his silence as to the details of his visit must needs be framed, and a stepmother be chosen in such haste, why could he not have bethought himself of the beauty? The fact that others were touched by this matter, of

which he had so suddenly a subtle perception, rendered his decision extra hazardous. His own natural interest, his swift regret for his choice, which was likely to ensue in any event since his feelings were not involved, dulled his observation for the moment. It was the least fraction of time which he had failed to improve, but when his discerning, covert gaze sought the faces of the other two men it could tell him naught of what he wished to know. Jack Espey still sedulously examined the rowel of his spur lifted to his knee, and Larrabee's eyes were fastened upon the worn book which he turned in his hands.

"I reckon I'm mighty welcome ter my ch'ice of Ad'licia," Taft said ruefully to himself. "Ad'licia 'd stand no sort'n chance with young fellers sech ez them, alongside o' sech a lookin' gal ez Julia."

The instinct strong in ambitious human nature to enter the lists for a prize stirred within him, albeit it was merely his own fancy that rated Julia at this phenomenal value. Fictitious though it was, it belittled Adelia in his estimation. However, the die was cast. He had openly avowed his preference, and it was hardly to be presumed that the arrogant Julia would suffer herself to be second choice to one of her own household. The possibility of defeat from any objection to him on the part of the lady never occurs to a man of that type. In his bluff vanity, a concomitant of his other hardy attributes, he thought he had only to choose. And he had chosen. He began to seek to reconcile himself to his selection. It would not be judicious to have a rivalry in a matter of this sort — of which young men are apt to make so much — between himself and members of his gang; more especially Espey, who was dangerous because of his hot head, and Larrabee, who was dangerous because of his cool head. And then Adelia was of an easy, acquiescent, optimistic temperament, and was likely to put up more readily with the two children, Joe

and Cornelia. He astutely reflected that it would probably require all the optimism attainable in the Cove to put up with "Sis." He began to feel that he was very lucky, or rather instinctively and intuitively sagacious, to have made such a choice at a snap shot. A troublous household would the determined and doubtless exacting beauty make of it. "Sp'iled ter death, I expect', by Luther an' old Lucy; nare one of 'em dunno *how* ter say 'no' ter nuthin' she sets her head ter, I reckon. An' I ain't no young feller, nohow, ter go danglin' arter the purtiest gal in the kentry, pickin' out a second ch'ice fur a wife. Ad'licia hain't got no home, bein' jes' Cap'n Lucy's niece, an' I reckon she'd be glad an' pleased ter hev a house o' her own, with nuthin' ter do but ter keep blinders on Sis 'bout'n the still an' sech, an' set her a-sewin' or a-hoein' till she gits some growth an' jedgnint." He began to pluck up. "Purty is ez purty does. Air one o' them boys is welcome to Julia!"

Then a sudden thought smote him.

"Pears ter me I oughter hev a consider'ble gredge agin you-uns," his big voice boomed out with all its sonorous confidence once more. "I kem hyar arter goin', ez ye knowed, ter Tems's, an' durned ef ye don't haul me over the coals like ez ef I hed hearn suthin' ez I did n't want you-uns ter know."

"So ye did, so ye did!" said Espey eagerly. "Ye did n't 'low fur we-uns ter know ez that man war hyar agin surely settin' out ter build his tavern or sech. 'Kase ef sech a many folks war stirrin' in the Cove, we-uns would be 'feared they'd nose us out 'fore long, an' quit the still."

Lorenzo Taft's face once more grew stony, as if he beheld some petrifying prospect not included in the range of vision of the natural eye.

"I reckon I hev got ez much call ter be 'feared ez you-uns," he protested. "I dunno ez enny o' you-uns hev sarved out a prison term fur illicit distillin' but me."

The others stirred uneasily at the mere mention of the possibility, their faces, stricken with a deep gravity, all illumined by the brilliant flare of the flames springing up anew; for the grizzled elderly man was busying himself in replenishing the fire. The wall of red earth on one side, on the other the wall of dark gray rock, alternating with lighter tints where the blastings had riven its close texture; the heavy supporting timbers made of great tree boles (what sordid translation from the noble forests without, where the unstricken of their kindred still towered toward the stars, and sang with the winds, and received glad gifts from the seasons in springing sap and spreading leaf, in acorn and cone, and kept a covenant with time registering the years in mystic rings in their inmost hearts!); the black aperture of the tunnel on one hand, and opposite a mysterious recess leading beyond; even a rat, and his elongated shadow, which, augmented into frightful proportions, sped after him in a mimic chase across the trampled red clay floor,—all became visible in detail. The disorder of the immediate surroundings, the barrels, the tubs, the sacks full of meal, the great wood pile, the rotting refuse of the pomace in heaps waiting to be cast down into the half-submerged shaft close at hand, the copper still itself, and the spiral worm and its adjuncts made a definite impression hitherto lost in the gloom. The shadows of the mountaineers doubled their number, as they sat, grave and absorbed, and gazed at the deep red and yellow and vivid white flare within the furnace. They seemed to wait in silence until the ill-fitting door clanged again, as if their senses recognized an added safety in the gloom which was not approved by their judgment.

As the door closed the elder distiller spoke.

"I dunno ez I hanker ter sarve no prison term," he said lugubriously. "An' I kin see full plain ez this hyar still will

hev ter quit ef the Cove gits full o' valley folks. We-uns will hev ter move, sure!"

"Move whar?" demanded Taft. "I been a-movin' afore. That's how kem I lef' Pioningo Cove, whar the revenue folks knowed me better."

There was another long silence.

"Burn him out!" exclaimed Jack Espey violently, bringing the foot which he had held on his knee down to the ground with a vehemence that made the spurs jingle. "Let *him* move! Burn his shanty every time he gits it started."

Lorenzo Taft recoiled. The glimmer from the crevices of the furnace door made a dull red twilight about him, as he sat on the barrel against the red wall. The suggestion was not new to his mind. He had not intended, however, that it should take root amongst the moonshiners and augment their jeopardy. He thought that, if he were any judge of character, Kenniston would soon have enemies enough here. The stranger was already busy in antagonizing Captain Lucy, — an early collision was inevitable. This catastrophe to the building might be presumed to be the natural outcome of their wrangles, and he would fain have silently awaited this interpretation of the event. As to the old mountaineer he felt no qualms of conscience; Captain Lucy was amply able to take care of himself.

This was the trend of Lorenzo Taft's plan, — the reason of his avoidance of the subject of the stranger. How or why his expectation should have miscarried he could not for the life of him see. The man had before been in the Cove. His presence would soon be an ordinary accepted fact. Fate merely would seem to harass Kenniston and his plans. Fire is a dangerous element in building, nevertheless requisite, in the tinner's, the plumber's, even the paper-hanger's art, and a conflagration in remote places is a terrible thing. Kenniston would become discouraged after a time, and desist.

But Lorenzo Taft had never intended that this work should be through the

united means of moonshiners. Five men were too many to keep the secrets of arson. The art of moonshining is necessarily worked with numbers, but the fire-bug's must needs be a solitary trade. He could not see the rift in his logic. How *had* they taken the alarm?

He marked with secret fear how the suggestion fared. Larrabee, who had begun again to read by the sharp, knife-like gleam from the furnace door, caught upon the page on his knee, as he sat close beside it, looked up with a keen, pondering face, his finger still on the line along which it was wont to guide his wavering comprehension. Surely he found no thoughts in its wake responsive to the idea now astir in his active, untaught brain. Law-breaking is a progressive evil. If he had not been engaged in the crime of illicit distilling, — which has, however, its apologists from the mere standpoint of economics, who plead the inherent right of a man to use his own corn and fruit to serve his own advantage, — this further iniquity of the destruction of the property of another could not have found lodgment in his consideration, for he was not naturally a cruel man, nor wicked. But in the depths of the earth, working at an unlawful vocation, in jeopardy of his liberty and in fear of his life, viewing the world only in transient glimpses in the midst of a backwoods community, and sustaining in effect an assumed character, that of a slothful farmer, an ignorant man's mind, however good the native essence, is not likely to develop fairly; and he may read the New Testament, as indeed those wiser and better than he have done, as a matter of literary interest and excitement, with not a thought of personal application.

The half-drunken boy pulled himself out of his semi-recumbent position on the floor.

"That's the dinctum, by Gawd!" he exclaimed, his solemn red face swollen and somnolent of expression. "Burn

him out! Burn him out! Make *him* move! Kindle up a leetle hell around him!"

He broke out with a wild, hiccupping laugh, singing in a queer falsetto, —

"Ladybug, Ladybug, fly to your home!

Your house is on fire!" —

ending in a shrill cackle of derision and a quavering whoop.

"Shet up, sonny!" said the veteran moonshiner, who seldom interfered save upon a question of work. Even he turned from the examination of the fermentation of a tub of mash which had been in question, his lantern in his hand, and a slow smile of discovery in the perplexed, anxious wrinkles of his wooden face. "I reckon our fire would last ez long ez his buildin' timber."

There was not a protest amongst them. Lorenzo Taft, more dismayed than he could at once realize, again marveled how they had taken the sudden alarm.

"Ye, ain't never tole me yit how it air ez you-uns fund out, sence I been gone this evenin', ez thar war a stranger in the Cove, an' how ye knowed 't war this hyar Kenn'ston down at Tems's."

There was a sudden volley of laughter, and Larrabee closed his book with a bang of triumph.

"Our turn now! Jack, *he* wants ter hear the news!" he called out to Espey.

"Ye mought ez well s'arch the hen-house fur teeth ez ter kem hyar ter we-uns, 'way down in the ground, axin' fur news!" protested Jack sarcastically.

A frown was gathering on Taft's face. He no longer had the incentive to self-command which the welfare of a plot requires. His plot was shattered; the event was out of his control, at the uncovenanted mercy of the future. It was almost sheerly from the force of curiosity that he pressed the question: —

"How *did* ye know, ennyhow?"

Perhaps he might not have been enlightened save for Larrabee's relish for detailing the circumstances, in the pau-

city of incident and interest in their underground career.

"Waal," he began in a narrative tone, and they all composed themselves to listen. Even the old drudge decanted a jug of doublings into a keg with marked speed of manner, and shuffled up into the circle, where he seated himself on a broken-backed chair, which, since he could not lean backward, rendered him fain to lean forward, his elbows on his knees, — "waal, this evenin', it bein' sorter lonesome down hyar, — I knowed 't war goin' ter rain, — I felt sorter like 't would be toler'ble pleasant ter read in my book."

He paused in pride; the respect of the others for this accomplishment was visible on their faces; it might be said to be almost tangible.

"I could n't find it, though, nowhar; an' I s'arched an' s'arched. An' sudent I 'membered I hed lef' it on the counter in the store. So knowin' 't war nigh dark, an' nobody likely ter be stirrin', I went up inter the sullen an' listened; an' ez I hearn nuthin', I went up the ladder inter the room. Ye know I felt plumb safe, fur I thunk the door war locked on the outside."

"Waal, war n't it?" asked Taft, with a swift look of alarm.

"*It war n't locked at all*; fur, ez I stood thar, — I hed jes' by accident shet the door o' the counter up an' the sullen, — the door of the room opened."

Taft's breath was fast. He had himself unlocked the door before he came down to the still. He could have sworn it.

"The door opened, an' a leetle gal kem in," Larrabee went on.

Taft's dismayed eyes were fixed unblinkingly upon him.

"Ye did n't tell her nuthin'!" he exclaimed, for he recognized the avenging "Sis" without description.

Larrabee laughed at the reminiscence of the humors of the situation.

"I war fit ter drap down dead with pure skeer at the sight o' her! But I

sorter held up by the counter, an' I say, 'I kem ter see 'Renzo Taft, — yer dad, I reckon.' An' she owned up ter it. An' I say, 'I 'lowed he kep' the door o' the sto' locked.' An' she say, 'He do. I think 't war locked.' 'I reckon not,' I say, 'fur I could n't hev walked in ef he hed locked it.' An' she say, 'I could n't hev locked it *good*, agin. I *onlocked* it this evenin' with my grandmam's key what I brung from her house.'

Lorenzo Taft gasped. The idea of old Mrs. Jiniway's keys unlocking his helpless doors gave him a sense of the futility of concealment from the prying feminine eye which nothing else could so adequately compass.

"An' then," continued Larrabee, with another burst of laughter, — Taft did not think "Sis" half so funny, — "I axed her what ailed her ter open the door of her dad's store whilst he war gone. She looked like she hed a mind not to say another word. But she tuk another notion, — I reckon she did n't like ter be faulted, — an' 'lowed ez a strange man hed rid by; an' his horse bein' turrible fractious and hard-mouthed, the bit hed bruk in the critter's mouth, an' he wanted ter buy another. So Sis tried ter open the door, and done it, with her granny's key. An' she sold him a bit. She said he war powerful saaft-spoken an' per-lite, ez ef she 'lowed *I war n't!* An' that gin me a chance ter ax her what he said. An' she tole his name, an' the word ez he war 'bidin' at Tems's, — fur Sis axed him. He got away with mighty leetle that Sis hed enny cur'osity 'bout."

Lorenzo Taft listened in silent despair. Disaster seemed closing about him. Certainly this was a field for a stepmother. Adelicia could not take the enterprising "Sis" in hand a moment too soon.

"How much did she want to know 'bout *you-uns* that *ye* didn't tell?" demanded Taft.

"Waal, I fell in line, an' wanted ter buy suthin', too. I purtended I wanted ter buy a pound o' nails. Sis weighed 'em out fur me, — gin me mighty scant measure, — an' then I 'lowed I would wait ter see *you-uns*, an' I sot down in a cheer. An' she sent Joe ter set with me, — ter see I never stole nuthin' o' the gear, I reckon, — an' went off in the t'other room ter spinnin', ter jedge by the sound o' the wheel. An' Joe drapped off ter sleep, an' arter a while I croped down hyar agin. I reckon she 'lowed, when she missed me, ez I got tired an' went away."

Taft, anxiously canvassing the probabilities, could but deem this more than likely. He began to breathe freely. The girl was too young to critically observe any departure from the usual routine, or to reason about the matter. He doubted if she would know what moonshining was, or could draw any inference from the fact of concealment should their precautions chance to fall under her notice. Not that he intended, however, to submit them to this jeopardy. The finding and fitting of old Mrs. Jiniway's key to the door, in order that the sale of the bit might not be lost, savored too much of a precocious intelligence to be needlessly trusted. "Sis will bear watchin'," he said to himself, unaware that this was a mutual conclusion.

For early rising was one of the virtues inculcated in old Mrs. Jiniway's rule of life. Cornelia Taft was awake betimes the following morning, — a dawn full of rain, of gray mist veiling the mountains, of low clouds, of heavy, windless air. She saw its melancholy gleams through the crevices of the clapboards of the roof above her head and the batten shutter close by her bed. She knew that these fugitive glimmers were brighter than the dull day slowly breaking without, from the contrast with the deep tones of intervenient shadow. She lay looking at them for a time with this thought in her mind, and then she leaned forward and

opened the shutter. It was as she had fancied: the dusk was almost visible, like a brown mist that seemed subtle and elusive, and always vaguely withdrew whenever the eye would fain dwell upon it. A great elm grew just without the window and hung high above the roof. Its leaves were all lustrous and deeply green with the moisture; the graceful bole and branches were darker and more definite than their wont. A bird's-nest was in a crotch. She turned her head to hear the sleepy chirp of nestlings. She wondered that Joe had not rifled it,—only because he had not observed it, she felt sure. "That boy don't take notice o' nuthin'," she commented acridly upon her senior. The next moment her own powers of observation were brought into play. She heard steps, voices, a loud laugh, and before she could experience either fear or surprise very definitely two or three men passed out of the house, under the elm-tree, and down the road, vanishing in the mist. She recognized one of them as the man who had so suddenly appeared in the store the day before; another she had never seen; the third was very young and very drunk.

Despite the sanctimonious atmosphere that had characterized Mrs. Jiniway's domicile, the doings of the derelict had always been commented upon with the freedom affected by those who are subject neither to the temptation nor the transgression. Few gossips were better informed upon current affairs than she and her youthful charge; and it might be safe to say that, to all intents and purposes, a United States marshal knew no more about the revenue laws as applied to illicit distilling than did Miss Cornelia Taft.

Her small mind received a great enlightenment as she watched the young moonshiner reel down the road with his two companions, and then she leaned forward and softly and deftly closed the shutter as before.

IV.

The day proved of variable mood. The mists clung sullenly to slope and ravine for a time; the clouds hung low, full of menace; even a muttering of thunder afar off now and again stirred their dense gray masses. The veiled mountains were withdrawn into invisibility. Below, the earth lay as if it consisted only of dull levels, limited, silent, comatose, for the dank, drowsy influence pervaded all energies alike of the animate and the inanimate; there was no sound of beast or bird, no stir of wind or rustle of leaf, and a lethargy dulled pulse and muscle and brain.

The sunburst came with the effect of revelation. A vague tremor pervaded the tissues of the gray mists, and all at once a great white glory was on the green mountain sides. The vast spaces to the blue zenith were filled with radiant flying fleecy forms as the transfigured vapor took wing. Far in the south the gray cloudage still held its consistency, and trembled with thunder and sudden elusive palpitating veins of yellow lightning. But the lithe arc of a rainbow presently sprang athwart it, and the wind came gayly piping down the gorge. In the actual perceptible jubilation of the earth, it might seem that the miracles of the goodness and the gladness of the sun were no common thing. There was a visible joy among the leaves as they fluttered together, and lifted up their dank fibres, and lustrously reflected the pervasive sheen, and tremulously murmured and chanted in elfin wise beneath the breath. How was it that the plaining river should suddenly find its melodies again, as if light and song were interdependent? A tumultuous, rollicking stave it flung upon the air; and so, faster to the valley! The benignant revivification was on the very flocks; the dull, submissive sheep, huddled drowsily together in the gray menace of the morning, were astir once more, and scattered here and there as

they browsed. Even Luther was singing in the barn as he mended his plough-gear. All day the swift upward flights of the sheeny white figures continued at intervals, and when Adelia set forth to drive the cows home, in the afternoon, only the more radiant aspects of the world gave token of the storm of the night. She hardly left the print of her shoe in the wild woodland ways through which she wandered, so had the warmth and the light dried the dank herbage. She was out betimes. There was something in the long, meditative strolls that harmonized with certain moods, and Captain Lucy sometimes sourly commented, "Ad'licia gone ter fotch home the cows? Waal, who be a-goin' ter fotch home Ad'licia?"

It might be an hour before Spot would think of turning her crumpled horns homeward. The sun shone aslant through the vast forests, but still hung well up in the western sky. Through the deeper gloom amongst the gigantic trees the rays hardly penetrated. She stopped once to gaze from the midst of the dark green shade of the umbrageous tangle at the strange effects of the light where it fell into an open space cleared long ago by "girdling" the trees, which betokened collapsed agricultural intentions, for the ground had never been broken by ploughshare. The enormous dead trees were still standing, and time and rain and wind had worn them to a pallid whiteness. She could see the successive clusters of columns, one after another, rising in the sunlight, until the roofing foliage nearer at hand cut off the view. To Kenniston's cultured experience they were reminiscent of the colonnades of some great cathedral, when he had observed the place and the same effect. She had naught in mind to which she could compare them, but those white, silent, columnated aisles in the midst of the savage fastnesses of the great wilderness always impressed her with a certain solemnity, as she passed, and she was wont

to pause to gaze at the spot in awe and with a vague sinking of the heart; for, despite her optimism, Adelia's heart was not always light. She was sensible of its weight this evening, as she wandered on, leaving the still, white sanctuary in the midst of the forest glooms. Her face was wistful and pale. Her dark gray lustrous eyes were dreamy. She walked slowly and aimlessly, her brown dress brushing the undergrowth aside with a gentle murmur, her yellow calico sunbonnet hanging on her shoulders and leaving her auburn head bare. Her errand was far from her mind. She did not even bethink herself to call the cow, until suddenly she noticed how high upon the great boles of the trees the slanting sunlight registered the waning of the day. Then, as she set the echoes vibrating with the long-drawn cry of "Soo, cow! soo!" she turned at right angles, following the trend of the mountain stream, invisible in the labyrinth of the woods, but not far distant she knew by the vague murmur of waters borne by the wind. She had looked for no other listener than the somewhat arbitrary Spot, who would heed or not as she listed, and who might now be standing knee-deep in the limpid ripples near at hand, hearkening, but making no response, intending to fare home at her own good pleasure. But the long, musical, mellow call, with its trailing echoes, attracted other and more receptive attention, and as Adelia turned suddenly into a straighter section of the path she saw at the end of the vista, before it curved again, standing beneath a tree and with his face toward her, a man apparently listening and waiting for her.

He had dismounted from his horse, a light-tinted yellow roan, who stood as still as if he were of bronze, while his master leaned against the saddle, with his hand on the bridle. He held the other arm akimbo, with his hand on the belt which supported a knife and a pair of pistols. They were unconcealed by a

coat, for he wore only a blue shirt and blue jeans trousers, with heavy boots drawn to the knees; and she recognized him rather by his accoutrements than his face, for his wide white wool hat was pulled far over it. From under the broad brim he gazed at her with sullen, lowering eyes.

"I hearn ye callin' the cow, an' I knowed yer voice," he said. "I been waitin' fur ye."

She faltered for a moment; then, with an evident effort, quickened her step and went forward to meet him. She apprehended the anger in his face, apparently, for there was a disarming, deprecating look in her clear dark eyes as she cast them up at him. Her yellow sunbonnet hardly served more for shelter than an aureola might have done, — a background for her auburn head; her dark brown dress and the green shadows of the trees added a pallor to her white oval face with its small delicate chin. He did not heed her appealing gaze. It was with a stern, hard voice that he spoke, and a fiery eye.

"I hev got a word ter say ter ye, Ad'licia," he began, walking slowly by her side and leading his horse, the reins thrown over his arm and his uplifted hand near the bit.

The animal's head was close above his shoulder, and as Adelia met the creature's large-eyed and liquid gaze it seemed to her as if she were doubly arraigned before them both.

"Ye need n't ter try ter fool me," said Jack Espey between his teeth.

"I ain't tryin' ter fool ye," protested Adelia.

He looked at her narrowly, taking note of her evident discomposure, and placing disastrous construction upon it.

"Ye 'low ye kin fool me 'thout tryin', I reckon," he said, with a sarcastic smile.

"I ain't a-foolin' ye," gasped Adelia.

"Ye know — why, *ye know* I ain't!"

He hesitated, half constrained to believe her. He still gazed searchingly at

her from under the broad brim of his hat. Her wild, agitated look made him doubtful.

"Now, ye jes' undertake ter fool me," he continued, with an accession of angry jealousy, "an'" — he laid his hand on the pistol in his belt — "I'll undertake ter shoot ye dead on the spot."

The color surged to her face. The tears rushed to her eyes. A sharp conflict waged in her heart for a moment, and then she walked on beside him, pale, composed, silent, as if she were alone in the depths of the primeval wilderness.

Only the sound of the stir of the saddle with the breathing of the horse as the animal tramped on behind them, their muffled footfalls barely perceptible on the thick herbage of the cattle path, the light whisper of the wind in the leaves, broke the pause, while Jack Espey's touch trembled on the handle of the pistol as he walked beside her.

Her calmness shook his own composure.

"Ad'licia!" he exclaimed petulantly, but with an evident softening of his fierce mood, "why n't ye say suthin'? Why n't ye say suthin' ter me?"

"I dunno what ter say," she responded coolly.

"Ye know what I want ter hear," he declared passionately.

"T ain't no use ter say it agin." She turned upon him her eyes, soft and lustrous, like some brownish-greenish moss in the depths of a crystal spring. "I done said it an' said it."

His hand released the pistol, and pushed his hat far back on his dark hair with a hasty gesture of impatience. Then, with a sudden calmness, "Ad'licia, ye ought n't ter git mad with me! Ye ought n't ter git mad so dad-burned easy!"

"Mebbe I ought n't," she said, with a note of sarcasm in her vibrant voice. Her eyes were bright, her cheek flushed.

"T ain't right," he continued didactically. "T ain't religious." He looked at her with grave, admonitory eyes.

"Mebbe 't ain't," she responded. She

laughed a little, unmirthfully, and her lip quivered.

He strode on a few steps in silence, at a loss for words of explanation. He dreaded and deferred it, and yet he longed for its possible reassurance. As his thoughts canvassed its probabilities, he broke out tumultuously once more:

"I hev got good reason ter b'lieve ye air foolin' me, — good reason, I tell ye, now, Ad'licia!"

"Good reason agin my word?" she demanded, her pride in her eyes.

He stared at her. "A gal's word!" he said lightly, and then he laughed. As a guaranty it struck him humorously. "I reckon thar ain't many men ez would be willin' ter stand or fall by sech."

"Ye set store by it wunst," she said humbly.

"T war when ye promised ter marry me," he declared precipitately, unconsciously showing that it was the prospect which he had valued without trusting the promise. "An' I want ye ter 'bide by it, too," he sternly added, suddenly perceiving that it was not policy to adduce too freely precedents as to the friability of feminine promises.

She shook her head, regardless of his keen, fiery eye. "I ain't goin' ter marry nobody, I reckon," she said slowly. "Ye'll shoot me dead fust, some day, in one o' yer tantrums."

"Ye ain't a-goin' ter marry 'Renzo Taft, an' that I tell ye, now. I'll shoot ye fust, sure!" he cried furiously, his eyes blazing upon her.

The look in her face checked his passionate rage. An utter wonderment, a deep bewilderment, overspread it as she echoed, "*Renzo Taft!* The man over yander at Lost Time mine? War ye a-talkin' 'bout him?"

He controlled himself instantly, although his eyes were all ashine and alertly restless.

"Who war you-uns a-thinkin' 'bout, Ad'licia?" he asked gently and incidentally.

"Jasper Larrabee, o' course," she answered innocently.

He could only grind a curse between his teeth, and then he was speechless for a moment.

"I dunno nare nuther good-lookin' young man in the Cove," continued Adelia, girlishly talking on, oblivious of the significance of her disclosures. "Though I b'lieve Jasper ain't studyin' 'bout sech ez marryin'. He jes' kems thar toler'ble frequent ter read out'n his book ter Cap'n Lucy. He kin read powerful well. Cap'n Lucy 'lows he senses the Gorspel better from Jasper's readin' 'n the rider's, 'kase whenst he don't onderstan' he kin make Jasper stop an' spell it out an' read it over. An' sometimes" — she broke into a little dimpling laugh — "whenst the Gorspel goes agin Cap'n Lucy's policy an' practice, he makes Jasper spell an' *spell*, an' yit them times he can't spell it out to suit Cap'n Lucy. But it's plumb heartsome ter hear Jasper read of a stormy night," she added, recalling the one spiritual pleasure of her stunted, starveling spiritual life.

As she glanced at his face, there was something so gruesome, so strange, in its expression that she was fain to remonstrate. "Ye 'pear powerful techy, Jack," she said. "Ez ter 'Renzo Taft, it's jes' old uncle Lucy's foolishness; an' I wish he'd quit it, too! Though 't ain't no harm, nuther. Uncle Lucy jes' makes out ez 'Renzo Taft air arter me or Julia fur a stepmammy fur his leetle gal, an' it tickles him ter talk 'bout'n it, — it's so foolish! Why, Jack, 'Renzo Taft is old enough purty nigh ter be *my* dad; an' — he ain't ugly, edzac'y — but, but — no wise desirable. Cap'n Lucy air always peckin' at me fur puttin' myself out ter obligate other folks, but I ain't so powerful meek-tempered ez ter marry 'Renzo Taft ter be a stepmammy. Though he ain't axed me, nor nobody else ez I knows on. An' I ain't got nuthin' agin him."

He walked on beside her, hardly listening, and scarcely caring what she said or thought of Taft. For him, at the moment, Jasper Larrabee, and his gift of reading the Scriptures and interpreting them to Captain Luey's satisfaction and her humble and incidental pleasure, filled all the horizon. His jealousy had taken a new lease on life with this more promising object, and with the surer foundation of what she said of Larrabee rather than of what Taft said of her. He hardly heeded her presence as he sought to gather together his faculties. He did not even feel the clumsy caress of the horse now and again rubbing his head against his master's shoulder, as he minced along behind him, accommodating his long stride to the shorter compass of the human step. The young man's eyes were hot; they seemed to burn the dry lids, as he gazed down through the cool leafy vistas of the forest; but his voice was calm enough when he suddenly said to her:—

"Ad'licia, ef ye keered ennything 'bout me wuth talkin' 'bout, ye 'd marry me now."

The placidity which her face had resumed as she had talked disappeared abruptly. She was once more anxious, disquieted, on the brink of tears.

"Ye know, Jack," she expostulated, "I can't marry agin Cap'n Lucy's word."

"Ye would ef ye keered a straw, a bare straw."

"Cap'n Luey jes' say, 'Wait awhile.' It's jes' 'awhile,' else I would go agin his consent."

"Ye don't keer," he reiterated dolorously, for her protest was welcome to him.

"Cap'n Luey jes' say," she went on very fast, "jes' wait till that man ez you-uns shot in Tanglefoot Cove gits well. He 'll git well, I reckon. Ye said he war powerful hearty an' big. Cap'n Luey say he ain't goin' ter lemme marry a man ez mought be tried fur his life, ef he kin help it."

"Ef ye keered fur me, ye would n't gin *that* fur Cap'n Luey's word!" he as-

severated, as he lifted his arm high in the air and snapped his fingers resonantly.

The horse shied suddenly at the sound, and pulled heavily on the hand that held the bit.

Her eyes were full of tears.

"Jack," she said in deep humiliation, "I can't 'low at this time o' day ez I don't keer fur uncle Lucy's word. I never eat none o' my own bread in my life."

She knew that he had turned and was staring at her, although she could not distinguish him through her tears. If she had never loved him, her heart might have warmed to him now, for the vehemence, the partisanship, with which he protested her independence.

"Eat yer own bread!" he cried in a ringing voice that made her shrink. "Ye never eat nuthin' else! Who churns, an' sweeps, an' mends, an' cooks, an' milks cows, this many an' many a day? That thar dough-faced Julia?"

To his amazement she burst out laughing, but the next moment she was sobbing in good earnest, and he hardly knew whether she was glad or sorry.

He scarcely paused to wonder. He went tumultuously on to repudiate the obligations that so lowered her pride and her title to self-respect. "Who hoes, an' sews, an' weaves, an' spins, an' raises the chickens an' tur-rkeys an' sech, an' answers old Cap'n Luey's call 'Ad'licia! Ad'licia!' all day long? That thar long, lank, limp Julia? Ef I war ter marry ye an' take ye away from thar, that house would fall down, I reckon, an' old Cap'n Luey knows it."

His well-set bluish-gray eyes had brightened as he spoke; he smiled genially; his face was handsome and intelligent with this expression. The next moment it clouded heavily. He could not do this as almost any other man might,—marry a wife and take her home. He was a fugitive and an exile by reason of the jeopardy of the man whom he had shot in Tanglefoot Cove, and who still hung between life and death, his own

fate involving that of his enemy. Jack Espey felt sure that he could have proven self-defense, had he permitted himself to be apprehended at the time. But from the circumstance of his hasty flight, uncertain what he had done and animated by ignorant terrors of the law, the lapse of time, the dispersion of witnesses, he feared to submit his action to a legal arbitrament now.

The suspense was in itself a terrible retribution, but it is safe to say that Espey had hardly appreciated its rigors till now, when it hampered his every prospect in life. He had been a man of some substance in his native place, according to the humble rating of the mountaineers, and the lowering of pride involved in his present situation was very bitter to him. He could not ask to be received under Captain Lucy's roof, and its hospitalities certainly would not be offered. He repented of his candor in making known his circumstances when he had "asked for" Adelia, for in the probation on which he had been placed he recognized the crafty hope of the elder man that the affair would soon blow over. He felt it a poor reward for his frankness, and he determined that it should not go without requital in turn. "Jes' lemme fix up that cussed bother in Tanglefoot, an' durned ef Cap'n Lucy ever shell see Ad'licia's face agin!" he often said to himself.

Meanwhile he hung around as best he might, fraternizing secretly with the moonshiners; for here was the best opportunity of earning enough to provide for his simple wants, and to keep him out of the observation of the law, while awaiting the result in Tanglefoot, whence the news had lately become more hopeful.

He had fallen in with Jasper Larrabee at the blacksmith's shop at the cross-roads, where he had paused in his flight for his horse to be shod; the two had "struck up" a mutual liking, and Espey had come with Larrabee to the Cove, where he divided his time pretty equally between his new friend's home and the

Lost Time mine. His frankness had not extended to his recent acquaintances, who knew no reason why he should shun observation except that which they shared with him concerning the still. His utility there and its financial advantages were ample to justify the continuation of his stay in the Cove; and thus, but for his own attack of conscientiousness in revealing his true circumstances to Adelia and Captain Lucy, he might have seemed as advantageously placed as any of his compeers.

"Waal," said Adelia, unaccountably brightened, "we-uns hev ter 'bide by Cap'n Lucy's word an' wait awhile, bein' ez he hev tuk keer o' me all my days, mighty nigh. An' ye better be toler'ble perlite ter Julia, too," she added, with a radiant smile. "Julia's consider'ble apt ter take notice o' slights."

He promised humbly, swallowing his pride with a mighty gulp; and as they came out from the woods into the more open spaces shelving to the great crags they encountered Kenniston, a cigar in his mouth, a memorandum in his hand of the boundaries of his land, taken from the calls of his title-deed, a good-humored triumph on his face, and a gay, kind voice as he instantly recognized and greeted Adelia.

He called her to come and observe the splendor of the view from a certain craggy point where there would be an observatory, and his enthusiasm was not dashed even when she gazed off wonderingly into space, seeing nothing to which she was unaccustomed, and evidently apprehending naught of what he said. He wondered a trifle, subacutely, how much the perception of beauty may be promoted by the sense of contrast. Since she knew no dull levels or discordant scenes, the sublime was merely the natural daily presentment of creation, no more a marvel than the rising of the sun, and thus she was bereft of its appreciation. He wondered, too, if the converse of the proposition were true, —

if those to whom nature is expressed in a meadow, or a series of knobs, or a pond can have no mental conception of the austere splendors of the craggy heights or the stupendous area of infinite detail spread before the eye within a wide horizon piled with mountains. He showed her, too, a small drawing of the projected hotel, which she turned awry and almost reversed to gaze upon it. His good humor extended to her companion, whom he had never before seen. Although usually aloof and averse to strangers, Espey found the suave words a salve to his sore heart. He did not know how much less pleasant Kenniston could be when not pleased. Just now even this new acquaintance harmonized most aptly with his gracious mood. Artistically viewed, poor Espey might have graced the romantic stage, as he stood, in his dark blue shirt and trousers and great spurred boots, defined against the yellow-bronze horse which he held by the bit, his belt full of weapons, his broad white hat far back on his black hair, and his defiant face at once wild and eager and wistful. The man of the alert pencil was moved to wish that he had the art to do him justice.

Kenniston's kind and ingratiating manner as he explained his plans and expectations, which could not interest the mountaineer, who was as foreign to such considerations as deer or bear, secured nevertheless Espey's attention and respectful silence. He looked now and again with a sort of reluctant liking at Kenniston's face as he talked, regretting that, since he attached so much hope and consequence to the project, it would be necessary to burn the buildings down as fast as they were erected.

In the plenitude of his access of amiability, Kenniston lagged behind and let them stroll away homeward together, — as pretty a pair of rustic lovers, he thought, as one could wish to see.

The sun was well down; the sky was red; the evening star was in a saffron

haze; the nearest mountains had turned a deep purple, with a vague, translucent, overlaying gray hue like the bloom on a ripe grape; the distant ranges had vanished in the mystery of night. It was not dark, but the flare of the fire within the door of Captain Lucy's cabin was visible as it rose and fell on the puncheon floor in transitory flickers. It was a poor place, but it was home, and to the exile it looked like paradise. Julia had come to the door, and stood there half in the soft outer light, and half in the fire-light within. Schooled and docile, Espey remembered his monitor's bidding, and roused his unwilling, flagging energies and his tired, sad heart to evolve some pleasantry as he called out a greeting from the bars. She turned her sleek head and smiled at him. There had never been such eyes in the Cove, except perhaps those which Captain Lucy had opened there first some sixty years before, nor such long, dark, curling lashes. She might, however, have been no more comely, for all Jack Espey cared, than old "T'bithy," Adelia's cat, who arched her plebeian scantily furred back in the door, and surveyed the landscape with her yellow eyes, and yawned from sheer mental vacuity. He got through the interview with what poor grace he could and from a sense of duty; and as he was about to mount, he, unobserved by the others, offered to take Adelia's hand. To his amazement, she looked him full in the face with hard, angry eyes, struck down his hand with a petulant gesture, passed him like a flash, and disappeared within the door.

Jack Espey, who had no more recognition of the aspect of jealousy than if he had never felt its power, could but mount and ride away in angry bewilderment; and Kenniston, hearing the furious speed of his horse's hoofs as he went headlong down the dark, rocky road, looked wonderingly after him.

"He'll break his neck, at that rate," he said.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

WASHINGTON THE WINTER BEFORE THE WAR.

LOOKING back across the graves of more than a million brave men who, on one side or the other, laid down their lives in the struggle for mastery which began in Washington in the winter of 1860-61, the recollection of the flippancy and air of lightness and almost sportiveness with which it was entered upon fills me with amazement. How great things were trifled with as if they were playthings, and great stakes were played for almost as boys play for pennies, I could not now, in the lurid light of subsequent events, ever be made to believe, had not my own eyes been the witness. Much that happened would have been impossible but for the impenetrable veil which shut out the future. What seemed to us then arrant nonsense, and scarcely to be recalled now, after thirty years, with a sober face, was in truth the manifestation of a spirit which finally made possible Andersonville, Gettysburg, and the assassination of Lincoln. I sometimes think it almost wicked to hold up the ludicrous side to the public gaze, in the light of such a terrible realization. This article is written with no such purpose, but rather to preserve, if possible, for future instruction and entertainment, the record of some incidents of those days, all trace of which will soon be beyond recall if left alone to the memory of contemporaries and participants.

One of these incidents seemed at the time a genuine burlesque; yet it covered a trap into which it would have been much easier to put a foot than to get it out when once in. Mr. Lincoln was elected President in November, 1860. Within a week after it was known, South Carolina took steps to set up her independence as a sovereign state. She did not seem to have contemplated at the outset the possibility of armed resistance to the carrying out of her scheme, but

proceeded with the formal steps of ordinary legislation, as if that alone, on her part, were sufficient to divide this nation into sections, the several parts set up into sovereignties with all the attributes of independent nationalities. It took her three weeks to get her legislature together and create a convention, which passed an ordinance in high-sounding phrase declaring South Carolina to be a free, independent, and sovereign nation among the nations of the earth, with full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. One of the first acts of this new sovereignty was an attempt to negotiate a treaty with the United States. And so, within a month after the election, before the votes had been counted or a single step taken looking to the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, this independent power, which had sprung up in a night, in the very midst of us, waving a foreign flag, in sight of United States forts and arsenals, over all the United States property within its limits, appointed an embassy—ministers plenipotentiary—to proceed to the government of the United States, and negotiate a treaty of peaceable surrender to her of the armed fortresses and other property of the United States found within the limits of her dominion when she woke up a sovereign. This embassy came on to Washington with a secretary of legation, and with credentials as formal and a seal as large as ever certified our minister to the Court of St. James. They took a fine house on K Street,—the rent of which, it is said, they never paid,—unfurled the flag of their legation, and prepared to present their credentials, and to be received as ministers plenipotentiary of the government of South Carolina, resident, as they were

pleased to term it in true diplomatic language, near the government of the United States of America. Most people in Washington looked upon the whole proceeding as a huge joke, — as a harmless outcome of the vanity and pride of South Carolina. Not so Mr. Buchanan. The moment they presented their credentials he found himself in a dilemma. If he received them, even addressed them in the character they had put on, he would at once recognize the sovereignty they claimed to represent. If he turned them out of doors, not to say arrested them for the treason they were committing, he would immediately bring on that crisis which it was his prayer night and day might be averted till after the 4th of March. So he did neither, but referred the whole matter to Congress; and Congress referred it to a select committee, of which the writer was one. Alas! disease and death have left him alone with the knowledge of many incidents of the work of that committee, nowhere recorded, soon to become too shadowy for recital.

The committee had subsequently many other more serious matters in charge, but could never bring themselves to treat this otherwise than as a sublime farce, little dreaming of what it was the beginning. They summoned these gentlemen to appear before them, just as they would any other American citizens. Instead of appearing in person, the members of the "embassy" sent their "secretary of legation," who notified the committee, in a very courteous but exceedingly formal manner, that it had overlooked the fact — unintentionally, no doubt — that the gentlemen summoned to appear before the committee were ambassadors of a sovereign state, residing, in their diplomatic character alone, near the United States government, and acknowledging no authority but that of the government whose commission they bore. It was our first experience of this new-fledged eagle, and the bird had spread

its wings for so lofty a flight at the first opportunity that we stood back in wonder and amazement, uncertain for the moment whether it would soar into the sun or come tumbling down at our feet. We were thus suddenly brought face to face with this new sovereignty flaunting its awful attributes before us, all embodied in the person of this secretary of legation, as he supposed himself to be, and not an imposing personage at that. He was a very young man for one representing in his person the majesty of an independent government, seemingly having hardly attained his majority, with light hair, boyish face, and a mustache trained after the imperial order, rare in those days, which was a surprising success upon a face otherwise so downy. He wore patent-leather shoes and light-colored trousers in very large plaids, twirled on the tips of his fingers a cane with an apparently golden head turned over and finished in the hoof of a horse; in short, he was a dude of the dudes of that day, and fit to be the prototype of the race. Thus equipped and hat in hand, he stood before us personating the new national sovereignty which had sprung into existence out of our very selves, full-armed, like Minerva from the head of Jove. It was his first appearance in diplomacy, and he was evidently intent on making the most of it.

I was directed by the committee to examine him, and, after a few formal inquiries, I asked what had brought him to Washington. "What has brought me to Washington?" he repeated, with an air of injured surprise. "You cannot be ignorant, sir, that the new sovereign state of South Carolina has sent ambassadors to negotiate a treaty of friendship and alliance with this neighboring government of the United States, with which she is desirous of living on the most liberal terms of amity and good fellowship; and I have the honor to be the secretary of that legation, sir." As soon as the committee could recover their breath, a



further inquiry was ventured about the origin of this new government whose existence he had thus announced, and the authority under which it had been created. With a look of supreme contempt or pity for our ignorance, — one could hardly tell which, — he proceeded to enlighten us. "South Carolina," he said, "when she consented to become one of the United States, gave up no part of her sovereignty, but only laid it away for future use whenever it seemed meet to her. She now decrees to resume it, and that is sufficient. She only puts on again the vestments of her sovereignty, as a man resumes the raiment he has temporarily laid aside." It was so simple and easy a process that he expressed astonishment at our ignorance. A few questions more, and the committee gave up in despair the hope of getting him down to the earth, or ourselves sufficiently off from it to comprehend this sudden and absolute metamorphosis. He went on, without specific questions, to expound more at length the theory which had given birth to his government, and expatiated upon the enormity of the outrages his "people" expected would happen, and had mapped out beforehand should happen, when Lincoln should be inaugurated. He quoted Grotius and Vattel to prove that the United States forts and other public property found within the limits of South Carolina when she became an independent power became *ipso facto* her property, with the assertion that the declaration of South Carolina upon the question of her independence and sovereignty was conclusive with her, and she would tolerate no questioning it. The committee were quite overcome with his learning, and equally overawed by his defiant attitude. They looked upon this product of the new order of things as a real prodigy.

"And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

He, however, took offense at what he considered some impertinent inquiries

put to him about the government he represented, and, gathering up its dignity and sovereignty as well as he might, took them both, with himself, out of such profane presence and back to the nursery on K Street, and the committee saw no more of him. They were never able to get the real ambassadors before them, because, it is presumed, neither Vattel nor Grotius nor any other writer on public law furnished any precedent for bringing such high public functionaries before any lesser body than the supreme authority of the state, unless it was that form of indictment which their real position would suggest. They lingered on, however, were adopted as representatives of the whole Confederacy by Jefferson Davis when he became its head, and hung about Washington under the burden of their mission and of their own importance till Sumter was fired upon, when they took their departure suddenly, with very much less ceremony and pomp than heralded their coming; in a manner, too, resembling more an escape than the leave-taking of diplomatic representatives.

We were subsequently charged with a much more serious duty, of which little beyond our printed report was ever made public. The public mind at Washington had become greatly excited by the belief that a conspiracy had been formed to seize the Capitol and Treasury, to get possession of the archives of the government, and to prevent the counting of the electoral vote and the declaration of the election of Lincoln; thereby creating chaos and anarchy, out of which might come the establishment of the Confederacy as the government *de facto* in the very halls of the national Capitol. Treason was known to be plotting to that end in the Cabinet itself, and Mr. Buchanan was bewildered and nerveless. We were instructed to investigate the grounds for these apprehensions. Meetings were held with closed doors, and we requested that General Scott, the general of the army, be detailed to aid our investigations. Al-

ready General Cass had left the Cabinet because he would not consort with traitors, and the thoroughly loyal and terribly energetic Stanton had come into it just in time to save Buchanan, and, as many believed, the nation itself. The first struggle this great hero had was with himself. Almost at the threshold this question confronted him: Shall I obey the law which has hitherto and in ordinary times governed cabinets, and keep secret what has transpired in council, or shall I disclose and thwart the machinations of traitors wherever I see them? He obeyed the higher law, and the oath he had taken to support the Constitution. Indeed, as he told me, he had entered the Cabinet for the very purpose of saving that Cabinet from wreck; and, as it proved, it was none too soon. Calling on him the evening after he had taken the oath of office, in that anxiety which troubled all loyal men, I was assured by him in this way: "I have to-day taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and by God, I will do it!"

Putting himself in communication with our committee through Mr. Seward, he more than once led us directly upon the treasonable footsteps of Floyd and Thompson, and by early disclosure made impossible the attempts of these men to turn the opportunities of their offices to the service of the enemies of their country. Of course secrecy was absolutely necessary, and the name of our informant was never attached to the papers we received. But those of the committee most in sympathy with the cause of the Union were informed where these papers could be found and where they must be returned, and of the reliability of the information they contained. Some of them were found and read by the light of the street lamp at night, and then returned to the place of deposit. Information thus derived often gave us the cue to the next day's investigations. The bold handwriting of some of these papers became very familiar to us during the war,

as our intercourse with the war office grew frequent. I remember distinctly reading one of these communications, handed me by Mr. Howard, chairman of the committee, late one night, giving information of that famous Cabinet meeting in which was disclosed the treason of Floyd in ordering the guns removed from Pittsburg to arm Southern forts, and the abstraction of a million of Indian trust funds from the custody of the government,—the Cabinet meeting at which Stanton branded Floyd a traitor, and a personal conflict was avoided only by the interference of the President. The next morning Floyd himself was called before the committee for examination. A few questions disclosed to him that the committee were in possession of the secret, and before three o'clock the news of his resignation and flight had spread through the city.

At another time the loyalty of the Secretary of the Navy, a Northern man, was suspected. The Pensacola Navy Yard and all the public property there had been surrendered to the Confederates without a blow. When this became known in the Cabinet, the hot blood of the future Secretary of War boiled over, and he denounced it as the act of a traitor or a coward. That night I read in the handwriting already familiar: "There is a Northern traitor in the Cabinet. Arrest him to-night. Pensacola has been given up. Stop him before it is too late." But the committee had no power to arrest. Power was still in hands either disloyal or paralyzed. Secretary Toucey was, however, summoned before the committee, and asked why a navy yard, with all the guns and other property in it, was surrendered to rebels without the firing of a gun. His answer sounds strangely enough in the light of the terrible carnage subsequently suffered so many times in defense of the territory and flag of the Union. "Pensacola was surrendered," he replied, "as the only means of preserving the peace."

"What!" said one of the committee, "surrendered to the enemies of the country to preserve the peace, and that without resistance! I would have fired one gun, at least, as an experiment, if nothing more." Mr. Toucey looked up in horror, and replied: "Why, sir, you have not the slightest conception of the situation. There would certainly have been bloodshed if there had been a single gun fired. It was an interposition of Providence that the dire calamity of bloodshed was avoided." No one thinks now that Mr. Toucey was disloyal, however suspected then, but, like Mr. Buchanan, he was dazed, and strove, at every hazard and at any cost, to postpone the conflict till after the 4th of March, when the responsibility would rest on Mr. Lincoln. He was nevertheless censured by the House of Representatives that session for acts of administration which were believed to favor the enemies of his country, and his face, among the portraits of the governors of his State, was turned to the wall for a time.

No conspiracy to prevent the counting of the electoral vote and declaring Mr. Lincoln elected was discovered in Washington, if one ever existed there. Yet the existence of one was so generally believed in, and the excitement was so great, that extraordinary precautions were taken to guard against it. The method of procedure and the lack of confidence in the loyalty of Vice-President Breckenridge, on whom alone the Constitution (as then construed) devolved the duty of counting the votes, tended greatly to increase the anxiety. The certificates of the electoral vote from each State are kept till the appointed day in two boxes in the sole custody of the Vice-President, who, on that day, with a messenger carrying the two boxes, and followed by the Senators, two and two, proceeds from the Senate Chamber, through the corridors and rotunda, always crowded and pressed upon on either side by people following to witness the ceremony, to

the House of Representatives. There, in the Speaker's chair, and in the presence of the two Houses and a crowded gallery, he opens the certificates, counts the votes, and declares the result. The ease with which desperadoes, mingling with the crowd, might fall upon the messenger as he passed through the corridors or rotunda, and violently seize the boxes, or from the galleries of the House might break up the proceedings, was apparent, and therefore armed policemen of the most reliable character, to the number of several hundred, were secretly procured from Philadelphia, New York, and other places, and, in citizens' dress, were stationed along the passageways and in the galleries, prepared for any emergency. Happily there was no occasion to call upon them. The count and declaration of Mr. Lincoln's election proceeded without interruption. We owe much to Mr. Breckenridge for the dignity and propriety of his conduct, though his heart was so thoroughly with the rebels that he was among the earliest to join their army. But the excitement and anxiety were intense from the beginning to the end of the proceeding, and the feeling of relief was almost visible in the countenances of the loyal men, oppressed as they were by knowledge of treasonable designs, all the more alarming because half hidden. The critical point in the formal proceedings was safely passed. The oath of office on the coming 4th of March was all that remained of these formalities to clothe the President elect with the insignia of the great office to which he had been called. If that formality should also be passed in safety, it would extinguish the last hope of the rebellion that it might build some claim to a *de facto* rule upon informalities or defects discovered or created in the several steps leading up from the casting of their votes by the electoral college through the different stages prescribed by the Constitution and laws to the final consummation on the eastern front of the Capitol.

Startling events and occasions of intense excitement followed one another in such quick succession that relief from one seldom brought an hour's repose. We lived in the focus of all the elements out of which were to come order or disorder, no one could tell which, — government or anarchy, peace or violence, personal security or personal peril. And so it was that hardly had the important step in the order of events — the counting of the votes and the official declaration that Mr. Lincoln was elected — been taken, and the surging tide of passion and terror partially subsided, when the unexpected and inexplicable broke over us, filling the public mind with mingled emotions of wonder, anxiety, disappointment, and disgust. Mr. Lincoln had left Springfield for Washington a week earlier, amid becoming and impressive ceremonies, and with the prayers and parting blessings of thousands who had assembled to witness his departure. His journey had been attended all along the route with the most remarkable demonstrations and manifestations of interest and regard which had ever marked the passage of a President elect from his home to the capital to assume the authority the people had conferred on him. It could not have been otherwise, for no President elect ever before journeyed on a way so beset with perils and hedged about with difficulties, or to a mission so wrapped in impenetrable mystery and so burdened with new and unmeasured responsibilities. Forty millions of people, South as well as North, had lent the most intent ear to catch every word he uttered, as the multitudes forced him to speak on the way. The words he had spoken were full of wisdom, indicated calmness of temperament and comprehension of the new and weighty responsibilities before him, and disclosed a devout reliance on a higher than human power for strength unto his day, and a self-abnegation that counted his own life of little worth in comparison

with the great work to which he had been called. The excitement and crowd increased as he journeyed, and greater preparations than ever before had been made for his reception, upon an appointed day, at the capital.

Amid all this intensity of expectation and preparation, imagine the consternation and amazement which came over every one when it was announced at the breakfast table, on the morning before the appointed day, that Mr. Lincoln was at Willard's Hotel; that he had arrived at six o'clock that morning in the New York sleeper, in company with a stranger, and had been met at the depot by only one man, his old friend Elihu B. Washburn. A hostile penny sheet turned the feeling of wonder into disappointment and disgust by fabricating the story that he came disguised in a Scotch cap and cloak. There was a sudden and painful revulsion of feeling toward him which waited for neither reason nor explanation. Never idol fell so suddenly or so far, and that while the fickle multitude was actually on its knees and vociferous in lip service. "He had sneaked into Washington." "He was a coward." "The man afraid to come through Baltimore was not fit to be President." "Frightened at his own shadow." These and worse epithets greeted this purest, bravest, wisest, and most unselfish patriot on the day he entered the capital of the nation he had come to save and to die for. And yet he had escaped as by a hair's breadth the fate which the Ruler of the universe had ordered should not overtake him till he had finished a greater work than man in his own strength had ever yet achieved. While we were searching in vain for conspirators and assassins in and about Washington, they had betaken themselves, for greater safety and more effective work, to Baltimore, and had there perfected their plans to shoot Mr. Lincoln from among the crowd gathered to greet him on his arrival at the depot, on his way to Washington, and, after mak-

ing sure and thorough work with hand grenades, to escape to Mobile in a vessel waiting for them in the harbor. While the attention of others was directed to the search about Washington for conspirators and assassins who, as all believed, were concocting their foul plot somewhere, a detective of uncommon skill was pursuing his investigations in Baltimore, unknown even to reporters; for we did not then, as now, live and move and have our being by their permission. He had become familiar with the place of meeting of the conspirators, had record of their names, — eighteen in number, — the part each was to perform, their leader, his character and nerve, and the minutest details of the plot. He laid these facts before Mr. Seward, and was sent by him, accompanied by Mr. Frederick A. Seward, to meet and lay them before Mr. Lincoln at Harrisburg. The result was that, after a reception by the legislature in the afternoon, the President elect retired to his room at six o'clock, very weary, for needed rest till the next morning, when the whole party were going by special train, by way of Philadelphia and Baltimore, to Washington. Immediately upon arriving at his room, Mr. Lincoln was taken, without the knowledge of any one at the hotel, to the depot, and the detective, having first cut the telegraphic wires, accompanied him by special train, already provided, to Philadelphia, which was reached just in time to meet a train that had been waiting fifteen minutes "for a package from the railroad office." And thus Mr. Lincoln passed through Baltimore in perfect quiet, while the conspirators were yet burnishing their weapons for his assassination on the morrow. The Washington telegraph, the next morning, was the first to announce his safe arrival there to the watching assassins in Baltimore, as well as to the waiting escort at Harrisburg.

During the war, as history has since disclosed, a desperate character was brought before the Richmond authorities

for punishment for some heinous offense, and was saved by the interposition of ex-Senator Wigfall on the ground of meritorious service as captain of this band of conspirators for the murder of Lincoln.

To refute the charge that Mr. Lincoln was hiding, and to kindle anew as soon as possible the enthusiasm which had been so suddenly and ignorantly checked, Mr. Seward hastened, without waiting for his trunk or hairbrush, to take him at once to the Capitol and present him to the Senators and Representatives, and afterwards to the people generally. On that occasion I got my first sight of this immortal hero, then only an untried and untutored Western politician. He was in a sorry plight enough when Mr. Seward escorted him into the hall. The House heard of him in the Senate Chamber, and were impatiently awaiting his arrival, with all eyes turned intently toward the door to catch the earliest possible glimpse of the future President, appearing under circumstances so novel and mysterious. I had somehow wrought out unconsciously in my own mind the great qualities of his soul and heart into a corresponding personality, and, in spite of all I had heard to the contrary, was expecting to see a god. Never did god come tumbling down more suddenly and completely than did mine, as the unkempt, ill-formed, loose-jointed, and disproportioned figure of Mr. Lincoln appeared at the door. Weary, anxious, struggling to be cheerful under a burden of trouble he must keep to himself, with thoughts far off or deep hidden, he was presented to the representatives of the nation over which he was to be placed as chief magistrate. I should like to see this scene perpetuated on canvas. It would be sure, in my opinion, to make a resting-place where this hurrying people of ours would stop and ponder. From the Representatives' hall Mr. Lincoln was taken to the balcony, and in turn introduced to the officials gathered there, and to the multitude generally. He held frequent recep-

tions for many days thereafter at Willard's Hotel. There that kindly homeliness of manner which afterwards became so prominent and attractive an element in his personality began early to overcome the dislike and break through the prejudices created by the manner of his entry into the capital. In that way, which was his own, was the multitude drawn to his room for a shake of his big hand, and for a word or sentence from his lips to think over or repeat. Everything about him — his ways not less than his looks, his methods with men not less than his speech — was so unusual and so unlike anything seen or heard before in the surroundings or utterances of a President elect at the threshold of presidential authority and responsibility that he was taken at the outset to be a mystery, and this impression was never entirely dispelled. It was, however, the mystery of his position, and not of his character. No man was more frank or unreserved where these qualities were safe, but, reserved or otherwise, he never mystified or misled. If, in those days, no man could quite comprehend him, it

was because no man could comprehend as clearly as he did what was before him. He seemed to see what was invisible to those of us who were crowding round him, and at intervals to be as one studying something which did not come within our vision or thoughts. When we came to know him better, in the days when trouble could no longer be hidden, and struggles with great problems had revealed themselves in every line of his countenance, then we understood that deep and serious look which at times passed over his face in the midst of those hand-shakings, mistaken then for absent-mindedness. Notwithstanding these peculiarities seen only in him, he won the hearts of all who came in contact with him. No one who saw Mr. Lincoln in those days has ever forgotten what he then saw and heard. The very youngest boy in the promiscuous crowd that flocked to see him at those informal receptions is a middle-aged man to-day, and all the better citizen because he remembers the good words of cheer and wisdom with which Lincoln greeted him when he took his hand.

Henry L. Davies.

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

Just aft of our beam comes the rising breeze,
A point and a half on the starboard quarter.
The sharp bow sheers through the long, slow seas,
The port guy slackens, the sheet strains tauter.

Over the taffrail, fading fast,
The land we leave lies a dim blue haze;
The downhauls are throbbing against the mast
To the song of the wind through shrouds and stays.

Whiter and swifter the foam-wreaths fly
Along the lee and the eddying wake;
Over our heads sounds the sea-gull's cry,
The mainsail leach has a quivering shake.

"Nothe-east half-nothe" the Navahoe speeds
To win, if she may, the lost cups back,
To break the record of yachting deeds,
To follow the Viking's ancient track.

And lo, on the eastern board a strange,
Weird phantom of eld doth ghostlike loom,
The head of a broad brown sail in the range
Of the tapering point of our lithe jib-boom.

We watch, as she rises by slow degrees,
Till we may from our deck with the glass discern
A freeboard all but awash to the seas,
A dragon prow and a castled stern.

A row of shields of the bull's hide black
Fends off the crests of the breaking waves;
Slight guard 'mid the gales of the Skager Rack,
Or where Categat rolls o'er the Norsemen's graves.

To port and to starboard along the waist
The stout ash oars fore and aft are triced;
Sharp on the wind is the one yard braced,
And the shrouds and stays are all knotted and spliced.

For ballast are chests of the carven oak
Lashed up with cordage twisted and brown,
Filled with the arms of the Norseland folk,
Rich with the booty of castle and town.

There are helms and corselets, and bills and bows,
Pole-axe and halberd and morgenstern,
Grappling irons which the Viking throws
When the shrinking foeman to flight would turn.

By the side of the huge casks, stained and dusk
With the brown of the ale and red of the wine,
Lie the drinking-horns of the walrus tusk,
Hooped with the silver of Trondhjem's mine.

There are trophies of war and spoils of the chase,
Skins of the seal and furs of the bear;
The blades are bright and the weapons in place,
But the garments sea-stained and worse for wear.

With a sweeping yaw and a sharp come-to,
Rolling and pitching the seas athwart,
She vexes the souls of her weary crew,
Whose watches are long and whose sleeps are short.

Like a strong bird balanced on wings widespread,
 True to her course as the arrow's flight,
 A vision of beauty, a dream of dread,
 The Navahoe glides on the Viking's sight.

Since Leif Erikson skirted the Vinland coast
 Nine centuries now do their course complete,
 As the Pride of to-day and the Old World's Ghost,
 The cup-rewinner and Viking meet.

Walter Mitchell.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

"The crested blue jay flitting swift."

To know the little boy blue in his domestic life had been my desire for years. In vain did I search far and wide for a nest, till it began to look almost as if the bird intentionally avoided me. I went to New England, and blue jays disappeared as if by magic; I turned my steps to the Rocky Mountains, and the whole tribe betook itself to the inaccessible hills. In despair I abandoned the search, and set up my tent in the middle country, without a thought of the bonny blue bird. One June morning I seated myself by my window, which looked out upon a goodly stretch of lawn dotted with trees of many kinds, and behold the long-desired object right before my eyes!

The blue jay himself pointed it out to me; unconsciously, however, for he did not notice me in my distant window. From the ground, where I was looking at him, he flew directly to a pine-tree about thirty feet high, and there, near the top, sat his mate on her nest. He leaned over her tenderly; she fluttered her wings and opened her mouth, and he dropped into it the tidbit he had brought. Then she stepped to a branch on one side, and he proceeded to attend to the wants of the young family, too small as yet to appear above the edge.

The pine-tree, which from this mo-

ment became of absorbing interest, was so far from my window that the birds never thought of me as an observer, and yet so near that with my glass I could see them perfectly. It was also exactly before a thick-foliaged maple that formed a background against which I could watch the life of the nest, wherever the sunlight fell, and whatever the condition of the sky; so happily was placed my blue jay household.

I observed at once that the jay was very gallant and attentive to his spouse. The first mouthful was for her, even when babies grew clamorous and she took her share of the work of feeding. Nor did he omit this little politeness when they went to the nest together, both presumably with food for the nestlings. She was a devoted mother, brooding her bantlings for hours every day, till they were so big that it was hard to crowd them back into the cradle; and he was an equally faithful father, working from four o'clock in the morning till after dusk, a good deal of the time feeding the whole family. I acquired a new respect for *Cyanocitta cristata*.

I had not watched the blue jays long before I was struck with the peculiar character of the feathered world about me, the strange absence of small birds. The neighbors were blackbirds (the blue-headed), Carolina doves, golden-winged

and red-headed woodpeckers, robins and cardinal grosbeaks, and of course English sparrows, — all large birds, able to hold their own by force of arms, as it were, except the foreigner, who maintained his position by impudence and union, a mob being his weapon of offense and defense. Beside him no small bird lived in the vicinity. No vireo hung there her dainty cup, while her mate preached his interminable sermons from the trees about; no phoebe shouted his woes to an unsympathizing world; no sweet-voiced goldfinch poured out his joyous soul; not a song sparrow tuned his little lay within our borders. Unseen of men, but no doubt sharply defined to clearer senses than ours, was a line barring them out.

Who was responsible for this state of things? Could it be the one pair of jays in the pine, or the colony of blackbirds the other side of the house? Should we characterize it as a blue jay neighborhood or a blackbird neighborhood? The place was well policed, certainly; robins and blue jays united in that work, though their relations with each other bore the character of an armed neutrality, always ready for a few hot words and a little bluster, but never really coming to blows. We never had the pleasure of seeing a stranger among us. We might hear him approaching, nearer and nearer, till, just as the eager listener fancied he might alight in sight, there would burst upon the air the screech of a jay or the war-cry of a robin, accompanied by the precipitate flight of the whole clan, and away would go the stranger in a most sensational manner, followed by outcries and clamor enough to drive off an army of feathered brigands. This neighborhood, if the accounts of his character are to be credited, should be the congenial home of the kingbird, — tyrant flycatcher he is named; but as a matter of fact, not only were the smaller flycatchers conspicuous by their absence, but the king himself was never seen, and the fly-

ing tribes of the insect world, so far as dull-eyed mortals could see, grew and flourished.

Close scrutiny of every movement of wings, however, revealed one thing, namely, that any small bird who appeared within our precincts was instantly, without hesitation, and equally without unusual noise or special publicity, driven out by the English sparrow; and I became convinced that he, and he alone, was responsible for the presence of none but large birds, who could defy him.

One of the prettiest sights about the pine-tree homestead was the way the jay went up to it. He never imitated the easy style of his mate, who simply flew to a branch below the three that held her treasure, and hopped up the last step. Not he; not so would his knightly soul mount to the castle of his sweetheart and his babies. He alighted much lower, often at the foot of the tree, and passed jauntily up the winding way that led to them, hopping from branch to branch, pausing on each, and circling the trunk as he went; now showing his trim violet-blue coat, now his demure Quaker-drab vest and black necklace: and so he ascended his spiral stair.

There is nothing demure about the blue jay, let me hasten to say, except his vest; there is no pretension about him. He does not go around with the meek manners of the dove, and then let his angry passions rise, in spite of his reputation, as does that "meek and gentle" fellow-creature on occasion. The blue jay takes his life with the utmost seriousness, however it may strike a looker-on. While his helpmeet is on the nest, it is, according to the blue jay code, his duty, as well as it is plainly his pleasure, to provide her with food, which consequently he does; later, it is his province not only to feed, but to protect the family, which also he accomplishes with much noise and bluster. Before the young are out comes his hardest task, keeping the secret of the nest, which obliges him to control his nat-

urally boisterous tendencies ; but even in this he is successful, as I saw in the case of a bird whose mate was sitting in an apple-tree close beside a house. There he was the soul of discretion, and so subdued in manner that one might be in the vicinity all day and never suspect the presence of either. All the comings and goings took place in silence over the top of the tree, and I have watched the nest an hour at a time without being able to see a sign of its occupancy, except the one thing a sitting bird cannot hide, the tail. And by the way, how providential — from the bird student's point of view — that birds have tails ! They can, it is true, be narrowed to the width of one feather and laid against a convenient twig, but they cannot be wholly suppressed, nor drawn down out of sight into the nest with the rest of the body.

When the young blue jays begin to speak for themselves, and their vigilant protector feels that the precious secret can no longer be kept, then he arouses the neighborhood with the announcement that here is a nest he is bound to protect with his life ; that he is engaged in performing his most solemn duty, and will not be disturbed. His air is that so familiar in bigger folk, of daring the whole world to "knock a chip off his shoulder," and he goes about with an appearance of important business on hand very droll to see.

The bearing of the mother of the pine-tree brood was somewhat different from that of her mate, and by their manners only could the pair be distinguished. Whatever may be Nature's reason for dressing the sexes unlike each other in the feathered world, — which I will leave for the wise heads to settle, — it is certainly an immense advantage to the looker-on in birddom. When a pair are fac-similes of each other, as are the jays, it requires the closest observation to tell them apart ; indeed, unless there is some defect in plumage, which is not uncommon, it is necessary to penetrate

their personal characteristics, to become familiar with their idiosyncrasies of habit and manner. In the pine-tree family, the mother had neither the presence of mind nor the bluster of the partner of her joys. When I came too near the nest tree, she greeted me with a plaintive cry, a sort of "crawl! crawl!" at the same time "jouncing" herself violently, thus protesting against my intrusion ; while he saluted me with squawks that made the welkin ring. Neither of them paid any attention to me so long as I remained upon a stationary bench not far from their tree ; they were used to seeing people in that place, and did not mind them. It was the unexpected that they resented. Having established our habits, birds in general insist that we shall govern ourselves by them, and not depart from our accustomed orbit.

On near acquaintance, I found the jay possessed of a vocabulary more copious than that of any other bird I know, though the flicker does not lack variety of expression. When some aspiring scientist is ready to study the language of birds, I advise him to experiment with the blue jay. He is exceedingly voluble, always ready to talk, and not in the least backward in exhibiting his accomplishments. The low-toned, plaintive-sounding conversation of the jays with each other, not only beside the nest, but when flying together or apart, or in brief interviews in the lilac bush, pleased me especially, because it was exactly the same prattle that a pet blue jay was accustomed to address to me ; and it confirmed what I had always believed from his manner, that it was his most loving and intimate expression, the tone in which he addresses his best beloved.

Beside the well-known squawk, which Thoreau aptly calls "the brazen trump of the impatient jay," the shouts and calls and war-cries of the bird can hardly be numbered, and I have no doubt each has its definite meaning. More rarely may be heard a clear and musi-

cal two-note cry, sounding like "ke-lo! ke-lo!" This seems to be something special in the jay language; for not only is it peculiar and quite unlike every other utterance, but I never saw the bird when he delivered it, and I was long in tracing it home to him. Aside from the cries of war and victory, jays have a great variety of notes of distress; they can put more anguish and despair into their tones than any other living creature of my acquaintance. Some, indeed, are so moving that the sympathetic hearer is sure that, at the very least, the mother's offspring are being murdered before her eyes; and on rushing out, prepared to risk his life in their defense, he finds, perhaps, that a child has strayed near the tree, or something equally dreadful has occurred. Jays have no idea of relative values; they could not make more ado over a heart-breaking calamity than they do over a slight annoyance. Some of their cries, notably that of the jay baby, sound like the wail of a human infant. As to one curious utterance in the jay *répertoire*, I could not quite make up my mind whether it was a real call to arms, or intended as a joke on the neighborhood. When a bird, without visible provocation, suddenly burst out with this loud two-note call, instantly every feathered individual was on the alert, — sprang to arms, as it were. Blue jays joined in, robins hurried to the tops of the tallest trees and added their excited notes, with jerking wings and tail, and at the second or third repetition the whole party precipitated itself as one bird — upon what? Nothing that I could discover.

While I was studying the manners and customs of the bird in blue, babies were growing up in the pine-tree nest. Five days after I began to observe, I saw little heads above the edge. On the sixth day they began, as mothers say, to "take notice," stirring about in a lively way, clambering up into sight, and fluttering their draperies over the edge.

Now came busy and hungry times in the jay family; the mother added her forces, and both parents worked industriously from morning to night.

On the seventh day I was up early, as usual, and, also as usual, my first act was to admire the view from my window. I fancied it was the most beautiful in the early morning, when the sun, behind the rampart of locust and other trees, threw the yard into deep shade, painting a thousand shadow pictures on the grass; but at still noon, when every perfect tree stood on its own shadow, openings looked dark and mysterious, and a bird was lost in the depths, then I was sure it was never so lovely; again at night, when wrapped in darkness, and all silent except the subdued whisper of the pine, with its

"Sound of the Sea,

O mournful tree,

In thy boughs forever clinging,"

I knew it could not be surpassed. I was up early, as I said, when the dove was cooing to his mate in the distance, and before human noises had begun, and then I heard the baby cry from the pine-tree, — a whispered jay squawk, constantly repeated.

On this day the first nestling mounted the edge of his high nursery and fluttered his wings when food approached. Every night, after that, it grew more and more difficult to settle the household in bed, for everybody wanted to be on top; and no sooner would one arrange himself to his mind than some "under one," not relishing his crushed position, would struggle out, step over his brothers and sisters, and take his place on top, and then the whole thing would have to be done over. I think that mamma had often to put a peremptory end to these difficulties by sitting down on them, for frequently it was a very turbulent-looking nest when she calmly placed herself upon it.

Often, in those days, I wished I could put myself on a level with that little

castle in the air and look into it, filled to the brim with beauty as I knew it was. But I had not long to wait, for speedily it became too full, and ran over into the outside world. On the eighth day one ambitious youngster stepped upon the branch beside the nest and shook himself out, and on the ninth came the plunge into the wide, wide world. While I was at breakfast he made his first effort, and on my return I saw him on a branch about a foot below the nest, the last step on papa's winding stair. Here he beat his wings and plumed himself vigorously, rejoicing, no doubt, in his freedom and in plenty of room. Again and again he nearly lost his balance, in his violent attempts to dress his beautiful plumage and remove the last remnant of nest mussiness. But he did not fall, and at last he began to look about him. One cannot but wonder what he thought when he

"First opened wondering eyes and found

A world of green leaves all around,"

looking down upon us from his high perch, complete to the little black necklace, and lacking only length of tail of being as big as his parents.

After half an hour of restless putting to rights, the little jay sat down patiently to wait for whatever might come to him. The wind got up and shook him well, but he rocked safely on his airy seat. Then some one approached. He leaned over with mouth open, and across the yard I heard his coaxing voice. But alas! though he was on the very threshold, the food-bearer omitted that step, and passed him by. Then the little one looked up wistfully, apparently conscious of being at a disadvantage. Did he regret the nest privileges he had abandoned? Should he retrace his steps and be a nestling? That the thought passed through his head was indicated by his movements. He raised himself on his legs, turned his face to his old home, and started up, even stepped one small twig nearer. But perish the

thought! he would not go back! He settled himself again on his seat.

All things come in time to him who can wait, and the next provision stopped at the little wanderer. His father alighted beside him and fed him two mouthfuls. Thus fortified, his ambition was roused, and his desire to see more, to do more. He began to jump about on his perch, facing first this way, then that; he crept to the outer end of the branch he was on, and was lost to view behind a thick clump of pine needles. In a few minutes he returned, considered other branches near, and, after some study, did really go to the nearest one. Then, step by step, very deliberately, he mounted the winding stair of his father, using, however, every little twig that the elder had vaulted over at a bound. Finally he reached the branch opposite his birthplace, only the tree trunk between. The trunk was small, home was invitingly near, he was tired: the temptation was too great, and in a minute he was cuddled down with his brothers, having been on a journey of an hour. In the nest, all this time, there had been a hurry and skurry of dressing, as though the house were to be vacated, and no one wished to be late. After a rest and probably a nap, the ambitious young jay took a longer trip: he flew to the next tree, and, I believe, returned no more.

The next day was spent by all the nestlings in hopping about the three branches on which their home was built, making beautiful pictures of themselves every moment; but whenever the bringer of supplies drew near, each little one hastened to scramble back to the nest, to be ready for his share. The last day in the old home had now arrived. One by one the birdlings flew to the maple, and turned their backs on their native tree forever; and that night the "mournful tree" was entirely deserted.

The exit was not accomplished without its excitement. After tea, as I was congratulating myself that they were all

safely out in the world without accident, suddenly there arose a terrible outcry, robin and blue jay voices in chorus. I looked over to the scene of the fray, and saw a young jay on the ground, and the parents frantic with anxiety. Naturally, my first impulse was to go to their aid, and I started; but I was saluted with a volley of squawks that warned me not to interfere. I retired meekly, leaving the birds to deal with the difficulty as they best could, while from afar I watched the little fellow as he scrambled around in the grass. He tried to fly, but could not rise more than two feet. Both the elders were with him, but seemed unable to help him, and night was coming on. I resolved, finally, to "take my life in my hands," brave those unreasoning parents, and place the infant out of the way of cats and boys.

As I reached the doorstep I saw that the youngster had begun to climb the trunk of a locust-tree. I stood in amazement and saw that baby climb six feet straight up the trunk. He did it by flying a few inches, clinging to the bark and resting, then flying a few inches more. I watched, breathless, till he got nearly to the lowest branch, when alas! his strength or his courage gave out, and he fell back to the ground. But he pulled himself together, and after a few minutes more of struggling through the grass he came to the trunk of the maple next his native pine. Up this he went in the same way till he reached a branch, where I saw him sitting with all the dignity of a young jay (old jays have no dignity). While he was wrestling with fate and his life was in the balance, the parents had kept near him and perfectly silent, unless some one came near, when they filled the air with squawks, and appeared so savage that I honestly believe they would have attacked any one who had tried to lend a hand.

But still the little bluecoat had not learned sufficient modesty of endeavor, for the next morning he found himself

again in the grass. He tried climbing, but unfortunately selected a tree with branches higher than he could hold out to reach; so he fell back to the ground. Then came the inexorable demands of breakfast, with which no one who has been up since four o'clock will decline to comply. On my return, the straggler was mounted on a post that held a tennis net, three or four feet from the ground. One of the old birds was on the rope close by him, and there I left them. Once more I saw him fall, but I concluded that since he had learned to climb, and the parents would not accept my assistance anyway, he must take care of himself. I suppose he was the youngest of the brood, who could not help imitating his elders, but was not strong enough to do as they did. On the following day he was able to keep his place, and he came to the ground no more.

From that day I saw, and, what was more evident, heard, the jay babies constantly, though they wandered far from the place of their birth. Their voices waxed stronger day by day; from morning to night they called vigorously; and very lovely they looked as they sat on the branches in their brand-new fluffy suits, with their tails a little spread and showing the snowy borderings beautifully. Twenty-two days after they bade farewell to the old home before my window, they were still crying for food, still following their hard-working parents, and, though flying with great ease, never coming to the ground (that I could see), and apparently having not the smallest notion of looking out for themselves.

Early in my acquaintance with the jay family, wishing to induce the birds of the vicinity to show themselves, I procured a quantity of shelled corn, and scattered a few handfuls under my window every night. This gave me opportunity to note, among other things, the jay's way of conducting himself on the ground, and his table manners. To eat a kernel of dry corn, he flew with it to

a small branch, placed it between his feet (the latter of course being close together), and, holding it thus, drew back his head and delivered a blow with that pickaxe beak of his that would have broken a toe if he had missed by the shadow of an inch the grain for which it was intended. I was always nervous when I saw him do it, for I expected an accident, but none ever happened that I know of. When the babies grew clamorous all over the place, the jay used to fill his beak with the whole kernels. Eight were his limit, and those kept the mouth open, with one sticking out at the tip. Thus loaded he flew off, but was back in two minutes for another supply. The red-headed woodpecker, who claimed to own the cornfield, seemed to think this a little grasping, and protested against such a wholesale performance; but the overworked jay simply jumped one side when he came at him, and went right on picking up corn. When he had time to spare from his arduous duties, he sometimes indulged his passion for burying things by carrying a grain off on the lawn with an air of most important business, and driving it into the ground, hammering it well down out of sight.

The blue jay's manner of getting over the ground was peculiar, and especially his way of leaving it. He proceeded by high hops, bounding up from each like a rubber ball; and when ready to fly, he hopped farther and bounded higher each time, till it seemed as if he were too high to return, and so took to his wings. That is exactly the way it looked to an observer; for there is a lightness, an airiness of bearing, about this apparently heavy bird impossible to describe, but familiar to those who have watched him.

Some time after the blue jay family had taken to roaming about the grounds, I had a pleasing little interview with one of them in the raspberry patch. This was a favorite resort of the neighboring birds, where I often betook myself to see who came to the feast. This morning I

was sitting quietly under a spruce-tree, when three blue jays came flying toward me with noise and outcries, evidently in excitement over something. The one leading the party had in his beak a white object, like a piece of bread, and was uttering low, complaining cries as he flew; he passed on, and the second followed him; but the third seemed struck by my appearance, and probably felt it his duty to inquire into my business, for he alighted on a tree before me, not ten feet from where I sat. He began in the regular way by greeting me with a squawk; for, like some of his bigger (and wiser?) fellow-creatures, he assumed that a stranger must be a suspicious personage, and an unusual position must mean mischief. I was very comfortable, and I thought I would see if I could not fool him into thinking me a scarecrow, companion to those adorning the "patch" at that moment. I sat motionless, not using my glass, but looking him squarely in the eyes. This seemed to impress him; he ceased squawking, and hopped a twig nearer, stopped, turned one calmly observant eye on me, then quickly changed to the other, as if to see if the first had not deceived him. Still I did not move, and he was plainly puzzled to make me out. He came nearer and nearer, and I moved only my eyes to keep them on his. All this time he did not utter a sound, but studied me as closely, and to all appearance as carefully, as ever I had studied him. Obviously he was in doubt what manner of creature it was, so like the human race, yet so unaccountably quiet. He tried to be unconcerned, while still not releasing me from strict surveillance; he dressed his feathers a little, uttering a soft whisper to himself, as if he said, "Well, I never!" then looked me over again more carefully than before. This pantomime went on for half an hour or more; and no one who had looked for that length of time into the eyes of a blue jay could doubt his intelligence, or that he had his thoughts and his well-defined

opinions, that he had studied his observer very much as she had studied him, and that she had not fooled him in the least.

The little boy blue is one of the birds suffering under a bad name whom I have wished to know better, to see if perchance something might be done to clear up his reputation a bit. I am not able to say that he never steals the eggs of other birds, though, during nearly a month of hard work, when, if ever, a few eggs would have been a welcome addition to his resources, and sparrows were sitting in scores on the place, I did not see or hear anything of the sort. I have heard of his destroying the nest, and presumably eating the eggs or young, of the English sparrow; but the hundred or two who raised their broods and squawked from morning to night in the immediate vicinity of the pine-tree household never intimated that they were disturbed, and never showed hostility to their neighbors in blue. Moreover, there is undoubtedly something to be said on the jay's side. Even if he does indulge in these little eccentricities, what is he but a "collector"? And though he does not claim to be working "in the interest of science," which bigger collectors invariably do, he is working in the interest of life, and life is more than science. Even a blue jay's life is to him as precious as ours to us, and who shall say that it is not as useful as many of ours in the great plan?

The only indications of hostilities that I observed in four weeks' close study, at the most aggressive time of bird life, nesting time, I shall relate exactly as I saw them, and the record will be found a very modest one. In this case, certainly, the jay was no more offensive than the meekest bird that has a nest to defend, and far less belligerent than robins and many others. On one occasion, a strange blue jay flew up to the nest in the pine. I could not discover that he had any evil intention, except just to see what was going on, but one of the pair flew at him with loud cries, which I heard for some

time after the two had disappeared in the distance; and when our bird returned, he perched on an evergreen, bowing and "jouncing" violently, his manner plainly defying the enemy to "try it again." At another time, I observed a savage fight, or what looked like it, between two jays. I happened not to see the beginning, for I was particularly struck that morning with the behavior of a bouquet of nasturtiums which stood in a vase on my table. I never was fond of these flowers, and I noticed then for the first time how very self-willed and obstinate they were. No matter how nicely they were arranged, it would not be an hour before the whole bunch was in disorder, every blossom turning the way it preferred, and no two looking in the same direction. I thought, when I first observed this, that I must be mistaken, and I took them out and rearranged them as I considered best; but the result was always the same, and I began to feel that they knew altogether too much for their station in the vegetable world. I was trying to see if I could discover any method in their movements, when I was startled by a flashing vision of blue down under the locusts, and, on looking closely, saw two jays flying up like quarrelsome cocks, — only not together, but alternately, so that one was in the air all the time. They flew three feet high, at least, all their feathers on end, and looking more like shapeless masses of blue feathers than like birds. They did not pause or rest till one seemed to get the other down. I could not see from my window well enough to be positive, but both were in the grass together, and only one in sight, who stood perfectly quiet. He appeared to be holding the other down, for occasionally there would be a stir below, and renewed vigilance on the part of the one I could see. Several minutes passed. I became very uneasy. Was he killing him? I could stand it no longer, so I ran down. But my coming was a diversion, and both flew. When

I reached the place, one had disappeared, and the other was hopping around the tree in great excitement, holding in his beak a fluffy white feather, about the size of a jay's breast feather. I did not see the act, and I cannot absolutely declare it, but I have no doubt that he pulled that feather from the breast of his foe as he held him down; how many more with it I could not tell, for I did not think of looking until it was too late.

Again, one day, somewhat later, when blue jay and catbird babies were rather numerous, I saw a blue jay dive into a lilac bush much frequented by catbirds, young and old together. Instantly there arose a great cry of distress, as though some one were hurt, and a rustling of leaves, proclaiming that a chase, if not a fight, was in progress. I hurried downstairs, and as I appeared the jay flew, with two catbirds after him, still crying in a way I had never heard before. I expected nothing less than to find a young catbird injured, but I found nothing. Whether the blue jay really had touched one, or it was a mere false alarm on the part of the very excitable catbirds, I could not tell. This is the only thing I have seen in the jay that might have been an interference with another bird's rights; and the catbirds made such a row when I came near their babies that I strongly suspect the only guilt of the jay was alighting in the lilac they had made their headquarters.

The little boy blue in the apple-tree, already spoken of, did not get his family off with so little adventure as his pine-tree neighbor. The youngling of this nest came to the ground and stayed there. The people of the house returned him to the tree several times, but every time he fell again. Three or four days he wandered about the neighborhood, the parents rousing the country with their uproar, and terrorizing the household cat to such a point of meekness that no sooner did a jay begin to squawk than he ran to the door

and begged to come in. At last, out of mercy, the family took the little fellow into the house, when they saw that he was not quite right in some way. One side seemed to be nearly useless; one foot did not hold on; one wing was weak; and his breathing seemed to be one-sided. The family, seeing that he could not take care of himself, decided to adopt him. He took kindly to human care and human food, and before the end of a week had made himself very much at home. He knew his food-provider, and the moment she entered the room he rose on his weak little legs, fluttered his wings violently, and presented a gaping mouth with the jay baby cry issuing therefrom. Nothing was ever more droll than this sight. He was an intelligent youngster, knew what he wanted and when he had had enough. He would eat bread up to a certain point, but after that he demanded cake or a berry, and his favorite food was an egg. He was exceedingly curious about all his surroundings, examined everything with great care, and delighted to look out of the window. He selected his own sleeping-place, — the upper one of a set of bookshelves, — and refused to change; and he watched the movements of a wounded woodcock as he ran around the floor with as much interest as did the people. Under human care he grew rapidly stronger, learned to fly more readily and to use his weak side; and every day he was allowed to fly about in the trees for hours. Once or twice, when left out, he returned to the house for food and care; but at last came a day when he returned no more. No doubt he was taken in charge again by his parents, who, it was probable, had not left the neighborhood.

After July came in, and baby blue jays could hardly be distinguished from their parents, my studies took me away from the place nearly all day, and I lost sight of the family whose acquaintance had made my June so delightful.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE TEACHING OF THE UPANISHADS.

AMONGST the most precious spiritual gifts to the English-speaking people of this century must be counted the monumental series of the Sacred Books of the East, edited by Professor Max Müller. That even the most important of these writings should have failed to make any general or influential impression on the time is perhaps hardly matter of wonder: first, because their line of thought lies on other than modern tracks; secondly, because their appeal is to those higher or transcendental qualities or faculties of the soul which at no one period in the history of the human race have been largely and intelligently represented. Pythagoras, Socrates, the Christ, were strangers to their generation, and could hardly be popularly understood or appreciated. Their intelligent expositors were few. This must at all times necessarily be the case. An abnormal outlook does not imply a corresponding faculty in the following, even with those who regard it in a friendly manner, and any appeal to the highest intuitive powers and capacities of the human soul can receive only a partial recognition in view of the material aims of the masses and their insistence upon selfish and individual interests.

The most valuable of all the writings referred to above are, undoubtedly, those of the Vedānta, which concentrate the doctrine of the Vedas in their most significant import. The Vedas themselves are based upon ceremonial and regulated observance, are for those in that state of religious development which "seeks after a sign;" but the Vedānta, as laid down in the Upanishads, is for those who, capable of passing immediately from the outward to the inward, are able to conceive of the essential and abstract, and are independent of the vehicle of form for their better understanding and appreciation of it.

The term "Upanishad" appears to be of uncertain origin and meaning. It may be derived from a Sanskrit root signifying a session or assembly, as of pupils with an instructor. It is, however, more significantly used as indicating doctrine, or secret doctrine, and this may be considered its ulterior meaning. These doctrines were first delivered to disciples or students orally through successive generations, and were only at a subsequent period committed to writing in the Sanskrit tongue of ancient India. They are very numerous, but, with minor differences, inculcate the same principles, and are essentially identical in teaching. They are broadly referred to a period six hundred years before the birth of Christ, but it is highly probable that, in one form or another, they owe their origin to a still more remote period in the "dark backward and abysm of time." These writings have heretofore been regarded, even by those from whom a clearer spiritual vision, a more perceptive intelligence, might have been reasonably expected, too much as mere literary curiosities, and have been spoken of as embodying the earliest inchoate thinking of mankind. Far from being the tentative efforts of a primitive humanity to grasp a higher range of being, loftier forms and views of life, they appear to me to lie on the highest planes of thought which the human mind has ever reached, and to indicate the greatest elevation possible to concrete being by raising it and identifying it with the Essentially Existent by the progressive laws of a spiritual evolution. It seems strange that nobody in this century, so far as I am aware, has seen and accepted these marvelous writings in their practical importance as the guides of life, to be appropriated reverentially as substantially identical in utterance, though from an-

other point of view, with those which the most advanced amongst mankind have agreed to stamp with a sacred authority, excepting the German philosopher Schopenhauer. We find Orientalists as accomplished and mature as Sir Monier Williams decrying the practical importance of these noble treatises. In his *Indian Wisdom* he speaks of the "fanciful etymologies, far-fetched allegories, and puerile conceits which bewilder the reader of the *Upanishads*," without making any attempt to investigate their more recondite meaning. Other Orientalists treat these writings either as curiosities of a capricious fancy, or fossils, as it were, in the half-forgotten stages of the moral advancement of mankind, to be regarded by students of the historic evolution of the race as so much material for scholarship in the book of universal knowledge, but without any thought of their real present value and importance. Mr. Gough, for example, in his *Philosophy of the Upanishads*, — a useful and valuable book in many respects, — regards them with a cold and scholastic eye, indifferent, apparently, to their high worth, their profound truth and transcendent spiritual consequence. He says, in his preface to that work, "The *Upanishads* are so many 'Songs before Sunrise,' — spontaneous effusions of awakening reflection, half poetical, half metaphysical, that precede the conscious and methodical labors of the long succession of thinkers to construct a thoroughly intelligible conception of the sum of things." I should have thought the term least of all applicable to these elaborate and highly matured fruits of searching thought and profound reflection would be that of spontaneity. "Spontaneous effusions" might be a description suited to the gushes of verse from the boarding-school which sometimes find a place in the corners of country newspapers, but, applied to these writings, it is about as unhappy a designation as could be found in the dictionary. Neither do I know

where, how, and by what means we have, in modern times, advanced in abstract directions on the principles here laid down. Have we arrived at anything more definite, absolute, or real, which appeals to the innermost feelings, or even to the reasoning powers, with a more assured response; or have we now aims more noble; or have we reached any grander moral conceptions, any larger modes of thought and life, than are here set before us? Certainly not, I think. Mr. Gough quotes the late Archer Butler as "an admirable interpreter of the imperfect materials before him," who, evidently, without the least appreciation of the luminous intelligence of these treatises, speaks of them as fostering "baseless dreams," to the great detriment of the people holding their tenets, — a verdict about as fair as it would be to confuse the exalted and self-immolating religion of Jesus Christ with the low form of the popular modern profession of it.

It is needless to dwell upon the remissness in scholarship to discern the true value of these precious records of human thought in its spiritual elevation. People do not find what they do not seek and do not want. It is enough that those who look for and desire to know truths to live by and to feed upon will treasure the rich harvest of thought herein contained in their innermost storehouse of precious things, amongst the soul's most valuable spiritual treasures. Of course, many difficulties in detail arise in a minute study of these treatises, as is the case with those books recognized as moral guides by the followers of the Christian religion, but the principles laid down in them are in themselves so absolutely sound and secure that we may well relegate their apparent defections to the margin of our imperfect comprehension, as belonging to habits of thought and modes of regarding things educationally different from our own. To determine their "philosophy" from an academic point of view is about as wise and as useful

as to attempt to define that of the Sermon on the Mount. If they have no intrinsic, practical value, if they make no true appeal to the human soul on their own basis, they have no *raison d'être*, and may very fitly be consigned at once to the "place of weeds and worn-out faces."

As to the capability of the ancient Hindu people to deal with these matters, one need only enter upon a study of their more scholastic philosophies, that of Kapila, for example, to learn how closely they could reason, how they anticipated every objection, with what penetrative, nay, piercing acumen they saw the whole bearing of the matter at issue, and with what a tenacious and unrelaxing grasp they adhered to their logical course, as a sleuthhound in pursuit of his prey.

Amidst all the varieties of sacred rite, observance, ceremonial, or other form which have ever existed, there is to be recognized one sole aim and intention. In fact, there has never been but one religion in the history of mankind. It may be characterized in very exclusive terms. It is that of a recognition of the Divine in the human, or, conversely, the human considered in its relationship to the Divine or Infinite and Omnipotent Being. The words "our Father" imply all that every religion taught or seeks to teach. The oldest and the latest doctrines are but an acknowledgment and enforcement of this principle, an expression of this accepted fact, namely, that as there are everywhere around us the signs and vestiges of an intelligent force at work, and that force, both in extent and power, infinitely superior to our own, it must necessarily be that, visible or invisible, there must be a conscious and intelligent Mover, Controller, Creator, Dissolver, in whose essence we live and move and

have our being. The scope and object of every form of religion, pushed to its ultimate significance, are to secure a perfect unity or identity with the Divine Essential Being, of which our own is but a conditioned manifestation. This being the case, we propose to examine the teaching of the Vedānta from this point of view.

No fantastic theosophical speculations, no empirical assumptions, here occupy and bewilder the mind or mock it with changeful and flickering delusions. These writings are purely scientific, logical, experimental. Their authority only awaits general confirmation by practical proof, by the most spiritually discerning, and this proof is within reach of confirmation. They are transcendental in a sense, it is true, but everything we know is based upon the transcendental. "It is the ground we do not tread upon which supports us," says the Taoist; and all our knowledge must necessarily be based upon that which we do not know. In a letter to the present writer, the learned professor, to whom we owe so much, says, "The Vedānta is the only solution of all our religious and philosophical difficulties." Perhaps the terms are too inclusive; but I am very sure of this: if the solution be not found there, it will be found nowhere else.¹ No more penetrative or profounder appeal can be made to the vivifying power which underlies our spiritual being than one finds in these weighty discourses. The Vedānta embraces the compendium of all philosophies, the end of all intellectual and moral research; it embodies the highest wisdom, the most profound knowledge of the soul and the basis of life, attainable by human faculties. It wastes no time or labor, for it defines exactly what is pos-

¹ If the professor would include the philosophy of Kapila in the denomination of the Vedānta, and we accept the premises of that philosophy, his terms would be less open to question. This philosophy, in one word, attributes an evolutionary and developmental

power to nature nearly in accord with accepted theories of modern science, but says that this manifestation of creative energy is solely for the disenfranchisement of soul from matter; and when this is perfectly accomplished, the action of nature ceases.

sible and what is impossible to finite being, and very distinctly marks the line where research must cease to conditioned inquiry. It leads us, as it were, to the very line and border of the Unknown Beyond. We are placed on the brink of the sensible universe, and look over it into the immeasurable caverns of the Infinite. We seem to feel by unmistakable presentation the very walls of our limitation. With this revelation — for it undoubtedly is one — the mind, awed and wondering, stands before the impassable, the impenetrable veil. The Source of Life and Nature is clearly indicated. The soul covers before the Ineffable, the Inscrutable, and places a reverent hand on its lips in a solemnized silence. From this attitude it is ultimately raised by a new presentment. A resplendent dawn arises. "Of all this," it exclaims, "I am a part, as much and as necessary as any other part. All is good, all is God. There can be only one Infinite, one Eternal, one Almighty, comprehending All, including All. Infinite Being cannot contradict itself by a negation. O my soul, *tat tvam asi*, that art thou! I am also that Being than whom there is no other, than whom there is nothing greater, beyond whom there is nothing."

To be more special, the central teaching of the Upanishads may be put into a few words. It is that of the divinely luminous *Âtman* (an aspect of Brahman, or Essential Being), existing universally, but to be grasped and appropriated by the mind as the elemental vital principle existing within it. It is almost impossible by verbal definition to explain the significance of the word in its entirety. Only a close reading and study of the Vedantic writings will enable one to grasp it fully. The principle of the Divine *Âtman* is seized by the mind, retained till the whole being is permeated by it and transformed into its substance, exactly as is conveyed by the Gospel parable of the leaven. A divine knowledge and perception illu-

minate the soul. All is seen under the light of one aspect, the Eternal, the All-pervading. This "Knowledge" (as it is called in the Vedânta) attained, the human is abandoned; the Essential and Infinite absorb and annihilate the conditioned and limited existence; the Eternal and Unconditioned are entered upon. When the soul has thus discovered its true nature, destiny, and being, it suffers no more sorrow, no more pain. It is lost in nameless bliss, and has reached a state to which no terms of mundane existence can apply, and is said to have passed into perfect darkness to all mortal ideas or conceptions.

It will be seen that this form of doctrine is related to that of Plato in his exposition of the Ideal and the progressive stages by which it is reached. Still more clearly is it enunciated at the beginning of the Gospel of St. John, as the "Light which lighteth every man;" with which may be compared the following from the Vedânta: "Now that light which shines above this heaven, higher than everything, in the highest world, beyond which there are no other worlds, that is the same light which is within man." (*Khândogya-up*, III. xiii. 7.) Again it finds an exposition in some of the writings of the Alexandrian "Fathers." Later it may be discovered as the "mystical" teaching of the "Friends of God" in the fifteenth century, represented by Eckhart, Tauler, and others. It found succeeding development in the Port-Royalists, Madame Guyon, Molinos, and the so-called Quietists of the French and Spanish schools. Finally it obtained utterance in the teaching and doctrines of the early Quakers, as represented by George Fox, Robert Barclay, and others. It is also illustrated in the writings of William Law in the last century.

It may thus be seen that this was no abnormal and sporadic accession, but that it is based and founded in the religious nature of man, a spontaneous growth or outburst which often, without any trace-

able connection, manifested itself at various points isolated in time and place. In fact, this doctrine contains the kernel of all forms of religion, all of which are merely subsidiary and accessory to it, as has been already stated, — the soul's relationship to and connection with Divine Infinite Being, and, in its practical aspect, the way this is to be found. By its light the Christian scheme becomes clear, reasonable, philosophic: not the innocent suffering for the guilty in unjust reprisal, but the divine struggling through the human in the progressive stages of spiritual evolution. This divine element (the Âtman of the Vedânta) is to be dwelt upon and appropriated until the whole mass is leavened. Not that the soul is in itself changed, but it arises to new perceptions, new intelligence. It sees its divine nature and substance, and by means of this Knowledge enters upon its birthright of a purely spiritual life. The position of the soul as regards this Knowledge is explained by a familiar illustration. A king's son is placed, at his birth, among peasants, and grows up amongst them as one of them. As long as they do not know that he is the son of a king, and he does not know it, he remains a peasant; but as soon as they and he are made aware of the circumstance of his birth, he is no more a peasant, but a prince. It is thus with the soul. Once finding out its divine origin as the offspring of the Eternal, and therefore its divine nature, it is at once raised to the same rank and dignity according to its grade of perception of this fact. This doctrine, as teaching that the whole universe is the act or expression of the Deity or Essential Being, does not therefore recognize the existence of absolute evil to the soul. All that exists must have a good end and result. Those, "the blind," who do not see and accept this, and do not bring their lives into harmonious relationship with it, must go from existence to existence until the lesson has been learnt, the divine element,

universal and absolute, recognized and accepted, the mortal passed into the immortal, the temporal and the material lost in the spiritual.

I have said that these writings are scientific. They are not mere speculation, even when they leave the region of the sensible and material. They draw the mind naturally from the real to the ideal. I mean the ideal in the Platonic sense, and not the imaginative. They distinctly recognize the line beyond which the human faculties cannot pass. They do not attempt to define the indefinite, to explain that which is inexplicable; but they lead us to the very source and origin, the essentially unconditioned, and, indicating its presence unmistakably before us, bid us pause and regard it thoughtfully until it assumes its due proportions and importance, until its infinite proportions and stupendous importance would seem to reduce our paltry attempts to trace the path of Vital Energy by material investigation to the level of a child's effort to find out the constitution of its doll by pulling it to pieces, when, alas! there is nothing to be seen therein but barren sawdust.

Of course the modern physicist, as well as the Vedantist, knows and accepts the fact that there is a point at which his inquiry must terminate; but when he has reached that point, there is a dead blank, an unbroken, irresponsible silence; *tace il sole*, — the sun is *silent*, as Dante says. There is no more to be seen or known. Research collapses. The physical inquirer sits down under the vague impression of undetermined and unintelligent forces, each blindly combating for the mastery. Here the contemplative study of the Vedantist begins. When we have traced the sensation to the sensorium, our inquiries terminate, but the Vedantist goes further. He does not confuse the eye or the ear with the impressions conveyed by them. He knows as well as the modern scientist knows that there is no traceable connec-

tion between them. We have the impression conveyed to the brain by the nervous system; then another takes it up. What is it? Who is it? Behind this sense of hearing and the impression conveyed by it is the Hearer, the Universal Hearer; behind the eye and its imagery is the Universal Seer, and so behind the other senses the One Universal Perceiver. It is this Essential Intelligence which is the only matter of interest and inquiry to the Vedantist. His mode is neither transcendental nor empirical: it is strictly inductive. From the concrete he arrives at the abstract. Sensation in all its divarications is but the channel by which the One Universal Perceiver is reached. This is the Perceiver of all perceptions, the Thinker of all thoughts, the divine Mover and Controller. He sees its manifestations in every atom of matter, through every particle of space. To him its courses need not be specially defined, for what advantage of enlightenment does he gain by giving a name to this or that channel or duct of this Divine Force, when he knows it is universally diffused? Essential Being, Brahman, is always before him; he seeks to identify himself with it, to be it by casting off forms and conditions, as the snake casts off its skin, to use a Vedantic simile. He looks upon it with a fixity of gaze like that with which the saint in Dante's Purgatory regards the Deity,—as one who would say, *D' altro non calmo*, for nothing else I care; for by this entrance into the being of the Primal Existence the true destiny of the soul is accomplished. His creed is neither vague nor fanciful. He recognizes an unmistakable Intelligent Power around him, weaving, unweaving, by the law of a strict evolution; and on this Intelligent Power he leans and builds his life, resting on that which is, though he can apprehend it only in part, and by this means his soul is enlarged and elevated. From this elevation he surveys the world in all its complex mechanism and varied relationships,

and sees it all as the emanation of an Infinite Power illumined by the light of its own splendor. By long looking the vision becomes clearer and clearer, just as the practiced eye of the astronomer finally observes that in the configuration of a planet of which an untrained sight receives no sensible impression.

Having thus given some indications of the broad teaching of the Vedānta, I shall now proceed to enter into a more special consideration of some passages of the Upanishads in illustration of their doctrines.

The direct mode of the Vedantist in arriving at the limits of the knowable is typically exemplified in the following conversation between a pupil and his preceptor, the former of which seeks information as to the manner of the entrance of Essential Being into material organisms. The father says to his son, "Fetch me from thence a fruit of the nyagrodha-tree."¹

"Here is one, sir."

"Break it."

"It is broken, sir."

"What do you see there?"

"These seeds, almost infinitesimal."

"Break one of them."

"It is broken, sir."

"What do you see there?"

"Not anything, sir."

The father said, "My son, that subtle essence which you do not perceive there, of that very essence this great nyagrodha-tree exists."

After another instance of intimate and inseparable mixture amounting to homogeneity, derived from salt dissolved in water, the father pursues:—

"Here also in this body, forsooth, you do not perceive the True (that is, primary or Essential Being), but there indeed it is. That which is the subtle essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, O Svetaketu, art it."

¹ The nyagrodha is the peepul or banyan tree.

There is no haze or uncertainty over that which can be known and that which it is useless to seek to know. The line of possible inquiry is distinctly laid down; there is no attempt made to overleap it. Faith in or assurance of this underlying inscrutable force must be accepted here alike by the wise and the ignorant. This force is the one central fact, beside which all others are merely subsidiary or accessory; so important and all-absorbing is it to the Vedantist that he sees no other. The mere dwelling upon it is the beginning of an education, and raises the soul at once to an attitude of attention and receptiveness, into rapport with the Spirit of Nature, which inaugurates a dawn of true light, and places all human inquiry on its right basis and in due relationship, as a search after the primary law or principle beyond which it cannot go. The last paragraph in the above quotations assures the pupil that this essential principle is the same that constitutes the substantial nucleus of his own being, which is also diffused throughout the universe.

As further illustrative of Vedantic teaching, the following may be quoted:

"All this is Brahman. Let a man meditate on that (visible world) as beginning, ending, and breathing in it (the Brahman).

"Now man is a creature of will. According to what his will is in this world, so will he be when he has departed this life. Let him therefore have this will and belief.

"The intelligent, whose body is spirit, whose form is light, whose thoughts are true, whose nature is like ether (omnipresent and invisible); from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odors and tastes proceed,—he who embraces all this, who never speaks and is never surprised,

"He is my self within the heart, smaller than a corn of rice, smaller than a mustard seed, smaller than a canary seed or the kernel of a canary seed.

He also is my self within the heart, greater than the earth, greater than the sky, greater than heaven, greater than all these worlds.

"He from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odors and tastes proceed, who embraces all this, who never speaks, who is never surprised,—he, my self within the heart, is that Brahman. When I shall have departed from hence I shall obtain him (that self). He who has this faith has no doubt."

The word "self" in these passages is that by which Professor Max Müller translates *Âtman*. I must refer the reader to his preface for his reasons for so doing. He admits it is a mere term of convenience, and perhaps it is as good as any other in the language, though without explanation it must fail to convey any meaning of the original. The context alone, as in paragraphs two, three, and four, illustrates its significance better than any attempt to define accurately the meaning of the term. In such passages as the above there is revealed to the mind a conceptional view of the subtle underlying force and vitality in the universe not to be found so clearly and definitely expressed in any modern writing. We are brought, so to speak, into the very presence of the Eternal, and may exclaim with Jacob at Luz, "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not." We are, as it were, sensibly enfolded in the arms and pressed to the bosom of the Infinite. We are all offspring from one source, we are all parts of the same Being. The Divine Possibilities are laid open within us. The Power that created the universe can be but one, and we must be a part of that Power. There is no other existence but the eternal one, and every soul that lives must be of that nature and consistency. Thus we have the foundational basis of religion and science, the clue to and confirmation of that instinctive feeling which underlies the questioning soul, that religion and science properly viewed

and accepted must be one and the same thing. There is here distinctly laid down a purely scientific axiom, that Will is the instrumental author of being. The power of willing marks the difference between chaos and creation, between the amorphous and the structural. It is the primary principle of evolution. "Through the Will of the world everything wills," says the Vedantist. "Meditate on Will." Every organism is endowed with the power of choosing that which is necessary to perform its particular function as an individual. Every divarication is the inauguration of the extension of this eclectic faculty, and marks a new stage of development. The Vedantist sees this distinctly, and gives the choosing principle a name. It is Brahman, the Self, within every creature that gives its individuality, and yet holds it inseparably conjoined to the whole. Can anything go deeper? Wherein have we learnt more than these primitive sages saw and specified? Have we not here all that any doctrine of evolution can teach us, clearly and comprehensively laid down?

The knowledge of the soul's universality as Essential Being by a prescient overpassing of the mortal limits is conveyed in the following paragraphs:—

"That Self is a bank, a boundary, so that these worlds may not be confounded. Day and night do not pass that bank, nor old age, death, and grief; neither good nor evil deeds. All evil-doers turn back from it, for the world of Brahman is free from all evil.

"Therefore, he who has crossed that bank, if blind, ceases to be blind; if wounded, ceases to be wounded; if afflicted, ceases to be afflicted. Therefore, when that bank has been crossed, night becomes day indeed, for the world of Brahman is lighted up once for all.

"And that world of Brahman belongs to those only who find it by abstinence; for them there is freedom in all the worlds."

The "boundary" above indicated is

that between the conditioned and the unconditioned. An apprehension of the latter being attained,—that is, of the soul's real nature and essential liberty,—the mortal falls from it; the immortal and eternal are revealed as constituting its proper sphere; the boundaries of time and space are broken down; it enters upon a divine freedom, and henceforward cannot be touched by the shifting casualties of the terrestrial existence.

The mode of grasping or apprehending the originating source of life and being is put before us in the answer given to Saunaka, a great householder, who went to inquire of the sage Angiras. "Sir," said Saunaka, "what is that which if it is known, everything else becomes known?" The sage answered, "Two kinds of knowledge must be known,—this is what all who know Brahman tell us,—the higher and lower knowledge." He proceeds to say that the lower knowledge is that of the Vedas, grammar, science, etc.; but the higher knowledge is that by which the indestructible (Brahman) is reached.

"That which cannot be seen nor seized, which has no family and no caste, no eyes nor ears, no hands nor feet, the eternal, the omnipresent (all-pervading), infinitesimal, that which is imperishable,—that it is which the wise regard as the source of all beings.

"As the spider sends forth and draws in its thread, as plants grow on the earth, as from every man hairs spring forth on the head and the body, thus does everything here arise from the indestructible."

Perhaps there is nothing more happily expressed in the Vedānta than the similes and illustrations given by way of figures or symbols of interior meaning. Here we have one that elucidates the gradations by which we go from the known to the unknown in our progress towards the Infinite Ideal:—

"As a caterpillar, after having reached a blade of grass, and after having made another approach (to another blade),

draws itself together towards it, thus does this Self, after having thrown off this body and dispelled all ignorance, and after making another approach (to another body), draw himself together towards it.

"And as a goldsmith, taking a piece of gold, turns it into another newer and more beautiful shape, so does this Self, after having thrown off this body and dispelled all ignorance, make unto himself another newer and more beautiful shape."

Could anything be put into better form or be more definite? Surely this is the very essence of compressed utterance.

The Vedantist goes on to say : —

"Now, as a man is like this or like that, according as he acts and according as he behaves, so will he be : a man of good acts will become good ; a man of bad acts, bad. He becomes pure by pure deeds, bad by bad deeds.

"And here they say that a person consists of desires. And as his desire, so is his will ; and as is his will, so is his deed ; and whatever deed he does, that will he reap.

"And here there is this verse : 'To whatever object a man's own mind is attached, to that he goes strenuously together with his deed ; and having obtained the end (the last results) of whatever deed he does here on earth, he returns again from that world (which is the temporary reward of his deed) to this world of action.'

"So much for the man who desires. But as to the man who does not desire, who, not desiring, freed from desires, is satisfied in his desires, or desires the Self only, his vital spirits do not depart elsewhere ; being Brahman, he goes to Brahman.

"On this there is this verse : 'When all desires which once entered his heart are undone, then does the mortal become immortal, then he obtains Brahman.'

"And as the slough of a snake lies on

an ant-hill, dead and cast away, thus lies this body ; but that disembodied immortal spirit is Brahman, is only light."

The extinction of personal desires here laid down is the abuse of the ascetic ; but, however mistaken and travestied in modern Brahmanism, is clear enough in meaning to the thoughtful. It is not the prostration of inaction, but a recognition of the eternal, universal claim, and an abandonment and total submission to it. It is an acceptance of the rule of higher Being, of absolute law, and a merging of the soul into it without any self-assertive opposition to or revolt against it. It is by thus relinquishing the standpoint of its own personality that the soul enters into the Essential Principle of the universe. It is thus that the seeker of the true soul, the immortal and essential "Self" within us as it is without, leaving the concrete and limited, unites himself with this unbounded Being, and becomes one with it. But what a sublime exposition is this of Divine Truth ! Is it not convincing that the voice of Truth has never been silent in the history of mankind ; that it is always and perpetually speaking ? Surely there is something here which points to the highest in man, and enables him to claim an assimilative union with his Creator.

We may proceed in our exposition of Vedantic teaching by continuing the quotation from the same Upanishad : —

"The small old path stretching far away has been found by me. On it sages who know Brahman move on to the Svarga-loka (heaven), and thence higher on, as entirely free."

In a close and prolonged study of the Upanishads, I have found that the most trustworthy mode of interpreting obscure passages is by carefully collating them with parallel or analogous readings. It is astonishing how much light may be thrown on such passages by this means. Necessarily, the writings must be well grasped in their entirety before this can be done. Such a knowledge of them

once attained, a comparison of various readings will often be found clearly illustrative, when even the splendid commentary of Sankarâchârya fails to enlighten us. The "path stretching far away" is the way of truth, the "narrow way" of the Gospels, as we find by referring to another Upanishad as follows:

"The true prevails, not the untrue; by the true the path is laid out, the way of the gods on which the old sages, satisfied in their desires, proceed to where there is that highest place of the True One.

"That (true Brahman) shines forth grand, divine, inconceivable, smaller than small; it is far beyond what is far, and yet near here; it is hidden in the cave (of the heart) among those who see it even here."

It will be seen that the statements made in the above passages are strictly in accordance with law and rule. There is nothing catastrophic or cataclysmic in this elevation. It is one of progress and gradual advancement, — evolution, in fact, beginning with the material and ending in the spiritual, and then going by progressive stages to the Highest.

To proceed with the Bri-upanishad:

"On that path they say that there is white, or blue, or yellow, or green, or red; that path was found by Brahman, and on it goes whoever knows Brahman, and who has done good and obtained splendor."

The colors here specified doubtless symbolize the divarication of the Creative Energy, just as we are told in another place, "The sun, which has no color, produces all colors." Thus the sages approach Brahman by means of his manifestation, his created works; "by the word is the non-word revealed." And now we come to what appears to be a paradoxical statement, which has been found very puzzling by some European students of the Vedânta. It is this:—

"All who worship what is not knowledge enter into blind darkness; those

who delight in knowledge enter, as it were, into greater darkness.

"There are, indeed, those unblessed worlds covered with blind darkness. Men who are ignorant and not enlightened go, after death, to those worlds."

It would seem strange that if those who worship the negation of knowledge sink into profound darkness, those who delight in knowledge should enter still greater darkness. But here the difficulty evidently turns on what is meant by the term "darkness." The signification of darkness here is undoubtedly that of the senses. That is to say, the ignorant, in the Vedic sense (those who do not know Brahman), who have not left the domain of the senses, are still held in the sensuous bond, are still in the light — the material light — which the senses afford; but those who have abandoned the realm of sense for the higher illumination of the spirit are plunged into an unknown and inconceivable obscurity considered with respect to material or sensible light, which therefore is fitly designated as darkness to the mortal apprehension. "Mystics," so called, of various times and places, have often used the same figure. In the Rose Garden of the Sufiist Mahmud Shabistari we find:—

"This blackness, if you know it, is the light of very Being:

In the land of darkness is the wellspring of life."

It is also definitely expressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury in his Sonnet of Black Beauty, as follows:—

"Thou still abidest so entirely one

That we may know thy blackness is a spark
Of light inaccessible, and alone

Our darkness which can make us think it dark."

The sage proceeds:—

"If a man understands the Self, saying, 'I am He,' what could he wish or desire that he should pine after the body?"

That is to say, if a man understands

and accepts the fact that he is not an independent and isolated individual, but of the nature and substance of the very Creator himself, why should he wish to return to the limitations of the body, with its varying liabilities to pain and suffering? Once understood his identity with the Divine Ruler whilst the soul is narrowly confined to the restriction of the body, he must then recognize that he also is of the same essential quality; just as the Hebrew prophet said to the people, "Ye are the sons of the living God;" and David, "Ye are gods, and all of you are children of the most High;" the latter quoted and confirmed by Jesus Christ, according to the evangelist. This, then, is a question of spiritual perception, or "Knowledge," as the Vedantist terms it.

"While we are here we may know this; if not, I am ignorant, and there is great destruction. Those who know it become immortal, but others suffer pain indeed.

"If a man clearly beholds this Self as God, and as the lord of all that is and will be, then he is no more afraid.

"He behind whom the year revolves with the days, him the gods worship as the light of lights, as immortal time.

"He in whom the five beings and the ether rest, him alone I believe to be the Self: I who know believe him to be Brahman; I who am immortal believe him to be immortal.

"They who know the life of life, the eye of the eye, the ear of the ear, the mind of the mind, they have comprehended the ancient primeval Brahman.

"By the mind alone is it to be perceived; there is in it no diversity. He who perceives therein any diversity goes from death to death.

"This eternal being that can never be proved is to be perceived in one way only; it is spotless, beyond the ether, the unborn Self, great and eternal.

"Let a wise Brâhmana, after he has discovered him, practice wisdom. Let

him not seek after many words, for that is a mere weariness of the tongue."

The "five beings" spoken of in the above extract have been variously explained. They may be the five orders of spiritual beings. My own interpretation is that they are meant for the five senses, with the mind ("ether"). The passage would then mean, he in whom mortal being rests; that is, the Deity, or Brahman. The phrase "there is diversity" would say that Essential Being is homogeneous, so to speak, inclusive, of one sole nature and quality, and cannot therefore be divided. He who looks upon individual being as something self-existent, complete in itself, and not as a part of eternal, universal being, still remains in the conditional and mortal, the transitory and perishable. The similes used to express the homogeneity of being are, as salt dissolved in water, so universal Being pervades and coexists with and in all things; or, as the universally distributed ether is not made otherwise or different or obtains another denomination by being inclosed in a jar from that which is external to the vessel, so this universal Being maintains its unity under all forms of divarication. These sublime words need no further explanation. Their import is clear enough in the light of what has been already stated.

I have thus laid down some of the broader principles of the teaching of the Vedânta, and I think they are sufficient to make its spirit and doctrines clearly understood. There is no doubt this must be placed in the world's category of revelations, whatever may be the precise significance attached to that term. It is exactly in the line of evolution of the highest idea of religion in the soul of man. It contains in its essence the dawn or nucleus of the most profound and intrinsic sentiment of Christianity; that is, God in man, to be discovered by the highest spiritual intelligence, that subtle faculty of the soul which rules our reason, and against which there is no appeal.

According to the Vedānta, the object and *raison d'être* of mundane existence are that the soul may be able to supersede and renounce material life and every temporal attachment, living only in that which is divine, eternal, immutable. The Brahmanical state thus attained — termed in later Buddhism Nirvana — is, however, not, as is sometimes supposed, annihilation, but the contrary, an unlimited, pure, impersonal life, and one, therefore, which no language has terms to explain; of which, indeed, the human soul, in its present state, has no faculty for the apprehension. This is the highest form of religion. For those clinging to the mortal and individual being; who look to rewards and punishments as their directing and governing influences; who love not the Divine Being for its own sake, its intrinsic desirableness and loveliness, but seek for personal happiness and to escape suffering merely, — these, by a life of appropriate acts, attain their desire in the blessedness of a heavenly existence, but terminable, since their acts, life, and thoughts still keep the individuated and postulate range. Those who, by their own will and desire, do not reach the eternal and unchangeable state are born again and again into varied forms of terminable life, according to their deeds: some as wise and good persons in the upward progress, and others, the wicked, as noxious animals, or even as stocks and stones; just as we are told in the book of Revelation in the New Testament that death changes no nature. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

Much which to the Western mind is desirable, and perhaps in itself innocuous, the Vedantist says, for him is evil, because it makes demands upon and fosters the mortal and material part of himself, and therefore closes and suppresses the immortal and immaterial. He does

not want to gain the world in any of its forms, but to leave it in all. It is by withdrawing himself from it that he seeks to do this. It may be added that tenderness to every creature that lives, kindness and helpfulness, with every sort of social goodness, are inculcated to the utmost. But it must at the same time be allowed that the active virtues are not dwelt upon and enforced with the same degree of prominence which they obtain in the Christian religion. Perhaps the Vedānta is too purely abstract and intellectual in its nature. In fact, Vedantic teachings are no substitute for Christianity, but bear upon the more developed teachings of Christ as revealing how entirely accordant with law those teachings are, how secure are their foundations on the very basis of nature and being. The Vedānta throws a flood of light, to the reflective mind, on the union, the absolute union, of the soul of man with the Being of God, and herein is in perfect harmony with the loftiest and most profound teaching of the Christian religion. There is no antagonism in any one point, so far as I know, between the two religions; the Brahmanical form dwelling upon principles common to both. They would seem to be but different aspects of the same high truth, mutually illuminative, though from different points of view. A person might be a Brahmin in faith without abandoning Christianity, and a Brahmin might be a Christian without sacrificing anything of his creed, or, as he would call it, Knowledge. Indeed, it would seem to me that both must be benefited, each by the presentation of the other. In using the term "Brahmin" here, I mean the Vedantist, and not the formalist of to-day; as also, by "Christianity," I do not mean its modern representative, but the religion of Jesus Christ as taught and exemplified by him.

Thus we may be said to have here the practical solution of the main problem of life, the soul's function and destiny, — to rise from the mortal to the immor-

tal, from the material to the spiritual, by the laws of a natural evolution, to pass beyond the limits of the senses into the realm of pure Essential Being. "The sun does not shine there, nor the moon

and the stars, nor these lightnings, and much less this fire. When He shines, everything shines after Him; by his light all this is lighted." (Katha-upanishad, II. v. 15.)

William Davies.

A STRATEGIC MOVEMENT.

I.

It was a saying of Nora Chilton's that, if given the choice, she would always prefer the sting of a thousand ungratified wishes to a surfeit of contentment. The demand of her intellect and heart was to feel themselves alive. She asked not so much to enjoy as to try her own strength. She liked the gay, gaudy, fashionable world, with its shifting and multiplying needs and resources, its endless comedy, its power to radiate life as from a centre of light and heat. Still, she was poor, and the accomplishment of living so well upon a small income that no sharp dividing line appears to separate one from rich people must necessarily be a very negative success, or the result of a large evasion. She was a woman of opposite moods. There were days when to reset her furniture in her suite of rooms high up in the Eugénie; to contrive new and mellow blendings of color in her cushions and curtains; to give a tea, luncheon, or dinner; in short, to carry out with effectiveness and charm whatever she undertook, was almost enough to satisfy her. Again, by no glamour could she make this side of her life seem other than futility and failure. To do everything at second hand, to be the imitator of richer people whom she half derided, when what she longed for was to spend her strength in answering some call upon her highest powers! She was in such a mood when, one February morning, this note was brought her:

— MADISON AVENUE, Thursday.

MY DEAR NORA, — Now do not dare to tell me that you are engaged to-night, for you must dine here. Sebastian has telephoned me that he has at last got hold of Marmaduke Douglas, and says I must ask you to come and help entertain the great man. Whether he is young or old, married or single, whether he will come in war-paint and feathers or in a sombrero and buckskin tights, I have no idea. I only know that he is to be propitiated. He represents the Quadrilateral, and the Quadrilateral is what has spoiled Sebastian's peace of mind for six months. To make terms with it means somehow millions to the Transmontana. I need you to talk ranchos, cañons, silver mines, to the millionaire, and I shall send the coupé for you at a quarter before seven.

Yours ever,

FANNY EUSTACE.

Nora scribbled a line in return: "You may count on me."

What she quarreled with in herself was a sense of elation at the lucky accident of being asked to eat her dinner with the Eustaces. All the morning she had been, as it were, sweeping and garnishing her belongings, and now this worldly little Lucifer had come in and taken possession. She had experienced an inexplicable discontent, and had set to work to try to analyze the spirit of unrest within herself. A childless widow of less than thirty, she needed, she de-

clared, some loyal, self-forgetting work for others. She was about to set herself some hard task, when Fanny Eustace, by a happy dexterity, had put her in touch with what was trivial, every-day, material. But then the season was Lent, the weather was inclement, and, having for a week felt lonely and outside the world, she was in a mood for companionship.

Thus, five minutes after seven o'clock, that evening, she entered Mrs. Eustace's little rear drawing-room, and completed the *partie carrée*. Mrs. Eustace was a large, handsome blonde, languid in manner, slow of speech, but with a comprehensive smile which atoned for lack of effort. Her husband was small, dark, wiry, with jet-black eyes of gimlet sharpness. He was a broker, and lived, breathed, and had his being in Wall Street. Mr. Marmaduke Douglas, the representative of the Quadrilateral, was, as Mrs. Eustace had predicted, not in conventional evening dress, but wore an ample frock coat tightly buttoned up, with one of the flaps turned back, to admit of his putting his left hand into his trousers pocket. This attitude, although unusual at New York dinner parties, may have helped to create an effect of something serene, self-centred, individual, in the man. Compared with Sebastian Eustace, he was impressive. He had a massive forehead; heavy overhanging brows with deeply set blue eyes; a dreamy gaze; a generally half-listless expression on his clean-shaven face, yet withal a look indicating that he was not asleep, not unobservant, but ready,—not to be trifled with. He held out his disengaged hand to Mrs. Chilton when he was introduced, and said, "Madam, I am proud to make your acquaintance."

"We are all here," said Sebastian Eustace; and five minutes later the two guests sat down facing each other across the broad table, of which the sole decoration, except the silver and crystal at each plate, was a large oval mirror surrounded by a bank of snowdrops and

white crocuses, and over whose polished surface tiny red figures in the shape of fiends and gnomes—clever Parisian knickknacks—seemed to be skating. So far we have not described Mrs. Chilton, but Marmaduke Douglas had observed that she had a step like a nymph, that her gown was more symmetrical than the gowns of other women, and that she moved and spoke with nobility and naturalness. Now he had a good view of a clearly cut, brilliant face, eyes and hair of the darkest, a beautiful airy forehead, and a flexible, piquant pair of lips. How old she was he did not decide on the instant. She looked old enough to have passed through many experiences, yet young enough to put mere youth at a disadvantage.

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace were not fluent talkers, and their deficiency explained their need of Nora Chilton, who possessed a happy knack of entering into the tone of others, a just and accurate sense of character, and could take what other people got angry or bored with as a humorous part of the nature of things. She addressed her *vis-à-vis* unhesitatingly. She asked him if he liked New York. He said a great many people thought New York was like the kingdom of heaven, but that he should think twice about accepting even salvation on no better terms. She inquired how he amused himself. He replied that so far he had made no attempt to amuse himself, but had tried to find out what these highly civilized Eastern people found amusing. He had, accordingly, been to the best theatres. Did he like the theatre? He had not always at first, he confessed, been able to make out the meaning of the play, but finally, by dint of study, he had decided that in general it meant nothing,—just simply nothing at all. Still, the scenery was often ingenious, and he liked to look at the audience. He thought that perhaps he preferred the opera. It was more earnest. He liked to feel that people were in

earnest; and a man or woman has to be deeply in earnest before committing himself or herself to a high note. However, he was a mere looker-on. What he did chiefly was to sit in his office and read the newspaper. Did he then enjoy reading newspapers?

"Of all honest occupations on the face of the earth," said Marmaduke Douglas, "I consider it the very poorest."

"I wish you would tell me what you do really like, Mr. Douglas," said Nora.

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Chilton," said Sebastian Eustace. "He likes upsetting the universe, and then making a cool million or two out of the fragments."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Douglas, letting his words drop in a deliberate, gentle way, and in a manner of such uniform bland melancholy that the effect was a little puzzling. "The real excitement is in losing money. While you are piling it up you can't help feeling sad. What is money? you say to yourself. It is the root of all evil, and what good can it do us? It can't buy a friend, not even a relation. It can't preserve your life a day when the fiat has gone forth. 'Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.' You eat too good dinners and get indigestion and laziness, and feel very unhappy indeed. You long to go about and lecture before Christian associations on the blessings of poverty, or settle down on a desert island and take time to think whether life is worth living. But just get a hint that an enemy wants to topple over something you have been building up, and you feel alive down to the tips of your toes."

"I suspect," said Sebastian Eustace, laughing, "that you never had much experience of that sort of thing?"

"Not so much as might be good for me," said the millionaire plaintively; "but the first time I got hold of something profitable I suffered. It was when Benswanger and I struck a vein of silver. I

was only nineteen, but Benswanger had faith in me, and wanted me to come East and get hold of a company. So I came East. Benswanger said it was necessary to make a good impression, that I must do the thing handsomely; so I engaged a bridal compartment in a parlor car. That was the way I first got satiated with loneliness and splendor. When I reached New York, I took a suite of rooms at the Windsor, and there I fairly reveled in luxury; they were upholstered in pink satin, and set round with mirrors."

"I don't believe you were so lonely after you came to New York," Sebastian suggested.

"No," said Mr. Douglas, with a sigh. "People in Wall Street were most friendly, most helpful. They just laid themselves out to save me trouble. They knew what was best for me. I didn't understand at the time what was good for my soul, and I thought I had fallen among thieves. Now I realize that the luckiest thing that could have happened to me was to have to go back to Colorado like a pitcher broken at the fountain."

"Did you return in a palace car?" asked Nora mischievously.

"No, not in a palace car."

"You did not conquer New York that time," Sebastian observed, with a little nod. "You waited till you came again."

But no, Mr. Douglas explained, he was not so ambitious as he had been eighteen years before. Nowadays he preferred to take a back seat; not perhaps from modesty, not altogether from a sordid spirit of economy, but because he liked to see the world turn round. Now there were people, he went on to say, who declared that money could buy everything in New York. He wondered whether they spoke the truth.

"Why not?" exclaimed Nora. "Money will buy you a house, equipages, a box at the opera, good dinners, a handsome wife! A man must have a great many needs if what money will not buy cannot satisfy them all."

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace accepted her words as a tribute to themselves. There was nothing in America, nothing in Europe, nothing in the universe, which money could not buy, and to New York was offered the cream of everything.

"Best markets in the world here," said Sebastian, — "everything that can tempt the appetite."

"Except the appetite," Nora murmured.

"I am a pilgrim and I am a stranger," said Mr. Douglas. "They might not take me in."

"You can take them in," suggested Sebastian, with a chuckle. "Just have a house in New York, a cottage at Newport, a lodge in the mountains, a country place within easy reach, and make yourself really comfortable."

"To be really comfortable is to be always packing up to go somewhere else," explained Nora. "It is impossible, nowadays, to stay in any place more than three months."

"A yacht is a good thing," Sebastian put in. "A man likes at times to get away from the telegraph and the telephone."

"Oh, we trust such casualties will not happen to anybody here!" Nora cried. Her eyes were dancing with fun, and so were those of Mr. Marmaduke Douglas. His glance was apt to rest on her; he watched her brilliant, changeable face as he followed the discussion with an intent, sometimes puzzled look, as he tried to separate the grain from the chaff.

"We have the handsomest houses and the best pictures in the world," Sebastian went on. "People in Europe give up trying to compete with New York and Chicago millionaires when they want a picture."

"Now there is the Angelus," said Nora. "Experts say that in Paris it was worth, say, ten thousand dollars. Here we paid more than one hundred thousand."

"And musicians," pursued Sebastian.

"Just as soon as they achieve a European reputation, we are ready to offer five hundred dollars an evening for a private entertainment."

"I gave a luncheon the other day, and had an author read scenes from his own works afterwards," said Mrs. Eustace. "We command the very best art and literature in the world."

"We like," said Nora solemnly, "anything that is expensive. That is, I mean socially expensive, and mentally inexpensive."

"Mentally inexpensive?" repeated Mr. Douglas, with a twinkle in his eye. "I see, a man needs to be middling rich in order to be rich enough to buy the universe."

"It's good to have the apples hang high," said Sebastian. "A man never ought to feel that he has got all he wants in the world."

"No danger," Mrs. Eustace observed, with a sigh, as she and Mrs. Chilton rose from the table. "No matter how many figures there are in one's income, it is never quite large enough."

II.

Naturally, Mrs. Eustace poured into Nora Chilton's ear all she had heard about Marmaduke Douglas and his wealth-amassing career. He had come East to effect a "deal," she explained vaguely: the Quadrilateral and the Transmontana, after fighting each other for two years, were finally to lie down together. He had been in Sebastian's way, but now all was to go well. Sebastian admired the great capitalist, although he sometimes called him names. Every accident of the man's career had helped him. He had plenty of original force, and in whatever he undertook he created a monopoly; crushing everything and everybody who came in his way. His ambition was to dominate. He was a searching judge of men. There was in

him an unsleeping insight, a sagacity, an invincible courage, a repose, an equipoise, at the same time a readiness for a spring that was terrible. Whoever was against him dreaded him, and had reason to dread him.

"I hate that brutal force!" cried Nora, with anger and scorn. "I hate those sordid, successful men! I wish the heavens would fall and grind them to atoms."

Nora's friends were used to these outbursts, and found them piquant. Everybody had some fad, and Nora's was unworldliness. It was the more amusing to hear her declaim against wealth and luxury because she possessed such tact and aptitude in social matters; dressed so well, and interfused so much brightness into her dull little segment of the great circle, that it was easy, even while she declared that she would rather be poor than rich, to see where her real tastes lay. Her mother, Mrs. Haven, had been an ambitious woman, and had married Nora, her only child, at the age of nineteen, to Livingston Chilton, one of the heirs to the great Chilton property. Livingston had died within two years, and Nora, losing her child at the same time, forfeited all claim to the estate. Thus the marriage for which Mrs. Haven had schemed came to nothing, and she died of the disappointment. Yet, left a widow, Nora might more than once have redeemed this failure, and her best friends could not account for her conduct in refusing one good match after another. Perhaps Nora could not have accounted for her own conduct. Once she had married without love; then, when she had lost both husband and child, she had had to make her peace with the Unseen towards which she groped in bitter sorrow and remorse. This grief, this self-reproach, left their effect in a finer nerve, a keener insight, in a fresh sense of the distinction between great and little things, in a new choice of responsibilities, in a sudden

recognition of her own identity. Along with these came an unexpected blessedness in a wider instinct of human fellowship. These impulses had not spent themselves in caprice. She studied nursing, and at times had lived among the poor and nursed the sick. Perhaps her feeling of the insoluble nature of the human problem had not been dispelled by these enterprises; still, if she effected little, she at least understood better something of the starvation struggle going on in the world. Gradually certain forces gathered in her mind, and shaped themselves into a definite intention. To test the efficacy of a certain scheme, she had longed to have larger means at her disposal. Thus it was perhaps not strange if, after meeting Mr. Marmaduke Douglas, Nora's thoughts should concentrate themselves on his gift, beyond that of necromancy, for making money; and, with this starting-point, that her conscience, at first in arms against him, should modify itself in answer to her need, and rouse in her the wish to bend his sordid faculties dexterously to carry out her own ends.

Certain tricks of individuality in the man she had had a relish for; they conveyed to her the secret of his sense of humor, his good nature in general, his modesty, his conscientious desire to conform to the usages of the dinner table and offend no fastidious taste. If she had gained no impression of him except as a financier possessed of curious secrets and living in a sphere of rich possibilities, in spite of her confidence in his power to offer her a short cut to wealth she could hardly have ventured to approach him. But he had given her glimpses, suggestions, almost it might be said a master key to something held in reserve; at least, by some feminine casuistry, she believed that she saw in him something with which she could put herself in touch. Thus it was no difficult matter to write and ask if he could suggest a safe and paying investment for a

small sum of money which was lying idle at her banker's.

The answer was delivered by private messenger.

— BROADWAY, February 21.

MY DEAR MADAM, — Perhaps you will do me the honor to call to-morrow at eleven.

Yours with respect,
MARMADUKE DOUGLAS.

Just as St. Paul's clock was striking eleven, on the following day, Nora accordingly crossed the threshold of the great white building on Broadway, was met by a clerk, escorted to the elevator, and, after an ascent to the third story, was ushered into a large room, the floor of which was covered with a Turkey rug, while round the long table in the centre were set twelve armchairs upholstered in red leather.

Nora, from her first mood of boundless curiosity and no fear, had declined to one of trepidation; but the sight of the great man standing awed, expectant, evidently strung up to a high pitch of interest, ready to receive her, threw a gleam of humor over the situation and helped to restore her self-possession.

"You are the centurion: you said to me 'Come,' and I came," she exclaimed. "You are very good to let me take up your time, Mr. Douglas."

"Mrs. Chilton," returned Marmaduke Douglas, as solemnly as if assisting at some high function, "you do me very great honor." He took her hand, led her to a seat by the window, and himself sat down opposite. "Now about this money you wish to invest," he began at once. "How much is it?"

"Eighteen hundred dollars."

"Oh, eighteen hundred dollars!" There was an intonation of surprise in his voice for which she could not account.

"Is it too small a sum to do anything with? Of course, to you it must be insignificant; but to me, Mr. Douglas, it represents a considerable fraction of all I possess in the world."

He bent a singularly vivid look upon her.

"A great deal can be done with eighteen hundred dollars," he made haste to say. "You give me full discretion?"

"The fullest discretion," returned Nora, with her pervasive gayety of look and tone and manner. "Buy a railroad, or a township, or a silver mine, only" —

"Double it, treble it, quadruple it, for you," he said with energy, "I will. That's all I'm good for."

"I hear that everything you touch turns to money," she went on, with that soft archness which was her distinctive attribute. "I am poor, I have always been poor, yet I have had to hear so much about money that I hate it. I think the world would be better off if there were no such thing as money. But invariably, just as I get hold of some beautiful symmetrical theory which can mend the universe, some obstinate fact crops up and spoils everything. And now I need a little more money to carry out a scheme dear to my heart. This amount has already been lying idle for four weeks. My uncle says I must wait for him to find some safe investment, and he also declares there are no safe investments that pay more than four per cent."

Mr. Douglas, gazing at Nora's charming face, all gayety and sweetness, insensibly melted under the summer warmth of her influence. His own face relaxed, beamed; unconsciously he tilted back his chair, pushed aside the lapel of his coat, and inserted his left thumb in the sleeve of his waistcoat.

"There are no safe investments beyond four per cent," he returned, with a smile on his well-cut lips and in the corner of his eye, while he accented his meaning with his wagging right forefinger. "Not even four per cents are safe. What's this earth, anyhow, but a thin crust of soil over a centre of fire? Earthquakes, volcanoes, upheavals, going on all the time, while we whirl along through space

at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour, contriving to hold on only by the attraction of gravitation. The whole solar system is as rotten as the state of Denmark. Spots on the sun, moon and other planets burned up, comets threatening us on every hand! Safety? There's no safety anywhere!"

"You mean that one has to accept some measure of risk," observed Nora, a trifle embarrassed by his ease of attitude.

His alert sense discovered the slight coldness of her tone. He pulled himself up, as it were, put his chair on its four legs, and clasped his hands together.

"There are just two classes of men to trust in money matters," he now remarked, "fools and wise men. What you have to dread is half fools and half wise."

"It does not seem quite civil to call my uncle a fool," said Nora; "still" —

"Oh, I'm the fool," said Mr. Douglas. "Don't mind calling me names. I will take your money and rush in where better men might fear to tread. However, don't fear. You are safe."

She was opening a little bag of silk and lace, and now produced the check.

"I trust you," she said.

"You may." He called a clerk, asked for a blank form, filled it out, and gave her the acknowledgment. "Don't go," he said entreatingly, as she was about to rise. "I have nothing to do until a quarter before twelve. You might give me a quarter of an hour. You are my client, you know. We must talk over things."

She had half risen, but now sat down.

"Since I put my affairs in your hands, I ought to try to make you take a friendly interest in me."

"No difficulty whatever about that. What I should like," he added, with a half sigh, "would be to make you take a friendly interest in me. I dare say you have heard all sorts of things about me, not all to my good?"

"The Eustaces say you are very suc-

cessful; and when they say a man is successful, it is very high praise."

"Now you don't care for success as the Eustaces do." He was sitting bent a little forward, and his eyes regarded her with a penetrating glance.

"I seem to believe in your success," returned Nora. "I never before in my life asked such a favor of any one. It shows, Mr. Douglas, that I believe not only in your enormous strength, but in your magnanimity, that I venture to make such a request. I could not have gone to" —

"To Sebastian Eustace?" said Mr. Douglas, with a twinkle in his eye. "You flatter me. Business is business. It is quite right for you not to call me your friend until I have proved myself one. Five minutes after I had met you, I understood that you had looked out of your own eyes, observed things for yourself, did not express yourself in second-hand terms and give the result of other people's foolish thinking." He rose, and she felt that she was dismissed.

"The centurion says to me 'Go,' and I go," she observed, holding out her hand. He shook it warmly.

"Obedience is a very good thing, Mrs. Chilton," he said, and opened the door.

This was Tuesday. The following Friday, at two o'clock, Nora had just returned from a morning's shopping with Mrs. Eustace, and entering her little reception room, and throwing off her mantle, bonnet, and gloves, she began to open the parcels which had come in and were piled on the divan. All at once she looked up from the litter of silk, lace, and muslin, and saw Mr. Marmaduke Douglas standing inside the portière, in his favorite attitude, one hand in his trousers pocket, and the other swinging his hat. Unusual as the hour was for calling, there was something in his look suggestive of youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm. He was dressed with faultless elegance, and in his buttonhole was a stalk of lily of the valley.

"Oh, Mr. Douglas!" exclaimed Nora.
"How you startled me!"

At this confession of surprise the visitor paused, blushed rosy red, and faltered in a curiously deprecatory manner.

"I am afraid I intrude. Perhaps it is not the right time of day. You see, Mrs. Chilton, I'm so ignorant."

"It is exactly the right time of day," returned Nora, who had started up, and was now shaking hands with him. "I have just come in from shopping, and am pining for some friendly person to admire my things."

"Beautiful, beautiful!" murmured Mr. Douglas in a tone of awe. She was establishing him at the end of the divan against a pile of cushions. "I suppose you have had a happy time?" he continued. "I have heard that shopping makes every woman perfectly happy."

"Some man said that," retorted Nora. She wore a black cloth gown trimmed with fur, and now sat down in a low chair with yellow silk cushions. "If being bewitched, tempted, tantalized, tormented, made to covet the opportunities of one's richer neighbors in general, and in particular to feel envious of Fanny Eustace, who, when she sees anything she takes a fancy to, drawls to the shop-people, 'Send me that, please,' while I have to fit my needs to my purse, and buy only what I cannot go without, — if that is your idea of happiness" —

"If you long to be richer," said Mr. Douglas, "I have good news for you. I've made some money for you."

"So soon? In three days?"

"I have sometimes made ten times as much in three minutes. Dull times these! Nothing booming. What I should enjoy doing for you, Mrs. Chilton, is to let loose the dogs of war, swoop down and destroy the enemy, then bring you the spoils."

"Don't do that. I have some conscience," said Nora.

"So have I," affirmed Marmaduke Douglas; "and sometimes it will not let

me slumber nor sleep till I have put a pinhole in somebody's balloon. But nobody is hurt by this little transaction. I've simply doubled your money."

"Doubled my money! And in three days! I cannot understand it."

"No? Well, I dare say not," said Mr. Douglas soothingly. "I'll make it clear."

He began a long explanation, interrupted by frequent digressions: he alluded to the resources of a great country, to the laws of expansion, to the dynamic force behind things; he said all thrifty men liked to make three blades of grass grow where there had been only two before; he told how the old Lord Collingwood, when he went round his estate, used always to have his pocket full of acorns, and would pop one into any vacant place. Mr. Douglas made here and there a convincing gesture, and altogether his statement seemed luminous. The effect of this broadly painted picture upon Nora's mind was to make her feel that her eighteen hundred dollars, being put upon the market at the right moment, had given a vital impulse to enterprise and had become the germ of great events.

"If it is all right, I am delighted," she said when he paused. "I wanted a little more money."

"It's all right," he returned. "Trust me for that. Should you object, Mrs. Chilton, to my keeping it a little longer, just to see what I could roll it up into?"

"You are sure it is not too much trouble?"

"Trouble! It works off some of my surplus energy." He crossed over to her desk, wrote a few words on a paper, and asked her to sign it and to return his former receipt.

"Now shall I go away?" he asked, with the air of a child.

"No, indeed. Sit down."

He obeyed her, and began to finger the pretty trifles which lay beside him on

the divan. "I have seen just such odds and ends in the shop windows," he remarked. "They look harmless, like the piles of cannon balls lying about in forts and navy yards. But if a man has got feeling, he thinks what execution those missiles can do. Now, for example, that!" He indicated a piece of flame-colored silk.

Nora jumped up and twirled it about a lamp globe.

"It is for a shade," she explained.

"Is that all?" he said, as if disappointed. "I supposed you were going to wear it."

"I may wear this," she said nonchalantly, and arranged some yards of fleecy chiffon on her shoulders.

He surveyed her critically, his head on one side.

"Now, should you mind," said he, "just throwing that black lace over your head?"

She adjusted the black lace mantilla-wise, took a few steps away, then turned and looked back at him, with a mischievous smile on her lips and in her dark eyes.

He thumped the down cushion beside him.

"That is it!" he cried. "You are Spanish in your style. I have seen Mexican women look out from behind their jealousies with just that air, as I rode past."

"As you rode past?" she repeated archly.

"As I rode past."

"You rode past such attractions, and did not stop?"

"I always had a talent for going on," said Mr. Douglas naively. "I observed, at a very early age, that the men who stopped lost a good deal of momentum, to say nothing of valuable time. I have generally made it a point to have an important engagement just ahead. It's safest. Then, too, I'm fastidious. I've heard men, when asked what kind of woman they preferred, answer, 'The

nearest.' Hitherto I've been apt to say, 'The farthest.'"

Some suppression, some vagueness, made this figure of speech not wholly displeasing, although it was suggestive, and seemed subtly calculated to bring into distinct shape the speaker's shifting and developing phases of consciousness, modified and centralized by the realization of an inward ideal.

Nora's intuitions were not at fault; a woman readily understands the intimations of a floating flower or a weed drifting up from landward.

"Here you live," he went on. "Here you live all alone!"

"There are five rooms," she said, "small but" —

"But then, like Mr. Dick, you do not wish to swing a cat," suggested Mr. Douglas, evidently a man versed in literature.

"But I always long to swing a cat," retorted Nora. "I detest everything that cramps and hinders me. The contrast between my large desires and my limited opportunities, the necessity of obeying centripetal forces when I long to launch off into the wildest curve of the centrifugal, — that is what spoils my chance of a contented mind! Here is my dining-room; only six people can sit down at once, — no dinner of twenty-four covers for me! Beyond is my bedroom, smaller yet. The kitchen would remind you of a doll-house. Still, my maid contrives; and if inside I am limited, outside there is all the sky, all the horizon." She pushed aside the curtains. "I have the sunsets, — that is something."

"I have knocked about the world, hungered and thirsted, fainted in the wilderness," said Mr. Douglas, "and I like to look round here and see how a woman like yourself lives. There is a certain charm about it. 'That is where she sits and reads,' I say to myself. 'She arranged those flowers.' 'That is her place at the head of the table.'

Still," he added, with an intent look, "I'm glad it does not absolutely content you. Now I myself have rather a yearning for wildness."

"Who is without yearnings?" she returned. "But you ought to enjoy your present taste of the cream of civilization. I read in the paper that you were to be given a great dinner at Delmonico's to-night."

"There are so many dinners," said Marmaduke Douglas with a sigh. "They are all monstrous polite, — so polite I get tired. It is n't safe for me to open my lips, — all these men think I leak wisdom. They watch me and listen to me, hoping some of my secrets will spill over. I've heard of a humorist," he went on plaintively, "who complained that everybody at table laughed if he only asked his neighbor to pass the mustard. Just so, if I say there is a storm brewing, they make a note of it, and it's sure to be in the papers next day. Of course it's flattering, but I have a pained sense all the time that I'm a humbug. But even if I am a humbug, I know something about the hollowness of this adulation. It's no secret to me what they want of me. I may have made some money, I may know a thing or two about making some more; but when they think omnipotence is my forte and omniscience my foible, they exaggerate. When I do say anything, I try not to furnish material for controversy. The fact is, New York does n't seem to me the place to show versatility and audacity. Out West I dare spread myself out over all creation, but New York keeps one within bounds. Why, Mrs. Chilton, I used to find life not worth living unless I could put my feet on the table."

Nora's dancing eyes traveled round the room.

"Do you see any table of the height which seems convenient?" she inquired.

"You don't know me, Mrs. Chilton," returned Mr. Douglas. "I never lounge now. I have not even tilted back my

chair since that day you did me the honor to call at my office. I saw how it struck you. I just simply took myself between my two hands, just as General Ethan Allen did when he went to a dinner party, and, in an unguarded moment, accepted an olive. Having got that olive, at first he did n't know what to do with it. It was green to the eye, slippery to the touch, and mighty unpleasant to the taste. But he tackled it; for, says he within himself, 'I'm General Ethan Allen! I took Fort Ticonderoga, and — me, I will eat this little green plum.' So he bolted it."

"Ah, you men who conquer the world know how to conquer yourselves!" said Nora.

Mr. Marmaduke Douglas proceeded: "The very next morning after I met you at the Eustaces', Mrs. Chilton, I went to a Fifth Avenue tailor, and said to him: 'Sir, I want you to fit me out with whatever a man needs. I don't mean a dude, I don't even mean a fine gentleman. What I want are the garments of commonplace decorum and good taste.'"

"The result is very successful," said Nora, with a bright little nod. "The garments of commonplace decorum suit you admirably."

"Do you really think I should pass muster among a crowd of New York men?" he asked, with such manifest eagerness that Nora exclaimed on the instant, —

"I know very few men who possess your natural advantages."

His delight was so naive that Nora realized that, lured on by her passion for saying something acceptable, she had paid him an overwhelming compliment. However, she had not been inexact, and she did not surrender her position, but went on: —

"As to what a man wears, the thing is not so much to like his clothes as not to dislike them. Tell me about yourself, Mr. Douglas. I think you were born here at the East?"

He had been born, he explained, at Rochester, New York. Losing his parents, he was brought up by his father's brother, who gave him, until he was sixteen, a chance of education. Then, this uncle dying, he was thrown on his own resources, and went to Indiana and taught school, still working at his studies. His health broke down, and he drifted to the West, looking for some out-of-door work, and found a chance to herd sheep for a Texan farmer.

"I began in March, just after the lambs were born," he went on. "I used to go out in the morning with my flocks on the prairie, which rolled gently up to high hills. The grass was full of spring flowers; the old sheep, and the frisky lambs a few weeks old, and the little tender shaky new ones would scatter about, flocking the green with bits of white; all sorts of birds flew by and around me; rabbits scudded across the open, and many a pretty wild creature. I liked it. I felt as if I had dropped out of time into eternity, for I was sick and tired, and needed the rest. Then I grew strong, and began to feel my heart beat. I got hold of books and newspapers, and grew restless. There was the great far-off world going on without me. I longed to be in it, struggling, asserting myself. Just then my employer wanted somebody to drive a flock of cattle fifty miles, to ship them to Chicago. I offered to do it, and that ended my quiet life. Still, I always like to think of the prairie and the sky and the little dots of white wool on the hillside."

Nora, naturally pleased to elicit these confidences, would have led her visitor on to higher flights; but at this moment her maid began to set out the table for afternoon tea, and Mr. Douglas, looking at his watch, remembered that he had to meet a man at the Fifth Avenue at half past four. But he waited for a cup of tea, and munched a biscuit with it. Nora suspected, however, that, unused to that mild form of feminine festivity, he was

appalled by the meagreness of the entertainment.

He had asked her if she liked flowers, and she had answered that she loved them so well she hated to have them cut; she delighted in growing things. The next day, returning after a brief absence, she found her rooms decorated as if for a wedding, with palms, azaleas, acacias, orchids, lilies, and jonquils. Her first impression was of delight; then came a little interfused sense of misgiving, of presentiment, which led her to sit down and write a note hardly so much of thanks as of protest. She said she was certain this profusion, this costliness, this splendor, was a mistake. A few hours later, Mr. Marmaduke Douglas drove up to the Eugénie in a carriage, and ascended to her apartment with the haste of a doctor sent for in a case of life or death. Had he presumed too far? he demanded. Had he then offended past forgiveness? He flung himself about in a frenzy of eloquence, deploping his ignorance, his innocence, his stupidity. He had simply told the man to send a few flowers to Mrs. Chilton at the Eugénie. Delicately skirting the question of the exact amount paid, he said he had given the florist a small sum of money, and left the choice of plants to his discretion. The mistake lay, Mr. Douglas explained unblushingly, in his supposition that exotics were dear, whereas, as events proved, they cost nothing, simply nothing at all. He begged Nora to overlook the error. Perhaps the garbage-man would remove those she did not want.

Nora allowed herself to be propitiated. After all, millionaires are used to illimitable views of things, and, in spite of the gorgeousness of the first effect, she liked an Eastern landscape, and the palms made a picturesque background for her Oriental divan, her rugs, cushions, and draperies.

Mr. Douglas's next approach was more insidious. He obtained the lease of a

box at the opera for the remainder of the season from some people who were going South, and asked Mrs. Eustace to consider it hers, and to invite Mrs. Chilton occasionally. Hundreds of pairs of eyes were focused upon the capitalist as he sat modestly in the background of the box, while the ladies of the party lolled in front with wonderful bouquets of blush and cream roses. These were the nights of the Nibelungen series. Mr. Marmaduke Douglas found something akin to himself in the simplicity and largeness of the themes; his imagination reveled in the mingling of the beautiful and the grotesque, in the weirdness and uncanniness of the situation, in the climaxes of high emotion. He enjoyed the forging of Siegfried's sword; his joy in the dragon was that of a child. Nora told him she was certain that he longed to tackle that dragon in the spirit of General Ethan Allen. The eerie note of the Valkyrs, the fire-guarded sleep of Brunhilde, charmed him, and these experiences brought him such a rush of feeling and so many things to say that he was under the necessity almost every day of seeking Mrs. Chilton and pouring himself out to her. Was she not his client?

III.

Nora accepted the position, perhaps a little flattered that she knew how to draw the monster's teeth and claws and tame him into a useful animal. Indeed, Mr. Marmaduke Douglas's bold and unexpected tactics left her nothing else to do but to accept the position.

But a word of Sebastian Eustace's disturbed the suavity of this intercourse. She had never liked Sebastian, who had a knack of saying brutal things when he was in a pet, and he was now beginning to discover that the Quadrilateral and the Transmontana were not likely to lie down in peace together like the lion and the lamb. Thus, himself nettled, he dis-

played some adroitness in spoiling Nora Chilton's peace of mind. He congratulated her on her conquest; and when she said that Mr. Douglas had kindly undertaken to invest a little of her money, he laughed, pressed inquiries, and told her that if she had Marmaduke in her toils she might as well get a hundred per cent and make her fortune at once. Certainly there was nobody else in New York in whose favor the great man would turn over sixpence.

Once alarmed, all Nora's pride was on the alert. She wrote and begged Mr. Douglas to call the following day at noon, and received him with a magnificence of demeanor which she had hitherto held in reserve.

"I am going to ask you for the eighteen hundred dollars I put in your hands," she said. "I find that I have need of it."

"Your nine thousand odd dollars," he replied.

She laughed slightly.

"That was a pleasant little fiction," she said. "Nothing increases and multiplies by miracle."

He looked disturbed.

"Why do you no longer believe in me?" he asked.

"I have suddenly got a little arithmetic into my head," she said archly. "A woman does occasionally see into things."

"Into a man's motives?"

She hardly wished to impugn his motives. She saw that she had roused something in him that was not calculable. He seemed to have grown taller; his voice sounded deeper; his intonations were more measured. Something in his eyes seemed unveiled. She could not tell what these portents meant, and she turned a woman's weapon upon him.

"I know that it is unusual for you to undertake this sort of brokerage," she murmured. "And I could not have it said that I was profiting by your generosity."

"Who says it? Sebastian Eustace?"

"Nobody has said it. Nobody must have a chance of saying it. You see I stand alone. I need to be very wise. You will understand that you ought not to put a defenseless woman in a false position. I have no one to defend me."

"I can defend you against Sebastian Eustace, — that wriggling tadpole, little more than a stomach with a tail to it" —

"Never mind Mr. Eustace. I am not afraid of him."

"Do you then need anybody to defend you against me, Mrs. Chilton?"

"But now, candidly," she asked, "did you double my money in three days, or was it a mere pretense?"

The situation was girt about with prickly difficulties for Mr. Marmaduke Douglas. He was taken by surprise. To indicate his good intentions without admitting the possibility that he had acted out of magnanimity required the aid of tact, address, and an unlimited number of polished sentences, and not one could he think of.

"Mrs. Chilton," he was forced to say, "I cannot do more than ask that my word should be accepted. I never before needed to protect myself against suspicion."

"I only suspect you of being so generous that you put me in the wrong," said Nora.

"What you accuse me of, Mrs. Chilton, is the presumption of trying to do something for you."

"Of permitting me to accept advantages which do not fairly belong to me."

"Men often consider me more dangerous than I am," said Marmaduke Douglas, — he was standing before her, holding in one hand his hat and gloves, while the other was extended in supplication, — "but nobody ever before accused me of trying to do good by stealth."

"I do not call it good; I do not like an act of charity," said Nora, with spirit.

"Mrs. Chilton," he cried, "you force my hand! I must commit myself. I must throw reserve to the winds. If I seem to

you in brutal haste, if I offend your pride, will you not admit that you have made it necessary for me to produce my credentials? My credentials are a wish, a deep, honest, and fervent wish, to serve you; if possible, to please you, to touch your generous feeling. Mark me, I did not expect to do this easily. What I should have tried to do, if I had been given time, was to make you associate me with comfort, with efficient aid, with untiring usefulness. I wanted to prove my trustworthiness by a whole series of delicate efforts in your behalf."

He had by this time thrown down his hat and gloves, and stood before her with both hands extended. His face showed a strange earnestness; his eyes were soft; his intonations were deep and solemn.

"If you had just simply given me some advantageous investment," said Nora, holding on to her grievance by a distinct effort.

"Just realize, Mrs. Chilton, that the moment I saw you I said to myself, 'That woman is a queen; everything ought to belong to her.' Then you came and told me you were poor. I had hugged myself with delight when your note offered me a chance of seeing you again, and now your poverty made my opportunity. Here was a woman, young, beautiful, husbandless, childless, and of her own accord she gave me a chance to serve her."

Marmaduke Douglas always possessed a dignity beyond that of most men; added to it now was a contagious cordiality, a warmth of feeling which moved Nora in spite of herself.

"I see your kindness," she returned. "There is a sort of chivalry in it, but that sort of chivalry is not possible. Civilization and society have their fixed laws. Some obligations cannot be accepted."

"I did not wish to impose an obligation. I did not expect you to think of me at all — except, that is, as a faithful

man of business, a screen from the brutal, knock-about world — until I had proved myself; until you had grown used to stretching out your right hand and finding me always there; until you finally woke up to realities, as it were, and said to yourself, 'Why, this rough, untaught man is strong, he is kind, he is necessary to me, — above all others necessary.'

"What is necessary to me is my self-respect," murmured Nora, foreseeing a blow, and ready to parry it.

"Self-respect?" He shook his head. "Mrs. Chilton," he went on, "if, on that evening I first met you, Sebastian Eustace had told me you had a husband who worshiped and guarded you, I should still have felt that something had caught fire in my brain, and as if all I had hitherto looked forward to and believed in had scattered to the four winds. I should have said to myself, 'I am a lone and childless man; I must always be a lone and childless man.' As it was, Sebastian Eustace told me you had no husband, no child. A few days later, you yourself told me you were poor. How, then, could I help longing to gather you under my wing as a hen gathereth her chickens?"

"Nobody was ever half so good to me," she said, with a half laugh. "I realize it, but" —

"You might marry me," he said, the blood rushing to his face, and speaking in a hushed voice, as if he were in church. "I give you my word of honor I did not intend to broach the matter now. I know that I am not up to the standard of your fastidiousness; that I compare ill with the men you are used to; that unless you had needed me you would never have come near me; that I am simply an accident in your career. However, accidents will happen, and here I am. I'm not worthy of you. Still, I am, so to speak, rich, and that might count for something."

"No, no, no!" she cried out sharply, "that counts for nothing at all!"

"You say you have a thousand tastes you never had a chance to gratify. I" —

He had taken a step towards her. She put up her hand and seemed to hold him off.

"It is not strange," she said more quietly, "that you consider me mercenary. It is my own fault. I take the tone of the world I live in. I remember that I told you, the first night I met you, that money would buy a man anything, even a wife; but, in spite of my ambitions and my vanities, I am not to be bought."

"Bought!" he repeated mournfully, with instinctive dramatic art assuming an attitude of limp depression, as if she had launched at him a monstrous accusation.

"I long ago gave up the idea of ever marrying again," she proceeded. "I am not a woman to marry. It had hardly occurred to me to wonder if you were or were not married."

"You were not certain that I had not a wife somewhere?"

"You interested me in a different way," she explained. "I was curious to see the kind of man you were."

"Now what kind of a man am I, Mrs. Chilton?" he asked in a wheedling tone.

"You are one of those men who, when half the world is engaged in a losing struggle with starvation and misery, build up a colossal fortune for themselves, no matter what suffering they cause to innocent people. Oh, forgive me for saying it!" she cried, for the blood had rushed to his face, and he raised his hand as if some missile threatened him. "Is it not true?" she asked in a soft voice.

"True?" He bent his head; he seemed to be questioning his conscience.

"If I speak frankly," she said hurriedly, "it is that I wish you to understand me clearly. I have permitted you to misjudge me. If I have aspirations, they are not to have every real need

stilled, and every fault in my nature stimulated by ease and luxury. I believe more and more every day that one reason the world grows worse instead of growing better, that all sorts of insoluble social problems confront us, is that women are so in love with elegance, with splendor, with idleness; because they demand of men that they shall be successful; and that a great fortune, no matter how gained, is the outward and visible sign of a man's success in the world. Why, Mr. Douglas, all that is worth your caring about in me scorns wealth, scorns mere money-getting, and hates the selfish greed which makes it possible for a man to build up great monopolies."

He had listened to her intently.

"You see wrong where I see a duty," he said, as if the other side of the subject had for the first time been presented to him. "I did not set out with any particular ambition to be a rich man," he went on. "I liked to be inside of things, I liked hard work; and somehow, in those new places, when it happened that a man was suddenly and imperatively required to fill a post in a moment of difficulty, it was very often I who naturally and inevitably was called on to fill that position. Whether it was a new township, a new railroad, a new company, there I was. It never occurred to me that there was any particular distinction about it. The only distinction I asked for was the distinction of taking the hardest work and the heaviest share of the responsibility. If I got on in the world, my advantages seemed a mere unimportant adjunct of the hard work and the responsibility." His speech was of the nature of a soliloquy. He seemed to be rehearsing the matter for his own satisfaction rather than for another's arbitration. "I have never had many enemies," he resumed. "Naturally, no man likes to see another man grow rich, any more than the tigers in a menagerie like to see the lions' meal carried past their

cage while they have to wait. There is sure to be a roaring. Somebody has prejudiced you against me, Mrs. Chilton, and I suppose," he said in a different tone, "that if I were to talk a week I could not convert you to the belief that I am the man you are in search of."

Nora did not try to repress a smile.

"I am not in search of any man, Mr. Douglas."

"Of course my expression was figurative." He sighed. "I wish I knew what sort of a man you were likely to accept."

"I told you I did not think of accepting any man," said Nora, who had regained her elasticity and archness of manner. "Still, I may as well say that if I were to marry again I should demand a great deal. To begin with, I could not marry a man whom I did not love and who did not love me."

He took a stride towards her. "Prove your own case," he said quickly. "Do not try to prove mine. I could do that, if you gave me the chance. Have I not said that from the moment I saw you I had no resource but to love you? And I have loved you. I do love you."

She seemed not to hear him, and went on: "He must be my superior in moral and intellectual attributes."

"That crushes me," he said, and, with an air of being crushed, sank down on the divan. "I take it to heart," he murmured sadly. "I know I am not intellectual, and you say, Mrs. Chilton, that I am not moral."

"I hardly meant to say that."

"I see," he said, with a dismal face; "what you like is a literary fellow."

"Possibly," returned Nora, with nonchalance. "I am certain he would not be rich. I have a prejudice against over-rich people."

"I wonder if you would like me better if I were poor and out of pocket?"

"Infinitely!" cried Nora.

He looked at her for a moment thoughtfully, then rose.

"Do you really want your money back?" he now inquired.

"My eighteen hundred dollars."

"Eighteen hundred dollars? How is a man to put back the bird into the egg and the plant into the seed?"

"By the way," she said, "I ought to tell you why I wanted to make a little money. I am interested in a free kindergarten, and I found that, with a thousand dollars or so, we could buy a little plot of ground and make gardens for the children to work in."

He came up to her and took her hand.

"I see," he said, "you dislike me. You despise me altogether."

"Do not say that. It is not true."

"Had you trusted in me in the least degree, you would have asked me to give something to your kindergarten. Even if you considered me and my money a blind, brutal, destructive force, you might have used it for good." He was still holding her hand. "Mrs. Chilton," he cried, "why won't you take me and make something out of me?"

"You are too strong, too successful, too rich. I like odd corners of things, to make much out of little; I like somebody who needs me, and whom I can do for, — unlucky, beaten people."

"Well," he said, with a sigh, "good-by. I have to think this matter over." He looked at her with a benevolent glance, seemed about to speak, then went away, his final thought unuttered.

IV.

"I have always heard," Mr. Marmaduke Douglas said sadly to himself as he gained the pavement, "that it is as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle as for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. I never before believed it."

He carried on this soliloquy for the greater part of the next twenty-four hours.

"What does a man do, then?" he asked the unseen monitor. "Sell all his goods and give to the poor?"

It may be gathered from this analysis of the situation that, though cast down, he was not destroyed. Certainly he had encountered a rebuff, but that very rebuff had brought him closer to Mrs. Chilton than he had been hitherto. He had not invaded her territory of thought and feeling for nothing; she had yielded up some of her secrets to a clever enemy. Before, she had represented for him not only the bloom of civilization, but custom, convention, and the world's opinion. Now he found in her divinations of a larger orbit; with her freshness, spring, and energy she wanted something to do, something to suffer. She was to be approached only on her nobler side. It had been the lifelong dream of Marmaduke Douglas to crown his life with the personal happiness he had hitherto missed. Remote, cloistered, he had kept this ideal before him, and the curious felicity with which Mrs. Chilton had dropped into his existence made him feel that he had not dreamed in vain. He could not resign her; rather would he squeeze camel-wise through a needle's eye.

Any one who saw him walk up and down his office, hour after hour, during the four or five ensuing days, would have seen him in an attitude which betokened absorption and concentration. His hands were in his pockets; his head, with a puckered brow, was bent forward and down, with a suggestion of being ready to drive home his argument by physically butting some enemy. Was something being planned, plotted, and prepared? Was he laying a train? It was said by men who liked to invest him with a subtle kind of terrorism that when he wished to achieve a victory he left nothing to chance. All these six months that he had spent in New York he had endeavored modestly to keep himself in the background, and had laughed at the

idea that he had any plans and calculations. But now his rôle of looker-on was over. It began to be buzzed about in financial circles that he was coming to the front, that he was startled by signs of a decline in Quadrilateral securities. With Marmaduke Douglas's finger on the button, however, it was declared that they had touched their lowest, and would come up with a bound.

Nora Chilton, sitting in her rooms on these lengthening spring days, found herself turning eagerly to the money column in the newspaper. She had not been of late in her usual spirits. She was dissatisfied with herself. She felt that she had posed before Mr. Douglas as a better woman than she was, not to say as a Pharisee. She had been uncompromisingly candid, and in being candid she had been ungrateful. But then the moment he began to plead for himself he had penetrated her with an invisible, intangible influence which must be resisted. It was a sense of warmth, fullness, light, kindness, life. To surmount it, to cut through it, she had seized the first weapon which came to hand, and what was it but Fanny Eustace's slander? He had hung his head like a scolded child, had blushed like a criminal found out; and whatever plea for indulgence he presented had been, not on account of any actual good services achieved, but for his good intentions. What had he done to displease her except to reveal his good nature, his magnanimity, his generosity? If he had finally encroached a little, was it not because she had challenged him,—forced him, as he said, to produce his credentials? She blushed to recall how she had bade him "Stand and deliver," as if she had been suspicious that he was defrauding her.

The truth was, Sebastian Eustace's innuendo that she was coquetting with Mr. Marmaduke Douglas, and that her coquetries struck a commercial note, had pierced Nora Chilton in a vital part.

Yet it was not her conscience that took the alarm. The great man actually interested her more than others; he had more to tell her. She experienced a woman's unquenchable desire to find out what was behind this vigorous, distinct, and entertaining personality. To have lower motives imputed to her made her cross not only with Sebastian Eustace, but with Mr. Douglas; worse still, cross with herself, for she knew the world and its foibles. But when she had summoned Marmaduke Douglas to the tribunal, and he had stood before her in his largeness, his integrity; when, in his easy, direct way he had told her he had tried to be absolutely and austere faithful to his inner sense of right, she had felt herself and her grievance shrink and dwindle into nothingness.

It was ten days after this interview that she received this note:—

— BROADWAY, April 29.

MY DEAR MRS. CHILTON,—I send you the check. The full amount belongs to you; but should you still feel any scruples of taste, bestow the superfluous amount upon your kindergarten, which Heaven prosper! It seems safest to hand over the money. I am not fond of predicting catastrophes, but I begin to think there are signs of an earthquake. New York always brings me disaster. Your friend Sebastian has come down like the Assyrian. I hope soon to get away from this place. I do not seem very much to care what becomes of me. After all, a man does not accept his destiny; he simply undergoes it. But I am

Always yours faithfully,

MARMADUKE DOUGLAS.

She wished, she wished with all her heart, that she had not to accuse herself of unkindness. She said it to herself twenty times a day, for she had no one else to whom to utter her regrets. Certainly she could not confess them to Fanny Eustace, who with radiant mien

came to impart the news that things were looking badly for the Quadrilateral. Sebastian had, she declared, held out the olive branch as long as he had had patience. With identical interests the Quadrilateral and the Transmontana had before them an almost illimitable future. Separate, alienated, acting by the dictates of a selfish instinct to perpetuate its own claims, the Quadrilateral was being pushed to the wall. There had been a further drop in prices; according to Sebastian, the bottom had dropped out.

"And Mr. Douglas!" cried Nora breathlessly.

"Mr. Douglas is ruined," said Mrs. Eustace unhesitatingly. "The Quadrilateral is Marmaduke Douglas, and Marmaduke Douglas is the Quadrilateral." There was a hint of vindictiveness in the tone with which she went on to explain the financier's injudicious moves by which he had hastened the inevitable. He had held great advantages, but had played with them too long. His had been the easy scorn of Goliath when his attention was called to the challenge of the stripling. Now that Sebastian had slung his pebble and the giant was toppling from the pride of his strength, it was an easy matter to point the moral, and Fanny Eustace pointed it. She made it clear that merciless fate had overtaken the great man, and that he was gnashing his teeth under the humiliation.

In spite of visible gaps, the revelation was full enough to make the general fact of Marmaduke Douglas's imminent failure clear to Nora, and she made no effort to parry these feminine and egoistic deductions. To his wife, of course, if Sebastian were saved, all was saved; but to Nora Sebastian was a subject of indifference, except that she was ready to accuse him of unfaith, of disloyalty. She believed now that a germ of treachery had all the time lurked behind his trucklings of subservience to Marmaduke Douglas. The whole history of

the Quadrilateral and the Transmontana was for her full of mysteries and contradictions. Her questions could not be answered, and speculation revolved in a circle which spent its curves in profitless orbits and never perfected itself. What she comprehended of the present situation was something felt rather than reasoned. She knew that Sebastian Eustace was small enough never to forgive or forget a slight. Her vivid insight spent itself in picturing what Marmaduke Douglas must be enduring in experiencing defeat, and that too at the hands of the man he had despised. She was tossed in spirit. She longed to do something, — what, she hardly knew; but she needed action of some sort to meet and satisfy the unrest which was like an aching thirst in her. She chafed at the bonds of the conventional. She must play a woman's part; she could not seek the man, yet she yearned to see him, almost to ask forgiveness on her knees for her transgression. Perhaps she felt that in rebuffing him she had driven him out to sea without chart, compass, or pilot.

Rumors of disaster thickened. She read the papers with a great trouble on her mind. They recounted the history of the man who had stood by the Quadrilateral upright as a sentinel, and would fall with its fall; applauded and lamented, and by a double scale of praise and blame kept before her mind the whole idea of his ambition and its failure.

Suddenly a new idea smote her. Indeed, had she not a duty to perform? Once impelled by this suggestion, she could scarcely restrain her impatience. She wrote a note, posted it; but the mails were too slow. He had told her he should leave New York; he might be on the point of setting out for the West. She sent him a dispatch by wire, asking him to come and see her.

He obeyed at once. He entered her rooms with a pale face; his whole figure had an eagerness and an alertness as if he were still thrilling under the excite-

ment of the struggle, and had no time to waste.

"I was afraid," she cried, advancing towards him, "that you would be leaving New York."

"You heard, perhaps, that things were going badly with me?" he said, looking at her intently, but not trying to take her hand.

"Yes."

"That I am a smoke-wreath, an air-bubble, the burned-out stick of a rocket?" he continued.

"It is hard for you," she said, with earnestness; "but once over, it is over. The worst is that you have to endure the publicity; but no matter. Let it go. You have cared about better things than money. Your real heart was never in your wealth. It was the feeling of a task imposed that drove you on. Your chief wish was to do your duty and have done with it."

His face grew paler still as he looked at her.

"You have felt for me!" he faltered.

"These days have been terrible to me. I could realize what you were feeling."

"I was afraid you would be thinking I deserved it all,—that it was a quill from my wing that was doing the business for me. If you have a kind thought for me, though all is lost, nothing is lost."

"I have more than a kind thought," said Nora, with a half laugh and a half sob, and she held out a scrap of paper.

Without taking it from her he stooped and looked at it.

"Oh, that check!" he murmured.

"I want you to take it back."

"Take it back! Oh, my dear child!"

"It might be of some little use."

"No doubt. The least thing you gave me out of sympathy, out of feeling, out of love, would be of great use to me."

"Take it, then."

The two stood silent for a moment as she pressed the paper into his palm. The

glance they exchanged was as quick a glance as might be. It lasted no longer than a flash of lightning, but it illuminated everything as a flash of lightning may. Then her eyelids fell. His fingers had closed upon her hand.

"Oh, I will take it," he said, — "I will take it willingly; only I must have the other, too."

"The other?"

"This little hand." By this time he had grasped the other hand, too. He drew her to him. "I am insatiable!" he cried. "I must have you all. I am bold,—yes, I know that I am bold. But how dared you send for me, Mrs. Chilton, how could you mock me with your sweetness, unless you right up and down liked me?"

"You see too far into things. It touched my heart that"—

"That I was ruined?"

"That you had dreamed of having so much out of the world, and had got so little."

"Let the world go by," he said solemnly. "I have got you."

His coveted moment had come. The woman he had idealized, loved, and defied fate to win was there close beside him, softened out of her pride; saying to herself that this was the first man in all her life who had actually touched her heart, not afraid of being duped, grandly magnanimous. Yet it threw him into a terrible dilemma to look into her eyes. He wanted to be honest; he must be honest. With incisive brevity and sad sincerity he told her that of late business had not been business with him; it had been tactics. He blamed himself ferociously. He accused himself of crimes. It seemed a luxury of relief for him to show Nora how unworthy he was of her.

"But you see," he added in extenuation, "I forgot my thirty-eight years, I forgot my reputation, I forgot my obligations. I wanted you; I had to make you feel sorry for me, and here I am."

Perhaps for a moment he was in danger of losing her. But he had uttered words whose passionate meaning had gone deep. Stirred and roused by them, a boundless sympathy filled her for the man; she was moved by a hallowing rush of simple mother pity. What supervened in the intricacy and subtlety of the situation was the heart of the woman herself. What did this confession mean but that he needed her to urge him to a nobler aim? Her duty was easy and simple. This new friendship counted for too much in her life not to be worth some sacrifice.

Everybody had predicted that the financial storm would burst on the day following, and everybody was shuddering at the thought of what terrible things were

likely to happen, when Mr. Marmaduke Douglas came up, smiling and inquiring who was hurt. Not the Quadrilateral, he explained. That was all right, having secured a ninety-nine years' lease of the — Terminal, which settled all complications, ended the anxieties of the Transmontana, and put it out of the competition. It is true there had been some uncertainty for a few days, but now, like tardy rain falling on parched pastures, the good news had come. He had had time to find out who was for the Quadrilateral and who was against it. Vengeance on anybody? Oh, no, he wished to have no revenge upon anybody. He was just now the happiest man on earth, and liked to reserve a few privileges for some moment less felicitous.

Ellen Olney Kirk.

JONATHAN BELCHER, A ROYAL GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

For the first fifty-five years of its life under the colonial charter Massachusetts had substantially the same form of government it has had since it became an independent State. Its magistrates, civil and judicial, were chosen by the people; its legislation and administration were by its own citizens, free of outside dictation. It was wont to speak of itself as a "commonwealth." This use which the colony made of liberty and opportunity was from the first brought into question by authority in the mother country; but threats and interference were skillfully met and parried by acute ingenuity here aided largely by unsettled and disturbing events across the sea, which gave the home government enough occupation in itself. But the self-willed and confident, not to say defiant and truculent spirit of the colony brought about a check on its independence by the abrogation of its

first charter, and the substitution of another. Under the new charter, Massachusetts became a province from 1692 to the Revolution. Twelve successive governors, commissioned by English monarchs, represented the royal prerogative. There were still representatives of the people, of their own choice, in the House, who constituted a part of its Court or General Assembly, while another body of councilors, whose nomination the governor might veto, and whose acts and bills required his approval, was a necessary party to all legislation. The king might, within three years after its passage, disallow any act of this legislation. This radical change from substantial autonomy to a state of subjection to foreign intervention was of course a bitter humiliation and grievance to those who, from being "freemen," found themselves put into leading-strings. But the change, none the less, brought some compensa-

tions. A keenly discerning reader of our local history can hardly fail to note many tokens, in our domestic, social, civil, and religious life and interests, of enlarging and liberalizing influences coming in with the new charter.

True, it made Massachusetts a "province." But to it we may trace the beginning of those processes and agencies which have ever since been working to free us from what is known as our "provincialism." With the new charter government came influences which opened the secluded wilderness colony, with its narrow, rigid, and stiffening traditions and its local conceits, to freer intercourse with a larger world, by occasions and opportunities for travel, visits to the mother country, correspondence, literature, and extended acquaintance. Governor Belcher had a son, like himself born here, and a graduate of Harvard, whom he sent to England, during his administration, to pursue his legal studies at the Temple. The youth had many advantages of person, wealth, and culture. The father's long residence abroad previously and his official position facilitated his seeking introductions, friends, and patronage for his son among eminent and courtly persons. In a letter for the son to present to Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, the father writes, — and he wrote to many others in the same strain, — "When you see him, you must forgive the disadvantages with which he will appear to so nice and polite a judge, and consider that he was born and bred in the wilds of America." And again, to the Duke of Newcastle, "I hope your great candor will pass by any peculiarities your nice and polite eye will too readily discern in this youth, while you will please to consider he is but the raw production of the wilds of America." Many like illustrations might be given of the fact that our becoming a "province" began the process of our freeing ourselves of "provincialism."

Of the twelve chief magistrates com-

missioned by the king as his governors here, four were natives of the "American wilds," three of them of Massachusetts. The administrations of the whole twelve were unpopular, stormy, full of friction, cross-purposes, and antagonism. The authorities at home and all classes of the people here were equally vexed, and naturally intractable. It might have seemed that those who were native born, catching the spirit of their heritage, and craving kindly relations with those of like lineage and traditions, would have administered affairs far more with a view to general approval and acceptance by the people, pursuing a conciliatory and mediatorial policy as between them and the king with his "Instructions" to be followed, than would strangers sent here. But it proved quite otherwise. The four natives were of all the least acceptable, the most unpopular, and, if not the most aggressive, the least compliant and conciliatory. Besides their commissions of office, which were read to the Assembly, each of them was furnished by the king with "Instructions" for his guidance, which, in whole or in part, he was at liberty to keep to himself or to make known. These were a hedge whose hiding or protection baffled inquiry, and covered many seemingly aggressive or offensive positions assumed by the governors. It was enough for them to plead their oath of office, with its pledge of loyalty and obedience, as paramount to any appeal or argument which might be addressed to them for reasons of policy, tolerance, or indulgence, or to any preferred course of their own. Many and various matters and occasions were constantly presenting themselves either for moderate dislike and opposition, or for open and positive resistance of dictation and authority from these chief magistrates. Comparatively short as had been the term of colonial independence, — fifty-five years only, — it had been long enough to train

and confirm men of a resolute spirit in a preference and purpose of deciding for themselves in matters of supreme interest to themselves, without yielding to outside dictation or advice even. When the centennial period of the long series of observances commemorative of the leading events of our revolutionary era was at hand, a question of a pointed character was put to me by a governor of this State. It was to this effect: What was the first manifestation, in word or act, of this people distinctively indicating, if not a spirit of alienation from and opposition to foreign interference with our affairs, yet a purpose of self-sufficiency for conducting them? My reply, given in general and comprehensive terms, was in the form of another question: Could he, beginning with the first page of our court records, and carefully scrutinizing the tenor, motives, and spirit of the measures and policy to be traced through them, indicate a single act or token which proved that Massachusetts was ever heartily and thoroughly loyal to the monarchs and government on the other side of the sea?

It was to an organized community, thus nurtured to substantial self-government and the resolve to retain it, that the line of royal governors presented themselves with their commissions and instructions. There were among them men of generous natures, accomplished, patient, and forbearing in many matters of social and civil intercourse. But their official character made them all unwelcome, and the degree and measure of their fidelity to their oath of office would mark the extent to which they would render themselves odious. The people at large, as represented in the House, at once put themselves instinctively into an attitude of self-protection, ready to challenge, and if need were to rebuff, any interference. As has been said, many and various were the subjects and occasions for dispute and collision. At the bottom of the resolute

position taken by the House was the purpose of unyielding tenacity in holding the purse-strings. The treasury was to be in its sole keeping. Every money grant for civil and military purposes, though Council and governor might share in approval or disapproval, rested for its validity with the House. The governor claimed the right to veto the choice of Speaker. This claim was stoutly denied, as not provided for in the charter; so what was called an "Explanatory Chapter" was put in to enforce the disputed prerogative. But the supreme bone of contention concerned the remuneration of the governors. The king, in his instructions, strictly and positively enjoined that this should be by a fixed and honorable salary from the province treasury, as he wished his governor to be independent of popular feeling and changing caprices. The people as positively and resolutely determined otherwise. To say nothing of the curt suggestion that if the king, for his own dignity and authority, wished to be thus represented here by one whom the people regarded as an unnecessary intruder, he might himself remunerate him, the people pleaded more cogent and courteous objections. They were quite ready to treat their governor, in money matters, with due consideration, to recognize generously every act and measure of his which they could approve, and to aid in his support in dignity and comfort. But this must be done according to their own free judgment as to time, occasion, and amount, as a grant or a gratuity, at the beginning, in the course, or at the end of a year of service, as they might prefer. To a fixed salary they would never consent. The issue was fought over between the parties through the administrations of all the twelve governors, with the repeated threat of the king to arraign the truculent province before Parliament. But from first to last the House never would, and never did, yield by a hair's

breadth. Governor Belcher, defining his own double-faced course in the matter, was, as we shall see, as persistent as any one of the series in urging the king's instructions. But all in vain. A very generous gratuity was voted him, which he declined. It must be salary or nothing, — so said the king. Finally, starved into temporizing or compromising, he sought of the king in council liberty to accept the "gratuity" year by year, without, however, periling the paramount authority of the king's instructions. Of course, the House, when evading and badgering the successive governors, — by no means driven to its wit's end in the long and sharp contest, — pleaded reasons more or less cogent or plausible on its own side. The treasury was sometimes scant or even empty; the circumstances and resources of the province were variable, sometimes depressing; extraordinary outlays might be demanded: so they could not assign a fixed and what would be regarded as a proper stipend. But, however forceful or merely evasive these pleas might be, at bottom lay the fact that the House held and meant to hold the purse-strings, and meant to have some hold, also, on the good services or good will and responsive courtesies of the governor during his tenure.

An opportunity has been given, through the publication of the Belcher papers by the Massachusetts Historical Society, to trace with some minuteness the course of one of these provincial governors. For several years our university city has ordered, by vote of its citizens, that "no license" be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors within its limits. It was not always so. In the town records of Cambridge, under date of December 27, 1652, we read, "The townsmen do grant to Andrew Belcher to sell beer and bread, for entertainment of strangers and the good of the town." We may properly regard "beer and bread" as inclusive of other articles, liquids and solids,

and doubtless these were dispensed after the proportions of Falstaff's reckoning for bread and sack. The license was afterwards continued to the widow, and then to the son, Andrew. The inn was long known as the Blue Anchor Tavern. This son, Andrew, became prosperous and distinguished, first as a master mariner, then as a successful merchant in Hartford and Boston. He gave a bell for the Cambridge meeting-house. He was a member of the Council, 1702-1717. A son of this Hon. Andrew Belcher, to be the Hon. Governor Jonathan Belcher, was born in Cambridge, January 8, 1682, and graduated at Harvard in 1699. His father's wealth and position gave him great opportunities. He spent six years in travel in England and on the Continent. In one of his speeches he said that at the court of Hanover he received the notice of the Princess Sophia, presumptive heiress to the British crown, and mother of George II. Returning to Boston, he engaged in mercantile life, and for several years was his father's partner. He next entered into public affairs, and was elected to the Council in 1718; and having served seven years, not continuously, was, when elected in 1729, refused confirmation by Governor Burnet. And here begins the occasion for the study of his character and career, with such help as we can find in his papers.

He had a distinguished appearance, with refined and gracious manners, and many accomplishments. He was fond of parade, display, formality, and luxury. He had seen and learned much of the world, — enough to make him a "worldling," tortuous, plausible, double-visaged, all to serve his ambition. Such were the estimate and judgment passed on him by his contemporaries, and the reader of the volume now published will see slender grounds for questioning or qualifying them. That he had held for so many years his place in the Council by the approval of his predecessor, Governor

Shute, and had upheld him in his measures, fully warranted the reputation he bore as a "prerogative man." That he was vetoed by Governor Burnet on another nomination indicated that he had in some way, through force of some reasons or motives, changed his principles. He had been warmly attached to Governor Shute, and had supported him through his whole vexatious controversy with the popular party on his peremptory but futile demand for a fixed salary. Wearied of the strife, Shute, by permission of the king, had gone to England to report on the matter, leaving Lieutenant-Governor Dummer to continue the rejected demand, which he did, though not with such defiant urgency. Shute had intended and expected to return to his government, but Burnet was sent as his successor, with renewed instructions from the king to insist upon the salary. Belcher, being still in the Council, was vetoed by Burnet on his renewed nomination. What had occurred as to this "prerogative man"? He had completely changed sides, and had committed himself to the popular party. No explanation has been given of his course consistent with full integrity and high principle. Hutchinson, one of his equally distrusted successors, says that Belcher, while in the Council, "by some accident or other, became, on a sudden, the favorite of the House." Hutchinson adds, "Such instantaneous conversions are not uncommon." But the sincerity of them depends upon the occasion.

The conversion, however, was so gratifying to the House that it determined to send him to England as a colleague with its resident agent there, Mr. Wilks, to placate the king by an address. As the Council did not concur with the House in a money grant for this agency, — Governor Burnet not being allowed to see the address which Belcher was to carry, — some Boston merchants and others subscribed the means, the House intimating that it would endeavor to remu-

nerate them, as it afterwards did. Burnet was in many respects acceptable to the people, and the House continued to vote to him temporary grants fully equivalent to an honorable salary. These, however, he resolutely refused to accept, insisting upon a fixed compensation. Meanwhile, he checkmated the House by not allowing it to adjourn, and by refusing to sign a draft on the treasury for the pay of members. He thought that what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander. Belcher, in England, as soon as he learned of Burnet's sudden death in Boston, at once began his efforts to succeed as governor. Shute might have returned to office, but, reciprocating the favor which, fourteen years previously, Belcher had shown him in a supply of five hundred pounds, he declined the place, and favored Belcher. The office of royal governor here was well known to be a vexatious one, and there were few seekers of it. There was an embarrassment in the fact that Belcher's mission in England was to effect a change in the rigidity of the king's instructions as to the salary grievance. But his politic adroitness in some way met the difficulty. The sturdy legislators of the province had to face as they could the fact that the man whom they had sent as agent to secure a relaxing of the royal exactions returned as governor to demand obedience to them.

Reaching Boston with his commission in August, 1730, Belcher was received with cordiality and parade alike by the prerogative and the popular parties. They seem to have recognized in him a certain facility of adaptation to conditions and circumstances, and for a while they believed that he would prove at least a reconciler. There was an attitude of expectancy in the Court as he first met it. He was cautious and conciliatory in his utterance. He professed that he had tried faithfully to induce some relaxation of the king's demand as to the salary. Still, he must follow his instructions to

insist upon it. He advised the Court to suspend controversy on this subject, and on some others in dispute with the home government, lest the king, as he had threatened, should bring their disloyal proceedings to be challenged by Parliament. He added that he was enjoined, if he could not secure obedience to his instructions, to return at once to England and render an account. In one of his letters to England, written during the strife that followed, he says, "I am determined to conduct myself by an invariable fidelity to my royal master, and by the best love to my country; and these things I am sure may very well coincide." But they did not.¹ The House was as resolute with him as with his predecessors that it would not yield in the matter of a fixed salary. It made him a fair grant for his services as agent to England, and a gratuity equivalent to a thousand pounds sterling, being as much as would be honorable for a salary. The Council tried to amend the vote by making the grant an annual one. But this game of fast and loose was played in vain. Belcher then advised an address from the House to the king, which, while not seeking a recall of his instructions, would allow him, for the sake of peace, to receive the grant for two or three years. When at last, by his importunity with the Board of Trade, he has received the king's permission for this compromise, he solicits that "the leave be general for the future; and I must freely repeat to your lordships that there is not the least prospect of a governor's ever being supported by an assembly here in any other manner." Though he obtained no official permit in "general for the future," he was allowed informally this compromise. While these vexatious negotiations were in progress, Belcher, refusing a gratuity, received no

compensation, and was more than a whole year in arrears. Though he pleaded necessities, he suffered no want, for his resources were abundant. Thus did the people of the province anticipate their independence.

But the contention as to the salary was only one of many matters of vexation and strife in agitation between him and the people of his government. Other subjects were the issue of bills of credit beyond the amount and limit allowed by the king, Belcher's denial of the rights claimed by the House to audit the public accounts, the mode of redeeming bills of public credit, and the scheme of the Land Bank. His administration was the last in which New Hampshire and Massachusetts were under one governor. Belcher was represented by a lieutenant-governor, secretary, and council, in New Hampshire, and with most of these officials he had a continuous feud. But a disputed question as to the boundary between the two provinces was hotly contested in long and temporarily adjusted altercations. A charge of receiving a bribe from Massachusetts in this controversy was brought against Belcher, and was effectively pressed by his enemies in England. Two letters were sent from here, — one with forged signatures, the other anonymous, — both of which, though unjust, were so used as to bring about his dismissal from office in May, 1741, when Shirley, an English lawyer residing in Boston, was commissioned as his successor. After his dismissal, Belcher remained in Boston till August, 1743, when, on his embarkation for England, the honored Dr. Colman addressed to him a letter expressive of the highest confidence, respect, and personal affection; proving that Belcher was by no means without admirers and friends. He succeeded, at court, in meeting the

¹ In some congratulatory verses which his intimate friend, Dr. Isaac Watts, addressed to Belcher after he had received his commission, the poet wrote: —

"Thy name unites
Thy prince's honors and thy people's rights.
Go, Belcher, go! Assume thy glorious sway.
Faction expires, and Boston longs t' obey."

charges of his enemies, and the persuasion that he had been greatly wronged led to his being commissioned as governor of New Jersey in 1746. His administration there was in the main acceptable, especially as regards his interest in its college. He died in office in 1757, in his seventy-sixth year. His remains, in accordance with his expressed wish, were brought to Cambridge for interment in the family resting-place.

Mr. C. C. Smith, the editor of the volume of the Belcher papers in our hands, by his research, industry, and fidelity has furnished the reader with all needful aids for the intelligent perusal of its pages, and a knowledge of Belcher's correspondents. The governor, though a fair scholar for his time and antecedents, a quoter of the classics, had but a limited skill in composition and a questionable taste in style. He was strong and coarse in invectives and epithets; he was unsparing to his contestants, and often used offensive and vulgar nicknames for them. Readers in these days will fail of sympathy with, if they are not painfully repelled by, the gush and effusiveness of his "piety," his abounding quotations from Scripture, and his unctuous devotional tone. A hint may be dropped here looking to a point in the development of the religious and devotional usages, historically and in changing generations, in this early home of Puritanism, to deal wisely with which would need a skillful and discriminating pen. Governor Belcher, as born from the old stock, had been trained in the ways and methods of Puritan Congregationalism, and in what remained, in his time, of its original strictness of discipline. In his residence abroad, his closest intimacies had been with the dissenting ministers, and the prosperous mercantile laymen in their flocks, like the Hollises and Holdens. He conformed through his whole life to Congregationalism, though he exercised a larger tolerance than some around him to all save "Papists." He

befriended the Quakers here as he afterwards did in New Jersey, and he secured some gifts from the king to the Episcopal church in North Boston. Indeed, one of the false charges urged against him was that he had covertly favored the Episcopalians. His religious effusiveness, just referred to, was to a degree natural, from heredity, training, and habit; yet the excess and overflow of it, taken in connection with his worldliness of character and principles, do not favorably impress a reader of his correspondence. The historical point for treatment, at which we have hinted, would prompt an inquiry how and why what once, in tone and language, was accepted as the utterance of a sincere and impressive piety, tender, earnest, and thoroughly true, came, in a process of development, as we must regard it, to be offensive as "cant." It is simply an historical query as to personality and changes in time and circumstances. A reader of average religious sympathy may respond to the outpourings of devotional sentiment and the Scriptural tone and language of such saints of the early Puritan fold as Bradford, Brewster, Winthrop, and Roger Williams. There is no mere "drivel" in such utterances from them. Even good old Judge Sewall's gush, nearly a century later, may provoke a smile rather than a frown for his "sanctimoniousness." Men such as these, in the intensity of their religious convictions, in their deep and earnest sincerity, were thoroughly consistent in the elevation and purity of their characters, and in the dignity and blamelessness of their converse with the world. But the speech of angels does not befit all men. Belcher's effervescing and exuberant outflow of *memoriter* sentiment is not in harmony with the pristine self-renunciations of Puritanism.

His correspondence, as found in this volume, relates in the main to three subjects, two of them official, the third of a more private and personal character. As governor of two provinces, his ad-

ministration in New Hampshire, as in Massachusetts, as has been said, was shared by a lieutenant-governor and council. He found embarrassments and obstructions in both governments, though from different causes and subjects, which need not be specified here. The contentions and vexations in his New Hampshire administration, in trying to regulate affairs and in arbitrating between contestants, were duly reported to the authorities and to his friends in England, and form a part of the second subject of his correspondence. The first is more largely concerned with his official communications to the Duke of Newcastle, secretary of state, to the Board of Trade, and to a few friends, that they might plead in his interest for leave to receive grants instead of a salary. He was indirectly, through third parties, seeking an official approval of his administration. He had a most faithful advocate and mediator in Richard Partridge, son of a lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire, whose sister Mary was Belcher's wife. An extract from a letter of the governor to William Sharp, clerk of the privy council, is highly characteristic of him. After asserting that he has satisfied his intractable Assembly, and that nothing will move him from his duty in a strict adherence to his master's royal orders, being aware that efforts are making to displace him, he shrewdly adds: "As I am a native of this country, and have been for fifteen years past concerned in the government, I don't suppose his Majesty could have committed his royal commission to any gentleman besides that could have managed so stiffe a people as these are; but I am so well knowing of their humour and circumstances that they have not been able to impose upon me, or to make those evasions they might have done with a stranger."

The governor appears to the best advantage — though even here subject to some qualifications — in the many long

letters to his son, above referred to, in England. This was his second son, Jonathan junior, to whom he was warmly attached, and of whose advancement he was very hopeful. When just of age, he went, in 1731, to study in the Temple, under the charge of his uncle Partridge, and seems to have had good principles and purposes. The father was equally generous in providing him with funds and importunate in his ghostly and Scriptural counsels for the son's religious principles and observances; advising him as to his choice of companions, his division of time for study, for recreation, and for acquiring graceful accomplishments. He was to cultivate patrons who would advance him in the world. There is a Chesterfieldian tone mingling with the religious counsels of these parental epistles. The son is warned that, living amid the thousand temptations of London, he must pray to be kept "from the snares and pollutions of a deluding devil and an alluring world;" and that "although it be lawful, nay it is a duty, to be prospecting and aiming at the best line and character in life, yet we know we come into this world only to act a probationary part for eternity." The son was very early and hasty in his purpose of matrimony, which the father was urgent to postpone till he was sure of an advantageous match. He writes: "When it may be a proper opportunity for you to marry, I think Mr. Samuel Reed's daughter of Hackney is a fine young lady (I think about twelve), of an honorable family by the mother. I suppose has and will have a good education, and as I remember of good sense and a fortune rather overgrown. A sober man and a good lawyer will go a great way, if you can attain to 'em." But the son was to find a wife in Boston in 1750, before his father died. He was also, young as he was, bent upon parting with a fine head of hair and donning a wig. Against this the father, though himself heavily bewigged, remonstrated. When,

notwithstanding, the father learned that the son, at twenty-three, had the wig, he wrote, "I hope you are pleased with the new covering upon your head, tho' I am still of opinion that nothing will ever so well become you as what you have taken from it." The son resided some time at Cambridge, England, and the university admitted him, as an A. M. at Harvard, *ad eundem*. His father, as well as himself, was earnest for a parliamentary membership, and would generously have met the expense of an election, but the purpose failed. The son spent largely beyond his sufficient allowance, for which he was severely upbraided by his father. After some successful practice in England, the son was made lieutenant-governor, and then chief justice, of Nova Scotia, dying in office in 1776.

His own abundant means, acquired by inheritance and in mercantile life, enabled the governor, in conformity with the luxurious habits and formal parade of the gentry of his time, to display in equipage, dress, and layish hospitality. He writes to his son in 1733: "I am in great want of a footman that can shave, dress a wigg, and do all things about a gentleman. Let him be a Dissenter, sober and honest if you can; but one I must have, the best you can get. For my servants are all free and set up for themselves." We trespass on the secrets between the governor and his tailor by copying the following letter. He sent it in a letter to his brother, in which he had written: "It is now about three years since I made my cloathing at London (nor have I had a rag since my arrival), and they are now grown old and out of fashion. I must therefore, for the King's honour and my own, have some new against the spring." The letter is dated January, 1733.

TO MR. TULLIT:

I have desired my brother, Mr. Partridge, to get me some cloaths made, and

that you should make them, and have sent him the yellow grogram [a fabric of silk and mohair] suit you made me at London; but those you make now must be two or three inches longer and as much bigger. Let 'em be workt strong, as well as neat and curious. I believe Mr. Harris in Spittlefields (of whom I had the last) will let you have the grogram as good and cheap as any body. The other suit to be of a very good silk. I have sometimes thought a rich damask would do well, or some good thick silk, such as may be the Queen's birthday fashion, but I don't like padisway. It must be a substantial silk, because you'll see I have ordered it to be trimm'd rich, and I think a very good white shagrine will be the best lining. I say, let it be a handsome compleat suit, and two pair of breeches to each suit. I hope Mr. Belcher of the Temple is your customer, and that he don't dishonour his father. I am, Sir,

Your ready friend, J. B.

Governor Belcher married, in New Jersey, as a second wife, a widow from London, and his oldest son, Andrew, married her daughter by a former husband. A year before Belcher was commissioned as governor of Massachusetts, he had purchased a large estate in Milton, on which he had built a fine mansion, though not as stately as he had planned, for a summer residence. It was to have a tree-lined avenue, fifty feet or more in width and an eighth of a mile long, so accurately adjusted that visitors, at the entrance of the avenue, might "see the gleam of his gold knee-buckles" as he stood on his piazza to receive them. The son, Andrew, having died in 1771, his widow and her mother, the governor's widow, were living in this house when it was destroyed by fire in January, 1776, the ladies finding refuge in a carriage in a barn. The younger widow returned to London after the death of her mother.

In the letter to his son, already quoted, the governor, asking for a footman to be sent over, says that his servants were "all free and set up for themselves." It seems that at least one slave whom he afterwards had tried to do the same. In May, 1740, this slave ran away. The advertisement of him enables us to compare his costume with that of his master from a London tailor: "The Governor's Ne-

gro Juba having absented himself, it is desired whoever may find him would convey him home. He had on when he went away a Gold laced Hat, a Cinnamon colored Coat with large flat brass buttons, and cuffed with red Cloth, a dark colored Waist-coat edged with a worked Lace, leather Breeches, yarn Stockings, a pair of trimmed Pumps, with a very large pair of flowered Brass Buckles."

George Edward Ellis.

A BOSTON SCHOOLGIRL IN 1771.

In the year 1771, a bright girl of twelve, Anna Green Winslow, was sent from her far-away home in Cumberland, Nova Scotia, to be "finished" at Boston schools, by Boston teachers. She kept, for the edification of her parents, who were New Englanders by birth, and her own practice in penmanship, a most interesting and quaint diary, portions of which have been preserved, and were indeed printed once in a very scarce historical pamphlet. These pages form the most sprightly picture of the daily life of a young girl of that time that I have ever read; there is not a dull word in it. And it is astonishing to find how much we can learn from so few pages: not only the particulars of little Miss Anna's simple and rather prim life in provincial Boston, but also many distinct details of the lives of those around her.

It is an even chance which ruling thought in the clever little writer, a love of religion or a love of dress, shows most plainly its influence on this diary. On the whole, I think that youthful vanity, albeit of a very natural and innocent sort, is more pervasive of the pages; and from the frankly frivolous though far from self-conscious entries we gain a very exact notion of the dress of a young girl of that day. She writes thus in the early pages of her journal:

"I am to leave off my black ribbins tomorrow & am to put on my red cloak & black hatt. I hope Aunt wont let me wear that black hatt with the Red Dominie for the people will ask me — what I have got to sell as I go along street if I do, or how the folk at New Guinee do? Dear Mamma you dont know the fations here — I beg to look like other folk; you dont know what a stir would be made in Sudbury Street were I to make my appearance there in Red Dominie & black Hatt."

Certainly no feminine reader can think of the child "begging to look like other folk" without a thrill of sympathy for her. At this day can be recalled the agony of mind caused to one school-girl, many years ago, who was forced to walk to church through Boston streets clad in a green-and-white-plaided silk, when every other schoolfellow wore a gown of plain stuff. Life has brought since no such keen sense of noticeable singularity, no such galling mortification.

But Miss Anna was not destined to long or deep annoyance on this score. We soon learn that "Aunt has bought a beautiful ermin trimming for my cloak," and in a few days this complacent entry appears: —

"I was dress'd in my yellow coat,

my black bib & apron, my pompedore shoes, the cap my Aunt Storer since presented me with (blue ribbons on it) & a very handsome locket in the shape of a hart she gave me, the past Pin my Hon'd Papa presented me with in my cap, My new cloak & bonnet, my pompedore gloves, &c. And I would tell you that *for the first time they all on lik'd my dress very much.* My cloak & bonnet are really very handsome & so they had need be. For they cost an amasing sight of money, not quite £45, tho' Aunt Suky said that she suppos'd Aunt Deming would be frighted out of her Wits at the money it cost. I have got *one* covering by the cost that is genteel & I like it much myself."

As this was in the times of depreciated values, £45 was not so large a sum to expend for a girl's out-door garments as at first sight appears.

She gives a very exact account of her successions of head-gear, some being borrowed finery. She apparently managed to rise entirely above the hated "black hatt," which she patronizingly said would be "Decent for Common Occations." She writes: —

"Last Thursday I purchased with my aunt Deming's leave a very beautiful white feather hat, that is the outside, which is a bit of white hollowed with the feathers sew'd on in a most curious manner; white and unsully'd as the falling snow. As I am, as we say, a daughter of liberty I chuse to were as much of our own manufactory as possible. . . . My Aunt says if I behave myself very well indeed, not else, she will give me a garland of flowers to ornament it, tho' she has layd aside the biziness of flower-making."

Miss Anna had caps for every-day wear, apparently of different shapes and modes. A young lady had offered to make her a cap of new fashion, and the offer had been in the beginning declined, as her journal shows. The queen's nightcap in question was the shape worn

by Martha Washington and shown in her portraits, and was much in vogue at that day. Miss Anna thus explains in two entries the transaction and the cap:

"My Billet to Miss Vane was in the following words. Miss Green gives her compliments to Miss Vane and informs her that her Aunt Deming quite misunderstood the matter about the queens nightcap. Mrs Deming thou't that it was a black skull-cap linn'd with red that Miss Vane ment which she thou't would not be becoming to Miss Green's complexion. Miss Green now takes the liberty to send the materials for the Cap Miss Vane was so kind as to say she would make for her, which when done she engages to take special care of for Miss Vanes sake. . . . This minute I have receiv'd my queens night-cap from Miss Caty Vane — we like it. Aunt says that if the materials it is made of were more substantial than gauze it might serve occationally to hold anything mesured by $\frac{1}{2}$ peck, but it is just as it should be, & very decent, and she wishes my writing was *as* decent. But I got into one of my frolicks upon sight of the cap."

For full dress, Miss Anna's hair, as soon as she became a miss in her teens, was dressed high with feathers and furbelows, as were the heads of her elders. Monstrous towers or talematangues of gauze, flowers, and ribbons rose on every modish Boston dame,—so stated the Abbé Robin, — and the little daughters wore rolls and towers, also. The description of the manufacture and assumption of her fashionable head-gear is most vivacious and witty; in fact, is far more clever than any similar account that I have read by any other writer: —

"I had my HEDDUS roll on; Aunt Storer said it ought to be made less, Aunt Deming said it ought not to be made at all. It makes my head itch and ach and burn like anything Mama. This famous roll is not made *wholly* of a red *Cow Tail*, but is a mixture of that

& horsehair (very coarse) & a little human hair of a yellow hue that I suppose was taken out of the back part of an old wig. But D. [the barber] made it (our head) all carded together and twisted up. When it first came home, aunt put it on & my new cap upon it, she took up her apron & measur'd me & from the roots of my hair on my forehead to the top of my notions I measur'd above an inch longer than I did downward from the roots of my hair to the end of my chin. Nothing renders a young person more amiable than virtue & *modesty* without the help of false hair red *Cow tail* or D."

She had ere that seen D. at work upon a lady's head, and the observing little creature wrote:—

"How long she was under his operation I know not. I saw him twist & tug & pick & cut off whole locks of grey hair at a slice, (the lady telling him he would have no hair to dress next time,) for the space of an hour & a half, when I left them, he seeming not to be near done."

Truly our grandmothers deserved to be beautiful. They won their charms by much torture, at the expense of much comfort.

Now let me show the close attention to religion of this vain little Puritan devotee, and her ready memory. She made many entries in her journal of the sermons and religious conversations which she heard, and her frequent use of Biblical expressions and comparisons shows that she also remembered what she read. Here is what she wrote on Monday, November 18, 1771:—

"Mr Beacon's text yesterday was Psalm cxlix. 4. For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people; he will beautify the meek with salvation. His doctrine was something like this, viz; That the salvation of Gods people mainly consists in Holiness; The name *Jesus* signifies a Savior. Jesus saves his people from their Sins. Mr Beacon asked a question,

What is beauty, or wherein does true beauty consist? He answered, in holiness, and said a great deal about it that I cant rember, and as Aunt she hant leisure now to help me any further so I may just tell you a little that I remeber without her assistance, and that I repeated to her yesterday at Tea. He said he would lastly address himself to the young people; My dear young friends you are pleased with beauty, & like to be tho't beautifull but let me tell ye — you 'll never be truly beautifull till you are like the King's daughter, all glorious within. All the ornaments you can put on while your souls are unholy make you the more like whited sepulchres garnished without, but full of deformity within. You think me very unpolite no doubt to address you in this manner but I must go a little further and tell you, how cource soever it may sound to your delicacy, that while you are without holiness your beauty is deformity — you are all over black and defil'd, ugly & loathsome to all holy beings, the wrath of the great God lies upon you & if you die in this condition you will be turn'd into hell with ugly devils, to eternity."

In spite of this not too alluring report of Minister Beacon's sermon, she writes enthusiastically that she likes him better every time she sees him; and also that when she visited the minister's wife much notice was taken of her, — "the kinder without doubt because last Thursday evening when he was here & I was out of the room aunt said that I minded his preaching & could repeat what he said." As time passed on, and Miss Anna became decidedly mixed and very ambitious in her theological records, her aunt — who must have been a most sensible person — thought best to check her precocious sermon notes, and the consequent injudicious praise of the minister, as the diary thus attests:—

"My aunt says a miss of a years old cant possibly do justice to the subject

in Divinity & therefore had better not attempt a repetition of particulars that she finds lie (as may be easily concluded) somewhat confusedly in my young mind."

One other entry must be given, written after she had dropped her stilted abstracts of the sermons, — a record that shows, in a characteristic and cordial dislike of any approach to episcopacy, that the blood and spirit of her Pilgrim ancestors were warm within her: —

"Dr Pemberton & Dr Cooper had on gowns. In the form of the Episcopal cassock; the Doct^r deign to distinguish themselves from the inferior clergy by these strange habits (at a time too when the good people of N. E. are threatn'd with & dreading the coming of an episcopal bishop). N. B. I dont know whether one sleeve would make a full trimm'd negligee as the fashion is at present, tho' I cant say but it would make one of the frugal sort with but scant trimming. Unkle says they all have popes in their bellys. Contrary to 1 Peter v. 23. Aunt says when she saw Dr. P. roll up the pulpit stairs, the figure of parson Trolliber recorded by Mr. Fielding occur'd to her mind & she was really sorry a congregational divine should by any instance whatever give her so displeasing an idea."

The little Puritan had also the true New England attitude towards Christmas, saying, "Tomorrow will be a holiday, as the Pope and his associates have ordain'd." She apparently made no special observance of the day, not even by the exchange of gifts. But of New Year's Day she writes: —

"I have bestow'd no New Years gift as yet, But have receiv'd one very handsome one Viz: the History of Joseph Andrews. In nice Guilt & flowers covers."

Other friendly fashions of gifts does she record: tokens in the form of pin-cushions to new-born babies or their mothers; of watch-strings, patchwork,

mitts, ribbons. A pin-cushion has remained to this very day, in some parts of New England, a highly conventional gift to a newly made mother. Here is her description of a cushion made by her aunt at that time, the record being kept as a memorandum for her own future use: —

"My Aunt stuck a white sattan pin-cushin for Mrs Waters. On one side is a planthorn with flowers; on the reverse just under the border are on one side stuck these words Josiah Waters; then follows on the end Dec^r 1771; on the next side & end are the words Welcome Little Stranger."

She tells of formal visits "to see the baby," when she bought cakes of the nurse (could these be "groaning cakes"?), and thriftily ate them before she paid for them; and also of calls upon brides. One of the latter, Mrs. Jarvis, received her visitors in a "white sattan night-gound." A night-gown was in those days a garment whose functions resembled those of our modern tea-gown or dressing-gown, while the garment worn to sleep in was called a night-rail.

She had few amusements, compared with the manifold pleasures and holidays that children have nowadays. She saw the artillery company drill on training-day, when they were "entertained genteelly and generously at Mr. Handcocks on cake and wine;" she went each week to the sober Thursday Lecture. She had one holiday which the Revolution struck from our calendar, the King's Coronation Day, celebrated by beat of drum, discharge of artillery, and burning of fireworks. She sometimes had the pleasure of attending a funeral. And when she was twelve years old she "came out," — became a "miss in her teens," — and went to a succession of little routs, or parties, to which only young maids of her own age were invited, — no rough Boston boys. She has left several prim and quaint descriptions of these parties. Here is one: —

"I have now the pleasure to give

you the result, viz: a very genteel well-regulated assembly which we had at Mr Soleys last evening, Miss Soley being mistress of the ceremony. Miss Soley desired me to assist Miss Hannah in making out a list of guests which I did sometime since, I wrote all the invitation cards. There was a large company assembled in a handsome large upper room at the new end of the house. We had two fiddles & I had the honor to open the diversion of the evening in a minuet with Miss Soley. Here follows a list of the company as we form'd for country dancing. Miss Soley & Miss Anna Green Winslow; Miss Calif & Miss Scott; Miss Williams & Miss McLarth; Miss Codman & Miss Winslow; Miss Ives & Miss Coffin; Miss Scollay & Miss Bella Coffin; Miss Waldo & Miss Quinsy; Miss Glover & Miss Draper; Miss Hubbard & Miss Cregur (usually pronounced Kicker); and two Miss Sheafs were invited but were sick, or sorry, & beg'd to be excus'd.

"There was a little Miss Russel & the little ones of the family present who could not dance. As spectators there were Mr & Mrs Deming, Mr & Mrs Sweetser, Mr & Mrs Soley, Mr & Miss Cary, Mrs Draper, Miss Orice, Miss Hannah — our treat was nuts, raisins, cakes, Wine, punch hot & cold, all in great plenty. We had a very agreeable evening from 5 to 10 o'clock. For variety we wo'd a widow, hunted the whistle, threaded the needle, and while the company was collecting, we diverted ourselves with playing of pawns, no rudeness, Mamma, I assure you. Aunt Deming desires you would *particularly observe* that the elderly part of the Company were *Spectators only*, they mix'd not in either of the above describ'd scenes.

"I was dressed in my yellow coat, black bib & apron, black feathers on my head, my past comb & all my past garnet, marquesett & jet pins, together with my silver plume — my loket, rings, black collar round my neck, black mitts &

yards of blue ribbin (black & blue is high tast), striped tucker & ruffels (not my best) & my silk shoes completed my dress."

How clear the picture! Can you not see it? — the great low-raftered chamber softly alight with candles on mantel-tree and in sconces; the two fiddles soberly squeaking; the rows of demure little maids, all of New England Brahmin blood, in high rolls and feathers, soberly walking and curtsying through the stately minuet, "with no rudeness, I assure you," and discreetly partaking of hot and cold punch afterwards; for children in New England at that time drank cider and beer and wine as universally, if not as freely, as did their elders.

Though she dearly loved to dance, Miss Anna was also an industrious little wight, active in all housewifely labors and accomplishments, and attentive to her lessons. She could make fine network, knit lace, and spin linen thread and woolen yarn; she could sew, and make purses, and embroider pocket-books, and weave watch-strings, and piece patchwork. She learned "dancing — or dancing I should say" — from a master; she attended a woman's school to learn fine needlework, and a writing-master's to learn that most indispensable and most appreciated of eighteenth-century accomplishments, fine writing.

Let me show from her entries her diligence and industry, and compare it with the work of a week of any girl of thirteen in a corresponding station of life nowadays: —

"I have finished my shift, I began it 12 o'clock last Monday; have read my Bible every day this week, and wrote every day save one. . . . I have spun 30 knots of linning yarn & partly new footed a pair of stockings for Lucinda, read a part of the pilgrims progress, copied a part of my text journal (that if I live a few years longer I may be able to understand it, for Aunt sais that to her the contents as I first marked

them are an impenetrable secret), play'd some, tuck'd a great deal, laugh'd enough and I tell Aunt it is all human nature if not human reason. . . .

"Aunt says I have been a very good girl today about my work, however I think this days work may be called a piece meal, for in the first place I sewed on the bosom of uncles shirt, mended two pair of gloves, mended for the wash two handkerchiefs (one cambrick), sewed on half a border of a lawn apron of aunts, read part of the xxist Chapter of Exodus and a story in the Mothers Gift."

Physical pain or disability was no excuse for slothfulness or idleness in the young in provincial days. Anna was not always well, — had heavy colds, was feverish; but, well or ill, she was never unemployed. Even with painful local afflictions she still was industrious.

"I am disabled by a whitloe on my fourth finger & something like one on my middle finger. But altho' my right hand is in bondage, my left is free. And my Aunt says it will be a nice opportunity if I do but improve it to perfect myself in learning to spin flax. I am pleas'd with the proposal, and am at this present exerting myself for this purpose. I hope when two or at most three months are past to give you ocular demonstration of my proficiency in *this art* as well as several others. My fingers are not the only part of me that has suffered with sores within this fortnight, for I have had an ugly great boil upon my right hip & about a dozen small ones. I am at present swathed hip & thigh as Samson smote the Philistines, but my *soreness* is near over. My aunt thought it highly proper to give me some cooling physick, so last Tuesday I took $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Globe salt (a disagreeable potion), & kept chamber. Since which there has been no new eruption."

We find her ere the "bandage is off the figure" knitting and writing and sewing, improving every moment. Constant references to criticisms from aunt

Deming appear throughout the little book, — criticisms of the form of expression, of the penmanship, and of the spelling, though I find her orthography better than that of most grown persons of her day.

"Aunt hopes a little fals English will not spoil the whole with Mamma."

"Aunt Dont approve my English, and has not the fear you will think her concerned in the Diction."

"Last Wednesday — you taught me to spell the 4 day of the week, but Aunt says it should be spelt Wednesday."

"It is a grief to Aunt that I dont always write as well as I can, I can write pretily."

She could cook, too, — make Thanksgiving "pyes;" though she says her father and mother did not deign to partake of her "Cumberland performances." She read much, the Bible constantly; and, wishing to perfect herself "in reading a variety of composures," she also went through "Gaffer Two Shoes, The Female Oretars, Gulliver's Travels Abbreviated, and the Puzzling Cap." The latter book was a collection of riddles frequently advertised in Boston newspapers of that date.

She was a friendly little soul, eager to be loved; resenting deeply that her aunt Storer let "either one of her chaises, chariot, or babyhutt" (booby hutch) pass her door every day without sending for her to visit, as she would "if she had wanted much to have seen me;" visiting her cousins, the wealthy Barrels, and going cheerfully tea-drinking from house to house of her friends. And she was merry, too, full of life and wit: jesting about getting a "fresh seasoning with Globe salt;" calling the minister's journal his "I & Aunt &c.," in laughing reference to her own I-and-aunt-filled pages; and after she had made herself a dozen new shifts, writing to her mother in high spirits: —

"By the way, I must inform you (pray dont let papa see this) that yesterday I

put on No. 1 of my new shifts, and indeed it is very comfortable. It is *long* since I have had a *shift* to my back — I don't know if I ever had till now. It seemed so strange too to have linen below my waist."

She was subject, too, to "egregious fits of laughter," and fully proved the statement, "Aunt says I am a whimsical child."

With the last words of her journal ends the knowledge I have of her life, and I have not tried nor cared to know of her grown-up life, if she chanced to live

to grow up.¹ I like to think of her as always a loving, endearing little child; not so passionate and gifted and rare a creature as that star among children, Marjorie Fleming, but a natural and homely little flower of New England life. For if she lived she may have had her heart-strings torn by loss of lover in the war of the Revolution, or she may have grown old and feeble and dull and sad; but now she lives in the glamour of eternal, laughing, happy youth through the few pages of her little time-stained journal.

Alice Morse Earle.

THE FIRST PRINCIPAL OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE.

A LITTLE more than a year ago, there passed away in Cambridge, England, in the fullness of an honored age, a woman who, in popular speech, was a leader of a cause, the cause of the higher education of women. There was, however, so complete an absence from her personality of aught that could suggest a departure from the most time-honored type of womanhood that it is only when reviewing and defining her life work that one would think of designating her thus. Then, even, one hesitates to include in the category to which also belong the noisy agitator and aggressive claimant of female rights the dignified and gentle lady who for nearly twenty years presided over Newnham Hall and College. Yet, in any attempt to give a true impression of Miss Clough, it must needs be said in clearest terms that she was above all things a reformer. Her life was passed in an earnest and untiring effort to bring a new order into the intellectual lives of other and younger women. Throughout a long and unbroken series of years her patience and

courage in the service of her sex were never known to flag. Like too many of her fellow-workers, she may have brought away some ineradicable scars from the ungracious struggle with hostile conservative forces; but in her case there were none that could mar the softness and serenity of her presence. She bore about her, indeed, most of the marks and tokens that, to the student of types of character, indicate a conservative temperament. Her movements were slow (too early made more so by feebleness of health); her voice was low, though forcible; her speech deliberate. There was that in the atmosphere she created around her that sufficed to impart homelikeness to the bare and crude college halls, as yet unenriched by associations of a past.

The college owns two portraits of her: one hangs over the "high" table in Clough Hall; the other, by Richmond, is in Old Hall. The latter is the earlier taken, and the least characteristic; yet the artist has presented vividly what must have first impressed those who met her, — the fire and glow of her large dark girl died when she was about nineteen years of age. — ED. ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

¹ Perhaps it serves even better to preserve this idea of youthfulness to know that the young

eyes. There are eyes, met with perhaps half a dozen times in a lifetime, that, once seen, are never forgotten. Miss Clough's were of this kind. Their unusual size and darkness were made still more marked by the silvery whiteness of the hair above. This soft, lovely hair was parted in bands over the forehead and folded away beneath a lace cap. It is not too fanciful to say that the contrast between the keenness of the dusky eyes and the softness of the white hair typified outwardly the contrasts to be found in Miss Clough's character and traits. Although she stood before the world at large as the representative of a newly recognized principle, it is more than doubtful if she could at any time have succeeded in holding the attention of an audience, or even so much as in making her voice heard from a public platform. The head of one of the two most important organized bodies of women in the kingdom, it would have been impossible to picture her as presiding actively over any numerous organized assembly; one no more formidable, even, than the Debating Society or House of Commons of her own college students. With those valiant and admirable women whose vocation it is to disseminate doctrine in conferences and councils, and to spread the catchwords of a new movement, she seemed, indeed, to have nothing in common; yet of the number of persons of all sorts and conditions who were brought into personal contact with her, none, it is safe to say, were ever misled into doubting her single-minded devotion to an impersonal cause,—a devotion carried, as her friends knew, to the length of refusing to appropriate to individual use as much of the limited space of the college as they deemed her health required.

No practical detail that concerned the college or the students was too insignificant to engage Miss Clough's attention. Curiously blended with this almost anxious care for small matters was an absence

of mind that now and then lent an air of abstraction to what she might be saying or doing. Then, when one least expected it, came the swift flash of insight into character, the evidence of the shrewd instinct for business. Advancing years brought with them a number of small personal idiosyncrasies,—well remembered by friends,—all kindly and unselfish in nature, of the sort to bring a tender, involuntary smile to the lips of those who now recall them. The earnestness of her disposition was delightfully tempered by a sense of humor; not the humor that sparkles or leaps out in witticism, but the quieter kind that finds its adequate expression in a gentle curve of the lips, a momentary flash of the eye. Joined with this, and no doubt in a measure due to it, was the sense of proportion so noticeable in her ideas in regard to her work. From the tendency, so conspicuous in many members of her sex, to exaggerate, to overestimate the relative importance of a new departure, Miss Clough was singularly free. Something of this rare appreciation of the relativity of things she doubtless owed to the circumstances and the sphere of her activity. Her college was not a pioneer institution, built where before only the growths of nature had flourished, but a follower and an imitator, a recipient of favors—at first somewhat niggardly bestowed, it must be confessed—at the hands of an august and immeasurably venerable benefactor. The mere external contrast between the modest red brick architecture of the halls, Old, Sidgwick, and Clough, that compose the new college and the splendid gateways and façades, the chapels, quadrangles, and gardens, the whole inexhaustible wealth of beauty of the old university, would seem sufficient in itself to impart a fit measure of humility to an aspiring feminine don. That it was innately natural, however, to Miss Clough to reverence the traditions of the past while zealously striving to promote the welfare of the future, the

record of her active but quiet life can prove.

She was born in Liverpool, in 1820, only a year after the birth of her more rarely gifted brother, Arthur Hugh. But the ugly commercial city, which offers to so many transatlantic descendants the first repellent glimpse of the mother country, was not the home that was hers by birthright. The Cloughs were Welsh. For many generations they had lived at "Plas Clough," in Denbighshire, the most northeasterly county of the land of the ancient bards. Miss Clough's father, James Butler Clough, was the first of the family to emigrate from the vicinity of the old home. He established himself, at the outset, in the great importing mart as a cotton merchant; but when his only daughter, on whom had been bestowed the homely Christian names of Anne Jemima, was three years old, he embarked on a longer voyage than the passage of the Dee or Mersey, and came to Charleston, in this country. Here his daughter spent the next thirteen years of her life, living perhaps more merrily, and certainly with greater freedom from outward restraint, than she could have done in the northern English home. In the memoir written by her, in after years, for an edition of her brother's poetical works, she gives pleasant glimpses of playtimes among the cotton heaps in their father's office, near the wharves, and of still more delightful summer holidays on Sullivan Island, where there was paddling on the warm sands, with happy shelter among the myrtle groves, and where strange, fascinating birds haunted the lonely shore.

But the moulding influence of her early life was her mother. Mrs. Clough, whose charmingly quaint maiden name was Anne Perfect, was of Yorkshire birth, and was a mother to whom her children owed more than the gift of physical existence. Her daughter's own words can best describe her. "My mother," Miss

Clough writes, "cared little for general society, but had a few fast friends to whom she was strongly attached. In her tastes and habits she was rigidly simple: this harmonized with the stern integrity which was the foundation of her character. She was very fond of reading, especially works on religious subjects, poetry, and history; and she greatly enjoyed beautiful scenery, and visiting places which had any historical associations. She loved what was grand, noble, and enterprising, and was truly religious. She early taught us about God and duty, and, having such a loving earthly father, it was not difficult to look up to a Heavenly one. . . . But with all this love of the terrible and grand she was altogether a woman, clinging to and leaning on our father."

When Miss Clough was sixteen the family returned to Liverpool, and there the next fourteen years of her life were passed. Her attractive and venturesome father died in 1843, leaving her to be thenceforth the companion and protector of her mother. Before this time, she had begun, in a small and tentative way, the less personal work which was to last as long as her life. As far as her own needs were concerned, the only existing means of supplementing her irregular and unsystematic education were such lessons as she could get from private masters. But then, as now, there was plentiful demand for help in the education of others, and she began to teach in a school for Welsh children. Not satisfied with the school curriculum of those days of unscientific pedagogy, she had the children in her own home, on Saturdays or in the evenings, and there taught them, among other subjects, the neglected one of geography. In a magazine article on better methods of teaching reading she embodied her educational theories, showing, youthful as she was, a thorough practical insight into the elementary school system that then existed.

In 1850, Liverpool was, on account

of Mrs. Clough's health, exchanged for Ambleside. There, in the heart of the beautiful lake scenery, and among the stimulating associations of Windermere and its neighboring hills, Miss Clough went on with her work. High up on the "how," or fell, above the village, in a small house dignified by the name of "Eller How," she opened a school for the children of the place. The school was for boys and girls alike; and it is interesting to know that Miss Clough continued always to approve this plan. There were other features peculiar to her school which, though equally in touch with modern sentiment, could not be carried out in larger places so thoroughly as in the little hillside academy. Thus, each child had its own time-table, suited to its individual needs, and drawn up in the careful mistress's own way. Unnecessary restraint was banished, and lessons might be learned in window seats or corners, in postures of delicious comfort. It is pleasant to think how the small inhabitants of Wordsworth's countryside must have delighted in a school-mistress who, beside having marvelous stores of information which she loved to pour out to eager listeners, was also known on occasion to inquire, "with admirable gravity and conviction, after the health of certain dolls who were supposed to be suffering from a severe attack of scarlet fever." An appreciative pupil, now known to fame as Mrs. Humphry Ward, remembers that even as a little child she was impressed by "the mixture of patience, common sense, and occasional humor with which she treated my troublesome temper."

After ten years of life at Ambleside, Miss Clough lost the mother she had tenderly cared for, amid her other occupations, and one year later her brother, the poet, Arthur Hugh, died in Florence. With his loss, in 1861, the period of her active teaching came to an end. For the ten succeeding years her home was with his widow and children at Combe

Hurst, near Kingston-on-Thames. It was during this time that broader fields of usefulness opened before her; the history of her life is henceforth one with the history of the progress of the higher education of women in England. The first important step actually taken in this far-reaching movement was suggested by her in an article published in Macmillan's Magazine, advocating the establishment in the large provincial towns of courses of lectures for the "elder girls from the various schools," and for teachers who "desired to improve themselves." This scheme, which was to be "by way of experiment, as a means of creating a taste for higher studies and collective instruction," was embodied by the formation, in 1867, of the "North of England Council for Promoting the Higher Education of Women." Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Sheffield were the four towns represented in the Council, which had for its president Mrs. Butler, wife of the Principal of Liverpool College, with Miss Clough as secretary.

In October and November of this same year, the Council provided its first course of lectures, — the forerunner of the University Extension courses. Astronomy was the somewhat ambitious subject of the course, which was repeated in each of the four towns in succession by Professor (then Mr.) Stuart, of Trinity College, Cambridge. It is needless to say, in the light of succeeding events, that this and the other courses quickly following proved, by their popularity, that the Council had taken at the flood a tide that was to lead to great developments. The next step in advance was but the logical outcome of the first. This was the presentation by the Council to the University of Cambridge of a numerous signed petition for the establishment of an examination for women over eighteen. The immediate result of this petition was the holding in June, 1869, of the first of the long se-

ries of the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations; the ultimate result has been the gradual revolutionizing of the education of English girls. Miss Clough's services in the Council, of which she became president in 1873, were gratefully acknowledged in the Clough Scholarship, an exhibition of fifty pounds a year for two years to Newnham College, awarded to the candidate who stands highest in the Cambridge Higher Local Examination in the Liverpool Centre; and by the presentation, on the final dissolution of the Council, of the balance of its funds to the library of Newnham College.

Newnham College may be said to have practically, though namelessly, entered the first stage of its existence in October, 1871, when Miss Clough, with five women students, began her residence in a house in Regent Street, Cambridge. She was invited thither by Professor Henry Sidgwick, "the moving spirit of the Cambridge Lecture Committee." An epitome of the history of this action, the type of others in our own country, is to be found in an address given in Liverpool at the sixth meeting of the North of England Council by Professor Sidgwick, who said: "A strong feeling had grown up among the residents in Cambridge that examination, however searching and complete, was an inadequate means of improvement, and that something should be done to extend the advantage of academic instruction to women. This had led to the commencement, in January, 1870, of a system of lectures in the different subjects of the examination. These comprised a certain portion of all the branches of study pursued at Cambridge; and, as the education of girls improved, they would naturally be extended, until the whole field of academic instruction was thrown open. The lectures in the higher subjects were at present only partially operative, as Cambridge alone did not supply a sufficient number of students. In order that they might achieve

the end aimed at, the most intelligent girls from different parts of the country must be enabled to take advantage of them."

Miss Clough was thus in her fifty-second year when she came, with ripened mind and tempered judgment, to the work that was to crown her days with honored and prominent activity. By rapid stages the house in Regent Street grew into Merton, and Merton into Newnham Hall, and this into Newnham College, with its spacious grounds and proud record of triumphs scored in the triposes. Some years of waiting, however, still remained to the friends and promoters of the college before official recognition of their students' work was secured from the University. It was not until 1881 that the University of Cambridge, after a debate in the Senate, the warmth and excitement of which have become matter of tradition, decided to formally open its examinations to students of Newnham and Girton colleges; while still—of so slow growth is the ideal justice in even a republic of letters—the University's final stamp of success in the examinations, the degree, is withheld from women students, who must perforce content themselves with the posting of their names in the tripos lists on the doors of the Senate House, and with the knowledge that they have, in more than one examination, distanced in marks the men who have a lawful claim to the degree.

Miss Clough died in the college she loved. In the presence of the great change awaiting her, her thoughts kept the current of their simple unselfishness. Her last words were about the building of the wall along the new road behind the college, and the last message she sent, not many hours before her death, was of love to the students. It was her wish that the college life should be as little interrupted as possible by her death; and when it was made known that the final summons had come, the word was

received with awed and reverent sorrow by the students who were in residence. Throughout Cambridge the tidings were met with grief. The Provost and Fellows of King's College expressed their sympathy by the offer of their chapel for the funeral services. Cambridge has witnessed few more impressive scenes than here took place on March 5, 1892. The stately Tudor chapel, under whose soaring roof Miss Clough had worshiped Sunday after Sunday, was crowded with students from all parts of the kingdom, and with members of the University; all gathered together in a common act of honor to one who, in words spoken in the chapel the following Sunday, had just closed "her life of devotion to the cause to which she gave herself, amid the reverent admiration of the whole University." "Neither country nor University," the speaker added, "will ever be unmindful of her whose noble work is now done, and who bequeaths to others the heritage of her gentle power and the memory of the riches of her unerring sympathy."

How penetrating and how practical this sympathy was, as shown in the paths of daily life, there are women scattered all over the world whose memories gratefully bear witness. It is remembered that on one occasion, when Miss Clough was to go to London for the day in company with one of her students, it was proposed, in accordance with the economical fashion of Cambridge dons, that the two should travel third class. "I may have to come back second class, though," Miss Clough remarked, remembering the long day's occupation that would tax her strength, and probably make a more comfortably cushioned carriage a necessity in returning. Then, mindful of the oftentimes sad limitations of the purses of the students, "But I will pay the difference for both, my dear," she added quickly, in an undertone. The same student also cherishes the recollection of a certain night

in the spring term, when, having gone to London in the morning with Miss Clough, and returned alone early in the evening, according to arrangement, a voice was heard, after she had gone to bed, softly calling her name outside her closed door. It was Miss Clough, just back from her long day's outing, not too wearied to mount to the second floor to ask how her companion of the morning had fared.

There are few who have enjoyed its quiet hospitality who will be likely to forget the aspect of her own particular room in the Old Hall, at the corner of the ground-floor corridor. It was a large square room, with low ceiling, and woodwork and walls of a soft olive tint. There was a delightful high recessed window, with a cushioned seat beneath it, reached by a step from the floor, and there was a fire of coals in the grate, with the busily used desk on one side, and an armchair on the other; there were books and pictures and flowers, all merged in that quiet decorativeness of effect which is peculiar to an exquisitely refined English room. From this sitting-room to the garden there was but a single step, through one of the long windows; and in the garden, in old days, was to be found in the spring the culminating charm of Newnham. The cuckoos were heard calling across the fields all day, and at night a nightingale sang on the branches of a slender poplar. Laburnums drooped under their golden chains, and the hawthorns were powdered with white or crimson blossoms. Daisies sprang up in the turf, and under the high brick wall grew cowslips and primroses, beloved alike of students and Principal, who might often be met strolling along the paths, in serene enjoyment of the scene.

These are some of the valued though minor associations that cluster around the memory of an acquaintanceship with Miss Clough. But there are also more strenuous thoughts that belong to her memory.

She stands forth in one's mind as a rebuke to whatever is harsh or discordant or unfeminine in the minds and manners of the advocates of the cause she served. As has already been said, she had in her own personality nothing in common with the women who repel even while they stimulate. In the transition of her sex from a stunted to a freely developed intellectual life, much that is unlovely and ungracious has been called into evidence. There are repeated reminders that sacrifices to the graces may not be ceased with impunity. In the midst of a generation not yet sure of the range of its possibilities, Miss Clough presented the spectacle of an essentially mellow nature. Hers was the force that worked slowly, silently, and irresistibly, without explosions or ungainly contortions. Her friendships were of the same nature, undemonstrative and lasting; her generosity of temper towards those who shared her work was unstinted, her religious faith secure and nontentative.

Miss Clough is buried, as she had expressed a wish to be, in a country churchyard. To reach her grave needs but a brief walk from the college, past an

avenue of ancient elms, through meadows where a stream flows and skylarks sing overhead, to the little village of Grantchester. The Grantchester church, with square gray tower and walls overgrown with ivy, is one of which hundreds more are to be found in scattered country parishes. In a corner of its graveyard, somewhat apart from the older barrows and moss-grown headstones, rises the pure white slab that marks her resting-place. On it is inscribed

IN MEMORY OF

ANNE JEMIMA CLOUGH

FIRST PRINCIPAL OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE.

Born at Liverpool, January 20th, 1820.

Died at Newnham College, Cambridge, Feb. 27th, 1892.

"After that she had served her own generation by the will of God, she fell on sleep."

As one stands in silence beside her grave, one thinks involuntarily of the far different scene in the Florentine cemetery, where, "under the flowery oleanders pale," the brother she so dearly loved sleeps with her "the morningless and unawakening sleep."

Eugenia Skelding.

THE BREAKERS.

A PULSING organ-toned arpeggio,
Crescendo mounting, with a sweep sublime;
A swift back-rushing of diminished sound,
A gasp for breath, a futile long-drawn sigh;
A momentary hush, with cries of gulls
Struck through and through, staccato; then the roar
Of great swift chords, that crash and break and blend,
A sobbing undertone, marked by the hiss
Of yellow foam left stranded in the sun.
And then *da capo*.

Charles Washington Coleman.

"THE OGRE OF ALEWIFE COVE."

THE waters of the Sound wind their way into the idyllic land for more than a mile; spreading here into a moist liquid meadow of such weeds and grasses as are nourished by saline food; still further widening into a so-called "salt lake" lying in placid silver; finally narrowing deeply and silently to reflect tall marginal rocks, vertical, much fissured, "pointed" with columbine and vine, and crowned above with proud civic oak. This incursion of the ocean stream takes, in its course, a small island covered with wizened trees, — little old sorcerous and conjuring yew-trees, and knock-kneed, stunted oaks that mingle the attitudes of cringing and defiance. The elfin island has one brief midsummer lure, — its wild garden of scarlet lilies, poised on long and slender wands, whose flowerage seems the visible flame of the still heat of the dogdays. On one side of the stream, near the end of its quest, — for it is but a prying minion of the great sea, — a luxuriant thicket of young trees, with sweet, flowering azalea shrubs, all stitched together with stout greenbrier, rambles down to the water's edge. The mirror which the idle water holds up to sylvan nature is so perfect that leaf, branch, and flower at last may learn in what form God created them to give pleasure to all gazing eyes. Verging upon this mirror of beauty grow the finest wild roses you may anywhere see; but you will not pluck them, any more than you would arrest the divine trance of Narcissus. As for myself, one such wild rose that I coveted, but did not pluck, blooms there, grateful and immortal, through all summers.

This smooth sunshine world of margin and water and motionless shadow therein spellbound is known as Alewife Cove. Idle water it may be to the idler; not such to those who know and prove the

riches of its half-seen treasures; for the sea, "the fruitless sea," as an ancient poet will have it, has underfreighted the slow stream with a floating garden of loose seaweed, of eelgrass, and other aquatic plants. Where these rise to the surface, the oar labors with their chance festoon and garland. At night, the water glitters, without the moon, wherever the oar stirs their phosphorescent masses. Part drifting, part rooted, the garden hides in its meshes large crabs, whose dark blue shells are beautifully freaked with red and orange. These lose their lives in two ways: either gluttonously resorting to the baited string of the holiday visitor, or gallantly fleeing in vain the net of the practiced boatman, who, standing in the bow of his boat, balances dexterously, at the same time propelling himself and the boat by the long staff of the crab-net, quickly reversed when the game appears.

Also, a light on the Cove at night tells the beholder that some thrifty native is spearing eels (and so justifying the name he has given to these rich waters). But more are they who wade in the half-opaque stream, with basket and clam-rake, or who, with oyster knife, twist from its stronghold the rugged shell. When the tide is out, the rocks along the margin are seen to be scarred with white patches, the half-shells left behind by unskilled gatherers. The blind oyster here seems not entirely to keep to its own element, since even the roots of overhanging trees, fallen branches, and bits of floating drift bear these traces of its clinging inhabitation.

At the height of the fruitful season, Alewife Cove indeed presents a busy scene. Man, woman, and child flock to the unfailing harvest. In this cheerful picture of human industry, it would scarcely be thought that one figure more or less

would count to the eye of the speculative or the artistic observer; and yet, among the many harvesters of sea-food during the summer I have in mind, one figure had especially attracted the attention of several persons, whom it had variously impressed.

"No, I will *not* sit in the shade on that island while you go crabbing!"

"Why not?"

"Because there's the ogre's boat."

"Well, what of that? He is n't there, poor harmless creature!"

"It does n't make any difference whether he is there or not. He has magnetized the whole place, and the effect is like voodoo for me. I won't stay. I'd rather sit in the boat, and take my chances with the crabs scuttling round my feet!"

It was the same "sensitive" whose objection had provoked the above conversation who, at another time, as our little boat glided around a rocky point, with an indication of the head in a direction which the eyes were loath to take, observed, "There! If you wish to see the ogre, and experience his spells, you have the opportunity. But don't look unless you covet bad dreams."

A few yards away appeared "the genius of the flood," or rather "the ogre of Alewife Cove," by common consent of the coterie of summer idlers, who in winter remember not idly, whether with pen, pencil, or brush, that pleasant water and romantic margin. But, clad in a loose blouse of some heavy, dun-colored stuff, the head covered with an old felt hat whose brim drooped about the face, a man appeared, wading in the weed-choked stream. A tattered basket was on his arm, a clam-rake in one hand. The day's work was done, and he was returning to his floating habitation, which was moored by the island of lilies, and whose box of a cabin, kitchen and bedroom in one, had vouchsafed us chary glimpses of scrupulous order and immaculate neatness.

I have mentioned only what was definable and tangible in the general appearance of this sudden figure; the rest lay in that margin where, with the least error of the describer, all quickly eludes and transcends verbal description. I hesitate, therefore, to try to characterize what I observed: a peculiar droop of the head upon the sunken chest; a slight lifting of the shoulders each side beneath the loose-hanging garment; the weighted and weary movement through the dense water, — the movement as of one who makes, slowly and painfully, a compulsory progress towards some well-indicated and inevitable goal. Yet more do I hesitate to speak of the strange suggestion presented by the man's figure alone, — the suggestion that thus might one have looked who, in the midst of his suffering, had been unexpectedly reprieved, but who yet bore upon his racked and dislocated body record of an ancient form of torture, the guise of one who had been taken down from the cross!

As we were actually opposite the wading pedestrian, the drooped head was partially lifted, disclosing a face of singularly pure pallor, further characterized by softness that could not have resided in its angular contour. Eyes deep-set, contemplative, but wholly incurious, were met by ours; by *ours*, I say, for his eyes seemed not to regard us, but rather to traverse, and pass beyond, the plane of vision which ours crossed with objective and questioning interest. With the slight uplifting of the head, a shock of hair, dark brown and silky, fell across the cheek, half revealing the temple it had previously concealed, — half revealing, — but whether deep scar, or shadowy birthmark, or merely some hollow shading of the thin face, this momentary glimpse failed to divulge. The ogre passed on, and was out of reach of any voice impatient to comment, "Did you see?"

Now, it is remarkable how we resent any observation savoring of the secular or curious regarding that which the im-

agination has suddenly resolved to look upon as an object of tender and sacred consideration.

"Did you see — it?"

"I don't know what you mean. I saw only a man who has been hard at work all day with a clam-rake, and is going home, or what he calls home, tired out."

Nevertheless, after this episode the ogre's apologist entertained no thoughts regarding him in which the latter figured as the ordinary tiller of those brackish acres; and all casual testimony as to the peculiar solitariness of this individual found hospitable lodgment. But such testimony was of the slightest nature, and is quickly summed up.

"The ogre, after all, is a good-natured creature," volunteered a young girl who was fond of pulling an oar sometimes, even if quite by herself; "for the other day, when I had been gathering those lilies on the island, and the tide was dead low, and I ran aground, he appeared all of a sudden and gave the boat a push, and I was off before I could thank him. But for that matter, almost before I knew what he had done, he had turned his back, and was going on with that clam-raking." Continuing, "I wonder what manner of foreigner he is; for the next day, when we passed his boat, and he was resting and looking at the sky or the water, I wanted very much to say something civil; so I observed that it was a 'fine evening.' He kept on looking at the sky or the water, and made no reply. And another time when I said something, he looked at me with those vague eyes of his, and slowly shook his head."

"He don' never tell his name, he don' never speak; reckon he don' never hear folks speak to him. Looks like he deaf and dumb," deposed an irregularly industrious gentleman of color, who also possessed a boat, and who, hard by, was proving his floating fortunes; his loneliness being beguiled by the presence of a solemn yellow dog of great

reputed sagacity, and exceedingly "dangersome," if his master's statement were to be credited.

When the imagination is sympathetically aroused, very little is required to keep it operative; so I may record that, fed by such slight incident and comment, the interest first excited in the ogre steadily increased from day to day. Fortunately, it had been observed that "if there were any enterprise among us, some one would get some of those fine clams from the Cove." Fortunately, indeed, for the desire thus expressed suggested a way of fulfillment which might also discharge the growing burden of speculative curiosity: an arrangement might possibly be made with the silent toiler of the salt inlet to furnish us with clams through the rest of the season. A visit in negotiation was planned and executed, one evening, soon after this resolution had been taken.

Remembering the deposition of the dusky neighbor, it appeared that any demonstration to gain the ogre's attention through the sense of hearing would be useless; I therefore descended from my boat into his, and approached the door of the miniature cabin. It was standing open, but the occupant was not within. Scrutiny quickly devoured the little interior. All was scrupulously neat, as we had before seen in passing. There were the red lilies which some one had observed him gathering that very day; now held in a broken pitcher set upon the box that served for table or for seat, beside the cot bed. But it was not the tasteful evidence of love for the lilies of the field (perhaps those of parable) that the eye dwelt on in this brief instant of stolen inspection; all interest concentrated, emotionally, upon a print that was pinned to the rude ceiling above the cot. It was a reproduction of Christ succumbing under the cross.

Again the impression first gained of this silent and solitary person was in

full sway, and the heart beating against the side warned me of the presence of something like sacred fear. Here dwelt some man of sorrows. Had he all through life been conscious of the similitude felt by at least one observer? Was the symbol of suffering in some mysterious and transcendent way of deeper import to him than it could be to any fellow-creature? Grotesquery, sacrilege, pathos, were strangely blended in this idea. Involuntarily, I set the basket of fruit (brought in friendly overture) down by the door, and hastily dropped into my own boat. Not one word of explanation or of apology would come to the rescue, when, in this hurried departure, a familiar wading figure met me face to face. But neither countenance nor expression was other than I remembered of our first encounter. Neither curiosity nor the least shadow of displeasure crossed the far-centred, inscrutable, sad tranquillity of his face and eyes. He passed by me, following up the wake which my clandestine boat had left on the evening-smooth water. Heartily ashamed of my enterprise, I yet was reminded that I had left the basket of fruit, and I hoped that in the offering he would recognize touches of a remotely related humanity, so distanced by him in his treading out of spiritual destinies unknown to me!

The next morning, simultaneously with waking, recurred the idea of the ogre. There might yet be a way of finding out the heart of his mystery without rude probing. I would try once more. I took the path to the Cove, resolved upon a solitary row in the enchantment of the half-veiled seaside morning. Nearing the island of lilies, it was scarce to be credited that the trim boat, so long moored there, was gone. But a second look did not restore the familiar object. Far down the windings of the inlet, just where the sunlit mist prepared to hide all that approached, I saw the catboat swinging out to sea. The mist was receding slowly seaward; but the boat made forward and away, faster than did the mist. The wind in the sail seemed more than the slight breeze of the fair morning, — rather a wind of the spirit speeding one who willed not to stay,

“And snatched his rudder, and shook out more sail,
And day and night held on indignantly
O’er the blue midland waters with the gale.”

No trace left behind. But yes! the basket which had held the fruit, now filled with lilies, was lying on the margin sand of the little island. The lilies were fresh, and the mist of the morning was in them for dew.

Edith M. Thomas.

STUDIES IN THE CORRESPONDENCE OF PETRARCH.

II.

PETRARCH AND THE COLONNA.

AMONG the great families who disputed, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the civil dominion of Rome and its adjacent territory, pre-eminence is invariably and rightly accorded

to the Colonna, or Colonnese. They were not, indeed, of Roman origin. Even Petrarch, who owed them so much, and really loved them so well, when his own proud sentiment of Italian nationality had been inflamed by the crusade of Cola di Rienzo, did not hesitate to sneer at them as adventurers from the barbarous borders of the Rhine. Yet, at that

period, the middle of the fourteenth century, they had been exercising for fully two hundred and fifty years a prominent and often controlling influence in the chaotic affairs of the states of the Church. Their name and device were in all probability adopted from Trajan's Column, which marked as nearly as possible the centre of their possessions within the walls of Rome. Outside, they had early intrenched themselves on the commanding heights of Palestrina, while the exquisite region over which, in their greatest days, they exercised the rights of sovereign princes embraced almost the entire range of the Alban hills, and extended far into the Sabine territory. They were, in the main, strongly Ghibelline, and as such the hereditary foes of the Popes; yet they received, or perhaps it would be more correct to say extorted, a vast amount of church preferment, and the annals of their warlike line bristle with the names of legates, cardinals, and actively militant bishops. A Cardinal Giovanni Colonna, titular of Sta. Prisca, was legate to France and Germany in 1193. Another Cardinal Giovanni was ambassador to Constantinople, and brought thence in 1222 the Column of the Scourging, still venerated in the ancient and splendid Church of Sta. Prassede, of which this second Giovanni was titular, though screened from the eyes of the profane in a dark chapel, which no woman's foot may invade. A grandnephew of this Giovanni, Giacomo, son of Oddone, was created cardinal when a mere boy, in 1278. Giacomo's nephew, Pietro, took orders after the entrance into religion — some say the death — of his young wife, and speedily received the scarlet hat at the hands of Nicholas IV.

These two, Giacomo and Pietro, were the pair of Colonnaesi cardinals who disputed the election, in 1294, of Boniface VIII., Benedetto Gaetani, the great foe of their race, thus winning excommunication for themselves, and drawing down

upon the whole circle of their kindred the vengeance of that violent pontiff. The uncle and nephew were of nearly the same age, and the family touched, in their lifetime, the summit of its greatness, both in good and evil fortune. One of Pietro's brothers was Giacomo, the ancestor of the Sciarra-Colonna, who was hunted like a wild beast through the pestilential woods encompassing Turnus's town of Ardea; and having been seized by pirates when he emerged upon the classic shore, he preferred to row four years in the galleys rather than disclose his identity to Boniface VIII. But he ultimately passed from the society of the chain-gang to a seat in the council chamber of Philippe le Bel, whose tutor had been Egidio Colonna. Another brother was Giovanni, called of San Vito, the stately Roman senator who was Petrarch's first cicerone in the Eternal City. A third, the most illustrious of all, was the great Stefano, whose crowded and glorious life lacked but little of filling the entire century from 1250 to 1350; who survived in godlike vigor of mind and body two generations of his own descendants, and seemed to belittle, by contrast with his own heroic style, every human being ever brought into intimate relations with him. Despoiled at one time by Boniface VIII. of all his vast possessions, and banished to Provence, it was he who, when tauntingly asked whether there were a fortress he could still call his own, struck his hand upon his breast, and answered "Eccola!"

Of the seven legitimate sons of Stefano, we are chiefly concerned in this place with the two who were Petrarch's best and most powerful friends at Avignon, and through whom he was introduced to the great men of the elder generation. Both these brothers, Giovanni and Giacomo, grew up during the exile of the family in France, Giacomo, the younger, having been born there; and from the time when the Holy See was transferred to Avignon, in 1309, the influence of

this inevitably domineering race became paramount in the papal councils.

Giovanni was made cardinal by John XXII., in 1327, while he was still under thirty; Giacomo received the see of Lombez two years later, when he could hardly have passed his twenty-sixth year. Giacomo had been the fellow-student of Francesco Petrarca and his brother Gerardo at Bologna, but had not known them personally there. Doubtless the difference in rank told exactly as it would do in a college of to-day. Only when the university career of the two brilliant young Tuscans had been cut short by their father's death, and, finding themselves, on their return to France, orphans without resources, they had both received the tonsure and become candidates for preferment at the papal court, Giacomo Colonna remembered them, especially the extraordinary beauty and distinction of the elder brother, which had haunted him, so he says, all through those university days. Their success was thus immediately assured; and they were launched, for weal or for woe, in the most distinguished circles of Avignonese papal society.

"Do you remember," wrote Francesco to Gerardo long afterward, in September of the fatal year 1348, when his woes and those of the world had subdued the soul of the poet, no less than seven years in the silence of a Carthusian cloister that of the younger brother, — "do you remember the sort of life we used to live; how that toil of pleasure weighed upon our spirits, and with what heart-burnings it was interspersed? . . . Do you remember the ridiculous splendor of our exquisite costumes, which amazes me when I think of it even yet? . . . How excessively particular we were to change our garments morning and evening; how distressed for fear a hair should get out of place, or a light breeze disturb the studied arrangement of our curls! What care we used to take of our elaborate and perfumed togas, lest they should

be splashed with mud, either before or behind, by some passing horseman, or deranged, by rude contact, in the precise arrangement of their folds! . . . And what can I say of our shoes, and the sharp and incessant torment they inflicted on the members they professed to protect? I verily believe my feet would have been entirely disabled if I had not decided, in the last extremity, that it was better to offend the eyes of others a little than to suffer such torture in my own nerves and joints."

It was in the year 1327, — while Giovanni Colonna was organizing his cardinal's establishment at Avignon, — on the 6th of April, a day of destiny for the poet throughout his entire life, that Petrarch first saw Laura, then twenty years of age, and two years married to Hugues de Sade. She was in the full splendor of a beauty which was destined to fade unusually early; and the budding ecclesiastic, the romantic child of genius, who had studied the troubadours at Carpentras and the Latin poets at Bologna more zealously than he had studied law at either place, accepted her forthwith as his goddess, and vowed her the worship of a life. The sentiment thus impulsively adopted, and worn at first perhaps as a mere poetic ornament, came soon to overmaster its subject, and little by little to pervade and color his entire being; and under its disquieting influence, added to that of his own keen curiosity, he began that series of restless journeyings which he was to pursue to the very verge of old age. Ostensibly with the purpose of collecting rare books and unearthing classical manuscripts, with funds which had doubtless been supplied by his new and powerful protectors, Petrarch first visited Belgium, Switzerland, and the chief towns of eastern France, returning from Liege near the close of the year 1329.

His fellow-student of former days, Giacomo Colonna, had lately come back from a still more adventurous journey to

Rome, where the most amiable of churchmen, as Petrarch always called him, had approved his fighting blood by proclaiming the excommunication, at the hands of John XXII., of the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, then present in the Eternal City. The see of Lombez was Giacomo's reward for this act of temerity; and when he went into Gascony to take possession, he carried with him a choice company of friends, of whom Petrarch was one, for that "divine summer" which was remembered so long and so wistfully.

That the enamored poet should have talked much, if mysteriously, to his young patron of the passion that enthralled him was inevitable; but there is curious proof in one of the most interesting of Petrarch's letters, written some years later from Avignon to Giacomo in Rome, that the latter had been disposed to treat the initial stages, at least, of his friend's immortal malady rather lightly.

"Your clamorous epistle," Petrarch begins, "woke me from a species of lethargy, and I read it from beginning to end, laughing heartily over the charges which you half jestingly bring against me. So now, to repel your shafts in their order, I beg you to observe, my good father, how entirely inconsistent with your many accusations are the very first words of your own letter. You say that the fine contempt of the world at which I have so early arrived is a standing marvel to you, because it seems to be quite as much the result of experience as of nature. You might have chanted me a longer panegyric, but certainly not a more flattering one. . . . The compliment is immense, provided you really mean it; and if it be not true of me to-day, I pray God, who can rescue from hell itself, that it may be so before I die. But you proceed to say, in the same facetious vein, that I have artfully contrived to excite in many minds a magnificent opinion of my own merits. Unquestionably there have been illustrious men who were open to the charge of trying, arti-

ficially, to enhance the effect upon their admirers of their real qualities; as when Numa Pompilius professed to hold colloquies with a goddess, and Publius Africanus claimed a divine origin. But my case is very different from theirs. I have nothing to boast of, unless it be the excessive and incomprehensible good fortune which has followed me from infancy. I am better known than I could wish to be, — an insignificant person, yet generally talked about. It is a fact which neither elates nor depresses me, for I know that common rumor is a common liar. So, indeed, it has been hitherto, but I understand that it would take very little to turn the populace against me. Your amenities, however, do not stop here. You say that I have not merely bewitched the crowd, but attempted to impose upon Heaven itself; and you cite my pretended admiration for Augustine and his works, whereas the truth is, you say, that I am not to be detached from the poets and philosophers. And indeed, why should I, when Augustine himself was so devoted to them? Had this not been so, he would surely not have composed those books concerning the City of God — to say nothing of his other works — out of the very material furnished him by philosophers and poets, nor painted it with hues borrowed from the historian and the orator."

Observe, Petrarch proceeds, that *my* Augustine was never cited in dreams before the divine tribunal for his love of Cicero, as *your* Jerome was; and, having come under no visionary interdiction, "not only was he not in the least ashamed of his intimacy with the classic authors, but he frankly owned that he had found a large part of our faith in the books of Plato; while as to Cicero's Hortensius, it had had the most marvelous effect in turning him from delusive hopes and the vain wrangling of discordant sects to the study of the one truth."

He goes on for some time in this strain, repelling the bishop's only half-

serious accusations, and defending his favorite authors lightly, but eloquently, and with an undertone of sincere feeling. Then, suddenly, he becomes wholly grave. To jest, he says, is easy; but, that tone once adopted, it is difficult to rid one's self of it. "And what can you mean by hinting that the very name *Laurea* (laurel) is but a graceful play upon words, designed to express both her whom I would honor, and the honor which many would award to me? How can you say that there is really no Laura enshrined in my heart, save that crown of poesy to which I aspire, and that my long and unremitting studies prove it; that all which I have written concerning the living, breathing Laura, by whose loveliness I am enslaved, are but imaginative lays, cunning fables, and simulated sighs? Would to God that it were only an idle dream, a fancy, and not a fury, which possessed me! But nobody, trust me, can dissemble forever; and deliberately to strive to appear mad were in itself the height of madness. Moreover, a well man may imitate the actions of a sick one, but he cannot imitate his pallor. And you know whether I was wan and wasted; you know whether I was oppressed in spirit! It almost seems to me as if in that so-called Socratic play of irony, in which you are hardly surpassed by Socrates himself, you were insulting my distress. But wait a little! This malady will doubtless run its course. I will think of what Cicero says: *The day wounds, and the day heals*. My fictitious Augustine may yet prevail over her whom you call my fictitious Laura, and by diligent and sober study and much meditation I may arrive at being an old man before my time."

The reader should remember, with reference to the skepticism of Bishop Giacomo, that the two friends had seen comparatively little of each other in the four or five years which had intervened between that pleasant summer in Gascony

and the date of the above letter. In the autumn of the earlier year Petrarch received the appointment of private chaplain to Cardinal Giovanni, with a nominal oversight of the education of two of the prelate's innumerable nephews. This necessitated his return to Avignon; and how warmly he was received, and with what delicate consideration he was treated there, we have already seen in the Letter to Posterity. But the astute cardinal, who was older and more mundane than his brother the bishop, soon saw that the infatuation of his young protégé about the wife of Hugues de Sade was unfitting him for the serious business of life; and it seems to have been he who originally proposed to Petrarch another and longer journey than his first, which should embrace Paris and the principal German cities and seats of learning. The poet was of course bound, and probably under explicit promise, to keep his patron and banker informed of his adventures; and accordingly there are two interesting if somewhat stiff and studied letters to Cardinal Giovanni, dated respectively June 21 and August 9, 1333. In the first of these Petrarch sketches his route as far as Aquis Granum, or Aix-la-Chapelle, where he saw the marble tomb of Charlemagne, and heard from the priest in attendance the well-known legend of the Emperor's insane devotion to the corpse of his dead love, — all of which he relates to the cardinal in his most choice and touching style.

In the second letter he has a livelier story to tell from his own personal observation of what he saw at Cologne. "T is really wonderful," he observes, "here in this barbarous land, to see such a handsome city, so high a degree of civilization, such dignified men and such elegant matrons. I happened to arrive on the vigil of St. John the Baptist, just as the sun was setting; and my friends advised me (for report rather than merit had provided me with friends before-

hand even here) to go directly from my inn to the river, if I wanted to see a remarkable sight. Sure enough, the bank was literally thronged with a large and very striking assemblage of women. I was amazed. Ye gods, what beautiful forms and faces were there! And what costumes! Any one with a heart not fully preoccupied must have fallen in love upon the spot. I stood upon a slight rise of ground, whence I could have a good view of what went on. It seemed incredible that there could be so great a crowd without the least rudeness or confusion. But so it was. Some of them were girt with sweet grasses, and all took turns in rolling their sleeves up above the elbows, and going gayly down to bathe their white hands and arms in the running water, murmuring I know not what sweet things to one another all the while in that strange language of theirs. I never understood so well before what Cicero and the old proverb mean by saying that, among those who speak an unknown tongue, we are all deaf-mutes. However, I was fortunate enough to find most amiable interpreters, . . . and, singling out one of my friends, I asked for enlightenment in those words of Virgil:—

‘ Quid vult concursus ad amnem,
Quidve petunt animæ ? ’¹

He replied that it was a very ancient rite of their people, in which the women especially put great faith, believing that any calamity which threatened them for the whole year to come might be washed away by bathing in the river on that day, and a happier fortune substituted: and this is why they practice their annual lustration with such unflagging zeal. I laughed, and said that the dwellers by the Rhine were fortunate indeed if that river could exorcise their ills; it was more than the Po or the Tiber had ever been able to do *for us*.”

¹ *Æn.* vi. 318, 319.

“What means the throng at the river,
Of what are these souls in search?”

The last words are significant. If the impassioned love of Petrarch for his native land had slumbered awhile, amid the varied fascinations of his early court life at Avignon, this journey had reawakened it in full force; and the most heartfelt and least formal passage in either of the letters which relate to his wanderings of this year is the one in which he says that, after all he has seen of the Gauls and the Germans at home, “and much that is magnificent everywhere,” he thanks God that he was born an Italian.

To this same year, 1333, belongs also Petrarch's Latin poem, addressed in the form of an epistle to *Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini* of Siena (afterwards Pius II.), on the Woes of Italy, and culminating in the piercing lines in which he says that he feels as one who stands upon the shore and sees his mother drowning beyond reach of help.

The most important episode, however, of Petrarch's tour through France and Germany, and the most influential upon his future career, his reception, namely, at the University of Paris, and especially by the Augustinian monk, Dionysius of Borgo San Sepolero, then a professor there, is lightly touched upon in the letters to Cardinal Colonna. We shall find him reverting to it, a year or two later, in the graceful epistle where he describes his ascent of Mont Ventoux.

He was disappointed to receive at Lyons, on his way home, the tidings that Giacomo Colonna, who had been planning to spend the ensuing winter in Avignon, under his brother's roof and in the society of Petrarch, had been suddenly summoned, on important family business, to Rome, where indeed he was destined to be detained for a number of years. The bishop and the poet had long dreamed and often talked of making the Roman pilgrimage together, and the latter addressed to his friend, on the spur of the moment, a somewhat reproachful letter, reminding him of

those delightful old plans. "You have done," he cries, "what you surely promised me that you would never do, — you have gone to Rome without me! What am I to say? . . . Can I think of you as either suspicious or unmindful of your friends? Nothing could be further from your character! Can I chide you as forgetful, — I, to whom your fine memory is a constant marvel; or inconstant, when your loyalty is known of all men? How then? You must find a name for your own fault, and condemn or absolve yourself. Let the case come before your own personal tribunal; and do you be culprit, witness, and judge in one. . . . Only please to answer my forlorn inquiry, 'Why are you in Rome and I in Gaul, and what have I done to merit such a divorce?'"

This letter is dated Lyons, August 9, 1333. But if the sensitive poet felt himself wounded at the moment, it is plain that he was easily appeased, since it is now considered certain, by the best Petrarchian authorities, that the beautiful twelfth *canzone*, "*O aspettata in ciel*," was written during the autumn of this year, and sent to Giacomo Colonna in Rome, — "*O thou for whom they wait in heaven, beautiful and happy soul, who goest arrayed in our humanity, not burdened by it, as others are*," etc.¹

Petrarch's Italian muse was very prolific at this time. The earlier sonnets, those "short swallow flights" of ineffably sweet song, addressed to the living and still youthful Laura, followed one another in swift succession, interspersed with a few longer canzoni, more mystical in spirit and involved in style, and plainly modeled on Cavalcanti and Cino da

Pistoja. In December, 1334, John XXII. died, and was succeeded, after a short conclave, by Benedict XII., to whom Petrarch, immediately on his accession, addressed an epistolary poem in Latin, urging, by every solemn and imperious motive, the restoration of the Holy See to Rome. Nothing was further from the new pontiff's intentions than to obey the high-flown summons of the Italian minstrel, but he made him a canon of his friend's cathedral at Lombez, and allowed him to advocate, before himself and his cardinals, the claim, through the Scaligeri, of the Correggi to Parma. This was the beginning of the intimacy between Petrarch and Azzo di Correggio, who was now in Avignon upon the same business, and of his permanent connection with Parma, his "*cisalpine Parnassus*," as the poet rather affectingly called it.

On the 26th of April, 1336, while still a member of Cardinal Colonna's household, Petrarch and his brother Gerardo accomplished that ascent of Mont Ventoux of which they had dreamed from boyhood.

All who are familiar with Avignon and its environs know how the whole region is dominated by the aerial majesty of that solitary peak, — the king and leader of the lesser Alps of Provence, — and how much the delicate purple tints which it is wont to wear enhance the beauty of the noble but singularly pallid landscape which it overlooks. It is easy to understand how so grand an object must have affected two boys like the Petrarca brothers, and at the same time how they may have been deterred from undertaking what is even now a com-

¹ The best modern criticism is also pretty nearly unanimous in referring to a period earlier even than this the famous sonnet, *Gloriosa Colonna*, which was addressed to Stefano, the illustrious father of Petrarch's two friends, and where that magnificent senior is hailed as "the sole remaining hope and stay of the great Latin name." The one difficulty about assigning it so early a date lies in the fact that the sonnet

contains a most dulcet and beguiling invitation to Vauluse. Now, though Petrarch had had a great *penchant* for the place ever since he first saw it, as a schoolboy, on an excursion from Carpentras, and frequently went out there from Avignon, he certainly did not make himself the sort of home in the Closed Valley to which he would have been likely to invite so distinguished a guest until 1337.

paratively rare and rather difficult adventure. But the occasion had at last arrived, and we make a few extracts from the narrative which Francesco sent on the very next day, from the hamlet at the foot of the mountain, where the brothers passed the night, to his friend and director, Father Dionysius, in Paris :

"The long spring day was balmy, and we pedestrians had active and vigorous frames and were full of enthusiasm, so that our sole obstacle lay in the nature of the ground. We found an old shepherd in a hollow of the hill, who did his best to dissuade us from the ascent, saying that he himself, some fifty years before, impelled by the same juvenile ardor as ourselves, had scaled the highest peak, and that he had had his labor for his pains ; and his clothes had been torn and his limbs lacerated by the stones and briars, and he had never heard of anybody else, either before or since, who had so much as made the experiment. But the more he howled, the more eager we were to go, being as patient under advice as the young usually are. So at last, finding his monitions quite useless, the old man moved on a little, and pointed with his finger to a steep and rocky path ; and we could still hear him chiding and groaning behind us for a long time after we parted."

We have not space to follow step by step the lively account of all the mistakes and mishaps of the inexperienced mountaineers, still less the allegory which Petrarch feels bound, as a man of letters, to interweave with his tale, and the moral reflections by which it is adorned. At last they were nearing their goal. "The highest peak of all is named by the woodmen 'Filiolus,' the little son, — why, I cannot imagine, unless by that figure of speech which is called antiphrasis ; for it looks more like the father of all the neighboring mountains. On the summit of this there is a narrow level space ; and there, utterly exhausted, we sank down to rest. . . . At first, we

were so affected by the vast outlook and the unwonted exhilaration of the air that we sat as if dazed, gazing back over the way by which we had come. There were clouds beneath our feet ; and I could the better believe what I had read of Athos and Olympus for what I beheld on this less renowned mountain. I then turned my eyes whither my heart inclined, — I mean in the direction of Italy. The precipitous and snowy Alps, once crossed by that bitter enemy of the Roman race, who split the rocks, if we may believe the tale, with vinegar, seemed close upon me, though they were in reality far away. In the spirit rather than in the body, I must confess, I drew a deep breath of Italian air, and an inexpressible longing seized me to see again my native land, and the dear friend who is there. . . . Presently a new thought occurred, and after my vision of space I had a vision of time." He reviews the decade which had now elapsed since he finished his studies at Bologna, the mutations of his lot, the infinite sweetness and sorrow of his hopeless love, his vain efforts to free himself from its thrall-dom. "So I lived over those ten years, . . . almost forgetting where I was, and why I had come hither ; then I flung my cares aside, postponing them to a fitter season, and looked about me again, and saw what I had come to see. The sinking sun and the enlarging shadow of the mountain warned us that it was almost time to be gone, and, as one awakened from a dream, I turned me round again toward the western view. The range of the Pyrenees, that wall of division between France and Spain, cannot be seen from this point, — whether through the frailty of mortal vision or because of some intervening object, I do not know ; but the mountains of the province of Lyons rise on the right and on the left, though distant by several days' journey ; the sea off Marseilles is distinctly visible, and that which washes the walls of Aigues Mortes, while the

eye embraces the whole course of the Rhone. Wondering at all I saw, now visited by thoughts of earth, and now endeavoring to lift up my mind to higher things, even as my body had ascended, it occurred to me to look into that book of Augustine's Confessions which you once so kindly gave me, and which I keep about me always, in memory of the author and the donor, — a tiny volume, but one of infinite sweetness. So I opened it at random, for how could I chance on anything which should not be pious and devout? My brother stood by much interested, expecting to hear me read out something of Augustine's; and I call God to witness, who surely was present there, that the first words upon which my eyes lighted were these: 'Men go about admiring mountain summits and the huge waves of the sea, the broad flow of mighty rivers, the expanse of ocean, and the revolution of the stars, and utterly neglect themselves.'"

The reader will readily understand that the aptness of this *sors Augustiniana* was quite sufficient to recall the mind of Petrarch to personal reflections of the most serious character; but we need not follow him through the second stage of his humble and candid if somewhat over-subtle self-examination. The coincidence of the passage in Augustine, as well as the leap of his heart toward Italy from the summit of the mountain, helped to make the day of this ascension ever memorable to the poet; and indeed, before many more months had passed, one, at least, of his mystical presentiments had fulfilled itself, and he was entering the harbor of Civita Vecchia, after a stormy autumnal passage from Marseilles, on his way at last to Rome. He had still, however, a visit to pay before his journey's end was reached, and we must look in the letters which he sent back to the cardinal in Avignon for some of the incidents of his interesting sojourn at Monte Capranica, in the castle of Count Orso dell' Anguillara, who had

married Agnese della Colonna, one of the younger daughters of old Stefano.

"No spot in the Roman territory could be more to my mind than this to which I have come," he says in the first of these letters, "were it not that I am so impatient to get on. It was called the Mons Caprarum in ancient times, — I suppose because it was then all one thick-
et of that wild shrubbery which is more to the taste of goats than of man. But the beauty of the site and the fertility of the soil soon attracted inhabitants, who founded a citadel on the summit of the steep little hill, and crowded it with as many dwellings as the strait space would hold, though still it retained the old sylvan name."

How natural all this is; and how familiar, to every lover of Italian landscape from Virgil's day, the picture of the

"Tot congesta manu prærupitis oppida saxis"! ¹

"The place itself," Petrarch proceeds, "is unknown to fame, but all about it are more illustrious sites. On one side is Soracte, famous as the retreat of Pope Sylvester, but renowned long before his day in the strains of the poets. Yonder lie the Ciminian mere and mountain mentioned by Virgil, while barely two miles away is Sutri, a site beloved of Ceres, and said to be an old Saturnian colony. They show the very field, hard by our walls, where the first grain of wheat was planted by the foreign king, and the first harvest reaped. . . . No wonder," he goes on, "that the giver of so great a gift to man should have been deified after his death."

Petrarch dilates yet farther on the infinite picturesqueness, as we should now call it, of the region, — its wealth of wheat fields and vineyards, its breezy and beautiful pasture lands, the water-courses in every valley, the birds that fill the hillside groves with song. "One thing alone is lacking here, I know not by what fault of man, or mandate of heaven,

¹ Geor. ii. 156.

or fatal influence of the stars, and that one boon is peace. The very shepherds and husbandmen have to go armed."

In a second letter to Cardinal Giovanni from the same place, the poet dwells on the gifts and graces of his good host and hostess, punning rather clumsily on the name of Count Orso, whom he calls "the mildest of the ursine race;" "a lover of peace, who yet does not fear war; resolved in war, even while he longs for peace. . . . And as for his wife, Agnese, your most distinguished sister, she is one of those concerning whom—as Sallust says of Carthage—it is better to be silent than to say too little; for there are some women, and I think your sister is one, who are better praised by a reverent silence than by any speech."

A little later, January 26, 1337, the Bishop of Lombes and his eldest brother, Stefano, arrived at Capranica, having come on purpose to escort Petrarch on the last stage of his journey. They had provided themselves with a guard of a hundred men-at-arms, which they judged a quite sufficient protection against five hundred or more of their enemies, the Orsini, whom they understood to be lying in wait for them. "And so sweet is the life which I lead here with these generous souls," the poet adds, "that I sometimes forget that I am still upon earth, and cease to long immoderately for Rome. However, we are going." And accordingly, the next note, a short one, is written from the Capitol on the Ides of March:—

"You thought I would have wonderful things to write from Rome itself, and I may indeed be laying up vast material for the future; but at present I have no courage to begin, for I am fairly crushed and stupefied by the miracle of what I see. . . . You used, I remember, to try to dissuade me from coming hither, on the ground especially that the ruinous aspect of the city, so unworthy of its fame, and of the ideas which I had conceived from books, would chill my ardor; . . .

but the fact is that Rome must have been greater than I ever imagined, and her ruins are more impressive. I no longer marvel that the whole world was subjugated by this one city: I only wonder that the world resisted her so long."

The names of Stefano della Colonna the younger, who was Roman senator during this year of Petrarch's first visit, and for the moment exceedingly popular, and of his uncle, Giovanni di San Vito, the man of many vicissitudes and vast antiquarian lore, are added to the list of Petrarch's Colonnese correspondents from this time, and naturally appear more frequently, after his return to Provence, than that of Cardinal Giovanni. His voyage, this time, was a roundabout one, for he had touched the shores both of Spain and Britain before he arrived, on the 16th of August, in Avignon; nor did he then take up his abode in the churchman's house, as before, but retired almost immediately to Vacluse, and began his arrangements for a regular habitation there.

Scattered up and down his writings in prose and in verse, we have all the testimony we need to the fact that his manly purpose, in making this retreat, was to withdraw himself from the fascination exercised by the too frequent sight of his beloved mistress, and to gather strength, in hours of silent recollection, for definitively breaking the bond which had perhaps been first loosened a little by his larger experiences, and the new direction given to his thoughts in Rome. His first installation, beside the sources of the Sorgue, was an extremely primitive one,—in a mere laborer's cottage, which he apparently found standing on the spot. His only servants were the peasant and his wife, to both of whom, however, he soon became warmly attached, and whose portraits he hits off in more than one letter, humorously, but always affectionately. He congratulates his Lælius, at one time, on the tact with which he had

managed, when at Vaucluse, to win the friendship of "this aquatic animal of mine, brought up in the water, and getting his livelihood off the rocks;" but he said of the man, long after, to another friend, that "to call him faithful is to say little: he was fidelity in person, the most humble, helpful soul that ever lived." Of the *contadina* he observes that her face was scorched and tanned as if by the suns of the Libyan desert, and that, "if Helen had looked like her, Troy would be standing still; . . . and yet, her loyalty, her docility, her industry, are above everything. She toils all day in the fields, under a sun so hot that the cicadas themselves can hardly endure it, heedless of the havoc that Cancer and Leo have wrought with her cuticle. This little old woman, coming home late at night, addresses her small person to the work of the house with inexhaustible strength and unflagging good will, like a young maid just risen from refreshing sleep; and never a murmur or complaint, or the faintest sign of ill humor, but the utmost care of her husband and children, my family and my guests, and an incredible disregard of self."

The letters from Vaucluse to Stefano the younger begin in May, 1338, and continue at intervals throughout the summer; and there is one to Giovanni di San Vito, dated "Ad fontem Sorgiæ, June 22," and apparently of this year, in which Petrarch permits himself to admonish the old man that his gout would be better if he would adopt his (Petrarch's) abstemious habits; which, considering how very fresh the poet's own conversion was, must be regarded as slightly forward and pharisaical. For himself, he adhered bravely to his self-denying resolutions, made his cottage at Vaucluse a little more commodious, and had the greater part of his books removed thither. In Holy Week of the next year, while Simone Memmi of Siena was beginning to decorate the new papal palace at Avignon, and incidentally

painting Madonna Laura's portrait, Petrarch, as we know from his *Apologia*, was still in the wilderness, revolving the project of a poem to be called *Africa*. Exactly two years later, on Easter Day, 1341, he received the laurel wreath at Rome.

It was his courteous host at Capranica, Count Orso dell' Anguillara, who actually bestowed the crown which had been awarded by Robert of Naples, while Stefano Colonna the younger pronounced the poet's eulogy. There was only one drawback to the intoxicating pride and pleasure of that day, — the Bishop of Lombez was not there. After a seven years' absence from France, he had hurried back, in the last days of 1340, to his see in Gascony, stopping just long enough in Avignon to embrace the cardinal, but not long enough to summon Petrarch, who was buried at Vaucluse. It was the last meeting of the brothers; and had Petrarch known that the end was so near, the letter of farewell which he sent to Bishop Giacomo, before setting out on his eventful second journey to Rome, would have been fuller even than it reads to-day of unavailing regret and the vague presentiment of sorrow. From Rome, as we know, Petrarch went to Parma, was with his new friends, the brothers Correggi, when they made their triumphant entry into that city, and remained for some time as their guest in a pleasant villa which they had placed at his disposal. And there a strange but by no means unprecedented thing happened to him, which we must let him describe in his own vivid words. In a letter to a friend at Bologna on the subject of dreams and visions, after a most affecting tribute to the beauty of Bishop Giacomo's character and the saintlike piety of his latest days, he says: —

"He had returned to his see in remote Gascony . . . while I was here in cisalpine Gaul, in the selfsame little garden where I now write, feeling very

tranquil. I had indeed heard a rumor that he was not quite well, and was on the watch for more definite news, but not seriously anxious. I cannot think of it without a shudder, for I am looking on the very spot where he appeared to me in the stillness of the night. He was crossing the stream which flows through the garden, and quite alone. In amazement I rushed to meet him, pouring out a flood of questions: whence had he come? where was he going? why had he come so suddenly? why was he alone? He paid no heed to my other inquiries, but said, with a smile and his old charm of manner, 'Do you remember how you disliked the climate of the Pyrenees, when you were living with me, long ago, beyond the Garonne? I too am thoroughly weary of it, and have left it forever. I am on my way to Rome.' He had moved on rapidly while he spoke, and was now come to the confines of the garden, and I was entreating him to take me with him, when, after having gently waved me backward once and again, he said, with a sudden change of look and tone, 'Let be! I do not now desire your company!' Then I looked hard at him, and by his bloodless pallor I knew that he was dead; and in my anguish I gave such a cry that I awoke with the sound of my own last accents yet ringing in my ears. I made a note of the time, and told the tale to the friends who were with me, and wrote it to some who were absent; and on the twenty-fifth day thereafter came a messenger with tidings that the bishop was no more. Then I compared notes, and knew that he had departed this life the very day on which he came to me. But what I did not then know, nor even guess, was that, three years later, his remains would be taken back to Rome."

Petrarch wrote a long and loving but formal memorial of the deceased, which he addressed, in the form of a letter, to Cardinal Giovanni, early in the new year, 1342. If the Bishop of

Lombes had lived, that eminently sweet, liberal, and reasonable soul, would Petrarch's brief but bitter estrangement from the Colonna, which came so soon to pass, ever have happened? It is an idle speculation. One can readily understand that a man with so intense a sentiment of nationality as Petrarch's, and so towering a pride in his visionary inheritance of the "great Roman name," must have been inexpressibly shocked by much that he saw, even during those first brilliant Roman visits, when he was the honored and pampered guest of the most powerful of all the predominant families. For the Roman populace the times were about as evil as they could be. The very men who had adopted the poet so heartily, and afforded him so chivalrous a protection, exercised over their unhappy vassals, especially inside the city, the most callous and ruthless tyranny. Petrarch heard the wail of the people's torment in the to him sacred streets, and his spirit rose up in angry revolt against his own benefactors. For the oppressed were his kindred, and the true heirs of the kingdom; while what were these others, after all, but *parvenus* from the savage north,—one more barbarian horde, like those who had trampled in the dust the supreme *incivilito* of old? Thus an ideal patriotism contended against natural affection and the sentiment of private loyalty.

The year 1342 was Petrarch's thirtieth, and a very memorable one in his history. Circumstances compelled him, rather against his will, to return from Parma to Avignon during the winter months; and there, in April, Benedict XII. died, and was succeeded, after ten days or so, by Clement VI.; the poet's brother Gerardo lost his beloved young wife, and began his novitiate as a Carthusian monk; his former confessor, Father Dionysius, died at Naples; and he wrote, in the sylvan solitude of Vaucluse, the three dialogues of the Secret,

which we already know. Most important of all to the Italian patriot, Cola di Rienzo came to Avignon, as ambassador from the Roman people to entreat the new Pope to return from "Babylon," restore peace to his distracted and outraged city, punish the excesses of the feudal lords, and assume his true place among his own flock once more.

The fact that Clement, at least in the beginning of his pontificate, was extremely jealous of the power of the great Roman nobles prepared a cordial reception for the future tribune at the papal court, and rendered easy that frequent intercourse with the laureate which disclosed the identity of their political dreams, and resulted in a passionate alliance between these two seemingly incompatible beings.

Cola's vast project of himself grasping the civil headship of an emancipated and united Italy, in connection with the spiritual headship of the Pope, took five more years completely to ripen. Meanwhile Petrarch went again to Rome, and was again the guest of Giovanni di San Vito. The old senator's bread, one would think, must sometimes have been bitter in the mouth of the man who was even then brooding over that burning twenty-ninth canzone, "*Italia mia, benchè il parlar sia indarno*;" but never had he been more cordially received or treated with greater consideration by every branch and member of the Colonna family, and the acknowledgments of their assiduous kindness which abound in the letters of this period to Cardinal Giovanni seem to receive poignancy from an obscure touch of compunction on the poet's part, and a presentiment, shapeless as yet, of all that was to follow.

"Do you think I can forget such things?" he says in the first of these. "It would be a long story indeed were I to tell of all the like favors I have received, and this is not the time nor place. I hear your noble father's voice calling me at this moment; he has come

of his own accord to escort me beyond the city walls; for to-day I am to be entertained at his castle of Palestrina.¹ My host there will be his brilliant grandchild, your brother's [Stefano's] son."

He speaks of old Stefano again in the next letter:—

"It was late at night when I arrived in Rome, but I felt as if I must see your glorious father before I slept. Good God! what a majestic human being! What a voice, what a brow, what a face and mien! What vigor of mind and strength of body at his advanced age! . . . He looks exactly as he did when I said good-by to him in Rome, seven years ago; exactly as he did when I first saw him, more than twelve years since, in Avignon-on-the-Rhone. 'Tis nothing short of a miracle. Rome grows old, but this one man is always young!"

The remaining letters of this year to the cardinal are full of Petrarch's journey to Naples, and of the perplexing politics of that turbulent kingdom. Those which he sent back to the other Giovanni, his Roman host,—one written on his homeward journey, and one after he had reached Avignon,—seem already a little cold and formal.

That Cola di Rienzo, during the single summer of his more than fabulous first triumph (1347), should have appeared to an Italian enthusiast like Petrarch an avenging angel divinely commissioned to restore the glories of the Roman name, to put down the mighty from their seat, and to exalt them of low degree is not wonderful. It is harder to accept the absolutely unquestionable fact that the heart of the sensitive poet should have been so hardened and his brain so turned by the frenzy of that strange time as to permit of his writing to Cola in terms of keen reproach because the tribune had not grasped the occasion of a banquet, to which he had

¹ The fortress leveled by Urban VIII. had been replaced by the one whose ruins still surmount the peak of Palestrina.

invited them, to rid himself once for all of the most eminent of the Roman barons, — the chief Colonnese, and the venerable Stefano himself among them!

Cola did, in fact, seize and imprison his guests for one night, with an unpleasant offer of priests to shrive them; but the next day, in a sudden freak of clemency, he let them all go. It was the signal, as we know, for a desperate league among the nobles for their own defense and his destruction; but when the fierce conflict that ensued had culminated in the battle of November 20, 1347, and Petrarch, who was again on his way from France, to see with his own eyes the salvation of Rome, heard at Parma how many of the Colonna had fallen on that day, he was brought to a terrible pause.

One of the victims was certainly the younger Stefano, who had spoken Petrarch's eulogy when he had received the laurel; another was his son Giovanni, the same brilliant youth who had entertained the poet at Palestrina four years before. What wonder that Petrarch could with difficulty bring himself to write a word to the Colonna survivors, and that, while he addressed Cola himself in terms of unmeasured reproach, the letter which he finally sent to the cardinal at Avignon should have been embarrassed, conventional, and almost cold? Doubtless it seemed as painfully so to himself as it does to the reader of to-day; but let us remember, on the poet's behalf, that the situation was paralyzing and all but impossible. Old friendship was dear, but so had been that bright dream of the rehabilitation of Rome; and the sense of old benefits must have lain with crushing weight upon the heart of the doubly depressed writer.

Cardinal Giovanni, at all events, understood and forgave him. If there was one of the admiring epithets which Petrarch had been wont to lavish on the Colonnese which the sons of that proud

and despotic house deserved better than another, it was *magnanimous*. The word leaps to the lips when one seeks to characterize them collectively. Moreover, the shadow of his own death was upon the cardinal. The air was already infect with the plague, and before another half year had passed both he and Laura de Sade were to be numbered among its victims. Petrarch escaped the contagion; so did the indomitable head of the house of Colonna, who must have looked from the bleak solitude of his accumulated years with something like the sick envy of the fabled Tithonus upon "the sons of men who die." This was the thought which haunted Petrarch all through the letter which he sent to the venerable survivor of so many of his line, in the first days of September, 1348. By that time, to the credit of human nature be it said, the laureate had found his own sensibility once more, and something like the natural accents of love and pity.

"Ah, what hast thou done to deserve the torment of so long a life? . . . Naked thou camest hither, and naked thou goest away. Yet take heart to disdain that fortune whom they call the mistress of human events. She has harmed thee to the very utmost of her power. What plot, what threat of hers, can any longer avail? Her quiver is exhausted; she is disarmed; she has not another shaft to speed, nor thou a spot where she might wound thee still."

The year and circumstances of the old hero's death are unknown, but it could not, in the nature of things, have been very long delayed; and Petrarch had at least been able to persuade himself, before he penned his apology to posterity, that the veteran clung to him at the last (as indeed he may well have done) as representing in some sort his own lost progeny. Meanwhile Petrarch had associated in one plaintive lament the names of his adored mistress and of Cardinal Giovanni Colonna:¹ —

¹ Sonnet cccix. : "Rotta è l'alta Colonna."

Prone lie the Column tall, the Laurel fair,
In shade whereof my weary thought found
rest:

They whom I miss may never homeward
fare,

From north or south, by seas of east or west.

Death, thou hast robbed me of my twofold
best,

The joy of life, the pride that trod on air.

Earth's empire would but mock me dispos-
sessed;

Her gold, her orient gems, no ransom were!

And I, foredoomed in all to acquiesce,

May live, indeed, but evermore forlorn,

Nor lift my head, nor clear my eyes of tears.

Of life, so sweet in prospect, who could guess

The fated havoc of a single morn

Among the hoarded hopes of many years!

Harriet Waters Preston.

Louise Dodge.

BEN.

I.

It is probable that no horse in Virginia ever had a happier youth than Ben. To be sure, during his earliest colthood the times were more or less troubled. There were certain soldier folk abroad, blue-coated and gray-coated too, riding round the country, every week or so, with an eye to able-bodied horseflesh; and often with means of paying for the same, even when so inclined, quite disproportioned to their urgent demand. Ben's mother was a mare that any one might have prized. Though her owner had given much, and given it freely, to help prop up a certain falling cause which he believed in, he felt that he could not quite part with her, to friends any more than foes. There were some queer hidings and dodges resorted to in those days, both by man and beast. Little Ben, long-legged and bright-eyed, coltishly tricky and kickish, did not guess how near he sometimes came to being left virtually an orphan before he was six months old. To him various odd experiences thus brought about were only a part of life's general novelty and amusement. Afterwards, in more peaceful yet perhaps still sadder days, whatever his masters and mistresses may have had to vex their souls, they contrived somehow, for a good long while, to make things smooth for Ben. He was a hand-

some fellow, as handsome as good, — showing in graceful legs and small spirited head the gentle blood which had come to him from both sides. They could be proud of him no less than fond, and with these people pride went a long way towards love. The fact that he and Stonewall, his companion carriage horse, represented the sole luxury left to them from past comparative splendor certainly did not lessen the dearness of this pair in any respect. I have not space to tell how the long-deferred fall came about; but come it did, at last. Stonewall had been dead for years; the once elegant carriage was a sad old rattletrap, past mending any more; the stable was almost a ruin; and Ben himself turned eighteen years, besides pretty well worn by various kinds of hard work, when he was put up at the great Evesby sale and sold for forty dollars.

It was late in the evening after this sale, and almost all the neighborhood people who had attended it had gone away, when old Gilbert Jeffries, Ben's new owner, came leading him around to the back porch of Evesby house, in response to a message that day received, and stood bareheaded, with the bridle over one arm, to say good-by to the last remaining one of that family who for more than a hundred years had dwelt under the roof-tree which was now to shelter a stranger.

She was a tall young woman, as slender and straight as a dart. She shivered a little, as she stood there on the high, gaunt, unclosed platform, — not merely because the evening wind was chill and her black wrap pitifully thin. She had on bonnet and gloves, and held a little satchel in one hand; and the old friend who was going to take her home with him in his dog-cart, for that one night at least, stood in the doorway just behind, ready and waiting. He was not the only friend whom she could claim. His house was not the only one where warmth and kindness ("charity" she called it in her rebellious heart) were offered at this time of need. But it seemed to her, nevertheless, that the end of the world had now come. A wave of bitterness seemed to rise within her heart against the fate which she chose to think dictated this parting, against the new master whom to-morrow would bring; no whit less bitter for the knowledge that she might have remained, had she so chosen, to share life with this same interloper; no whit less bitter for the secret hateful consciousness that once, if no more, her heart had prompted — Stay! What! was she to be sold and bought with house and land? Pride to the rescue! No! Let alone another reason which had thrust itself perversely between these two, was she one to be thus humiliated? Let him come and find her gone; come and be happy, if he could, in the home from which ill fortune had driven her to make room for his ease and prosperity! Her face was white. Her eyes looked big and hollow; there were dark circles under them. Her lips were bluish and queerly pinched. There had really been no need for her presence here to-day; but she would not go, she said (for all the world, remarked some one who thought it rather absurd, as if she were speaking of a funeral), "until all was over." It was very absurd, no doubt, but it had gone hard with her, sitting up there

listening in one of the dismantled bedrooms; considering how hard, no wonder she shivered.

Old Gibby, as they called him, stood gazing up at her with adoring eyes that tried not to betray also his compassion. He knew better than that, did old Gibby. Ben looked no higher than the frozen ground beneath him, for which she was thankful. Otherwise the interview might have been too much. He too was shivering. She had done her best for him always. He had never gone hungry, whether the young mistress within doors had food such as she could relish or not. But hauling wood and going to mill, fetching and carrying, — such tasks do not agree with a horse of Ben's age, of Ben's descent and breeding. The neck, poked out, hanging down so dejectedly, looked shrunken and long. His ribs and hip bones more than suggested themselves. His once fine black coat, his mane and tail, were both worn and rusty. He was slightly lame in one foot. Whatever spirit of his own he might still have, surely no spark was visible then. And it seemed to her that the sight of him thus, together with the memory of all that had been, was more than she could bear.

"Did they give you my message, Mr. Jeffries?" she asked presently.

There was something in her low, strained voice, as it quivered against the silence at last, after two or three vain essays, which somehow seemed to take away old Gibby's own. He nodded; he could not speak for the choke in his throat.

"I told them I wanted you to have him, if you would, and at your own price," she went on anxiously. "You know why I wished it, and how glad I am; but are you sure you have n't given too much for him?"

The old man looked Ben over slowly from head to tail, laying a toil-worn hand on his shoulder. "I reckon he's wuth all I give fur him, miss, to me, anyway."

"He was n't the one you first thought of buying, though, was he?" queried she, still half suspicious and unsatisfied.

"He wuz the one I wanted, miss, all along," was the reply, "an' no mistake 'bout that. Don't you be oneasy. 'T wuz the ole woman that took a notion to that air sorrel colt. If she 'd ha' been here ter-day 'stead o' bein' laid up with the jaw-ache, she 'd ha' had her way, I reckon, like she most in gin'ral does. Hows'ever, don't you be oneasy fur's Ben 's consarned, nor me nuther. He 'll be well took keer of whilst I 'm a-livin'. Of all the hawses that ever I knowed, the one I look up to most an' ha' got the most respect fur is Ben."

"I think there 's good service in him yet, Mr. Jeffries. You won't repent your bargain after he 's a little rested. He has had a right hard time lately. I could n't, could n't help it, though it almost broke my heart. The men say that lameness is from a stone bruise, and only temporary. As for sweet temper and willingness, you know without telling!" —

Her voice faltered and broke. Old Gibby put in hastily: —

"Oh, ez fur sarvice, miss, the right kind o' sarvice, I 'm nowise afeared. A quality hawse like Ben, miss, he 's got to be treated *like* a quality hawse. None o' yo' Cawnestoga breed, he ain't, to stand treatin' Cawnestoga fashion. I know his raisin', miss, an' he 'll git took keer of accordin'."

She drew a step nearer. She tried to speak lower, but her tone, though faint, began to wax hysterically shrill. Her hand unconsciously stole to her side.

"I need not ask you to be kind to him," she said. "I need not ask you, for their sake, when you think of them lying out yonder in the graves you helped to fill, all of them, — *all* who were fond of him and me. Papa was so fond of him! Those two, Ben and Stonewall, as far back as I can remember, seemed to make him almost forget sometimes the trouble and poverty. You 'll remember

it, won't you, and what friends we have always been, you and all of us? Oh, I 'm sure — I 'm sure" —

"Sylvia!" said a voice behind her, warningly. An uneasy step, a fidgety touch on her shoulder, hinted impatience and apprehension. "Sylvia, I am ready, my dear. Make haste."

Old Gibby did not look up this time, but Ben — alas! Ben did. Dumbly, wonderingly, with dim and pathetic eyes, he lifted his head and looked. And then a queer thing happened.

Few people then living had ever seen Sylvia Evesby give way to strong emotion; certainly not old Gibby. It seemed to him, too, that the universe was breaking up when she came rushing so tempestuously down the steps. Her face had "gone all to pieces," he said to himself afterwards, thinking it over. The breath seemed to go clean out of her in that dreadful, long, hard sob. He saw her fling one arm around Ben's bony old neck and lean her face against it; and then no more, for he turned his back, walking a few steps away. He might better have made the distance greater. He heard. He was very, very sorry. And he will never forget it as long as he lives.

II.

"You think I 'm a-goin' to let you keep that ole critter, Gib Jeffries?"

Old Gilbert was sitting on Ben's back, in front of his own little house by the roadside, about a mile from the Evesby mansion, and near the back gate of that estate. It was twilight, and just at the edge of a pine wood besides; but he saw, nevertheless, too plainly the threatening, angry face and gestures of that formidable female, his wife.

Mrs. Jeffries was several years younger than her husband, and was also considered by most folk of her acquaintance correspondingly "smarter" and "pearter." Stout in person, vixenish in counte-

nance, shrill-voiced, and strong-willed to boot, — as old Gibby knew by long experience, — no wonder she generally struck terror to his soul when speaking in her present tone, looking as she did now over the little whitewashed gate, which seemed to take on a like expression of jagged, spiky danger. And yet this evening, somehow, with the recollection of a certain late scene fresh in his mind, though rather apprehensive and uncomfortable, he did not feel afraid.

"I think I 'm a-goin' to keep him, Ma'y Jane," said he, "whether you 'low to let me or not."

"You — you" — cried Mary Jane. "Say that to me ag'in!"

She flourished a stubby fat hand so suddenly above the gate towards him that old Gibby involuntarily dodged, and even Ben was roused out of his drooping apathy. He turned his head and glanced at the woman out of the corners of his eyes.

"Lord he'p us!" she exclaimed, drawing back. "He's got the very look of 'em."

Now, when old Gibby and his wife were living, many years previous to this, as tenants on the Evesby estate, Mrs. Jeffries had been sorely conscious that her husband was much more of a favorite with the owners thereof than her own aspiring self. The fact will need no explanation to the readers of this tale, but Mrs. Jeffries had, notwithstanding, neither forgotten nor forgiven it. Of all the fallen family against whom she nursed this grudge, she hated most the former head, Sylvia Evesby's father. He was a shy, silent man, given to strong likes and dislikes. Old Gibby's genuine, humble simplicity, his honesty and kindness, had won a friendly, lifelong favor here which his helpmate's bustling, eager advances failed utterly to gain. Not even Mr. Evesby's most studied, old-time courtousness towards inferiors could hide from those sharp, beady eyes the truth, that he detested their owner. And now

that look of Ben's, slow, sidelong, half critical, half afraid, wholly antagonistic, was just such another as Mrs. Jeffries had more than once surprised, turned in her direction by Ben's dead-and-gone master.

Old Gibby stared from one to the other in amaze.

"The ole bag o' bones is a-lookin' at me like I wuz dirt under his feet, — the very expression of them Evesbys!" gasped Mrs. Jeffries. "The owdaciousness of the critter! He's jest like the rest o' things that used to be there. The very roosters in that back yard, they'd a stuck-up, sassy look, like they thought theyselves cocks o' the walk all over creation. The very puppy dogs had it, an' the calves kickin' up the'r heels scornful-like if a po' person went along the road. Oh, I'd my fill of 'em all, with all the'r politeness an' soft talk, — them Evesbys, — a-handin' you out cake an' things whenever you'd go there, an' offerin' to lend you good books. Drat the'r ole books! I never wasted time over one of 'em, if I did eat the'r cake. Well, with all the'r soft sawder, they'd make you feel ev'ry time like they wuz better 'n you. Ev'rybody else, after the war, — folks good as them, too, — wuz glad enough to have a spring wagin to ride in; but jest 'cause they had that fine fix, better 'n the'r neighbors, they had to keep two hawses to haul 'em around, an' go ridin' week-days just fur pleasure, with that very ole rascal an' that other one, Stonewall, a-steppin' like the ground wuz n't good enough fur the'r feet."

"Well, the hawses an' the kerridge wuz the'r'n, I reckon," said old Gibby, still unconquered, though quaking not a little. "They'd neither stole nor borried 'em, fur's I know; an' Lord knows thar wuz precious few things else mo' 'an barely needful that they did n't make shift without."

"Oh, so's they made much o' you, soft-sawderin' you a little, 't would n't ha' made much difference, I s'pose, in yo' lovin' favor, if they'd trampled me

under the'r feet," replied his amiable spouse, with a few injured sniffs. "An' I s'pose with you it's anythin' on fo' legs or three that's ever had the honor an' glory of haulin' them Evesbys 'round. You think yo'self some, now, don't you, a-settin' on that ole broken-winded screw, twenty-five years ole if he's a day! 'Got him partly to ease her mind,' indeedy! an' goin' to take keer of him the rest o' his days! Lord he'p my patience! The sorrel colt wuz a barg'in, an' not sp'ilt by any o' the'r high-day raisin'. I 'd nothin' ag'in'st that, if nobody 'd run the price up; but to think o' yo' payin' out good cash fur" —

"'T wuz my own money, Ma'y Jane," said the old man deprecatingly. "'T wuz none o' yo' earnin' nor savin', fur all you don't 'pear to rimmer. I reckon you better not say any mo'."

But Mrs. Jeffries was not one to be easily silenced. And as her husband rode Ben slowly (as old Gibby did everything) around to the back of the house, she followed within speaking distance, still plying her tongue.

"You got the impudence, you ole simple, you, to say that to me," cried she, "when you know whose slavin' an' savin' you kin thank fur havin' a single dollar ahead, an' not bein' mebbe in the po'house this blessed day! Who's been the one to keep this fam'ly from goin' to nowheres an' nothin'? Ain't this a piece with all yo' doin's, first an' last? I might ha' knowed, when I let you set off by yo'self this mornin', I might ha' knowed you 'd be playin' the dratted fool somehow. If I had n't been laid up groanin' with my face ag'in'st a flatiron," — and here Mrs. Jeffries, who seemed to have recovered wonderfully from her indisposition, or else, in excitement, half forgotten it, gave a vicious tug to a handkerchief tied under her chin, and gritted the offending teeth vengefully together, — "if I had n't been in sich a dratted fix, you 'd never ha' got the chance fur this. Easin' her mind, indeedy! I 'd ease the'r minds

right fashion. 'T would ha' pleased mine this day to see the fall o' the'r pride. Pride goes befo' a fall, thank goodness, an' it's bound to come somehow. I 'd ha' liked to see the very people they thought theyselves above tramplin' over that house this day upstairs an' down, an' pullin'-haulin' things around. They 'd a fine chance to see darns an' makeshifts, anyhow. There wuz n't a cha' cover in the house, or a yard o' kyarpetin' nuther, that wuz n't turned an' darned all over. Grand quality livin' it wuz! If anybody wuz fool enough to bid much fur that ole-timy trash, why, it's mo' 'an I 'd do. 'T ain't much fur show, that's cert'in, mahog'ny or no mahog'ny. I wonder you did n't come haulin' home one o' them ole brass-handle chist o' drawers, or that there ole dinin'-room table, to ease her mind! 'T would ha' been another smart trick fur you. Folks sez that man that's bought the place would ha' took the ole furnicher, too, if she had n't fell out with him, an' had the sale fur spite. They sez she did n't even want him to have sich pieces ez he p'intedly picked out befo'hand. Serve him right! I lay he's a fool, if he keeps on, after this, settin' up to her any mo'. That's the ongrateful, stuck-up hussy you go ag'in'st me to serve! But fair warnin' I give you now, Gilbert Jeffries: if you think I'm goin' to have that there hawse a-puttin' on airs to me, an' have you settin' him up here fur a pompered, do-nothin' pet, you're mighty much mistaken, an' that's all."

III.

From the foregoing conversation, and especially its conclusive outburst, we may gather that Ben's new path in life, even softened by his new master's best intentions and efforts, was not likely to prove an easy one. Mrs. Jeffries, who in some respects was not a bad-hearted woman, and who at any rate rarely let ill temper get the better of self-interest, would pro-

bably have seen that the good sound stuff still in Ben was well worth a little building up, and would have made no objection to the rest, the gentle treatment, the high feeding needful to this end, had not that old unlucky grudge with which she identified him come as it did between her and prudent judgment. The Jeffries owned another horse, much younger and heavier built, and a good yoke of oxen, so there was no urgent need for Ben's services just then; but Mrs. Jeffries had resolved that he should be neither "pompered" nor idle. Though old Gibby, indeed, tried hard to follow his instinct and keep to his promise, the forty-year-long habit of cowed, yielding obedience into which he had sunk was not to be broken in a day, even by his strongest opposing impulses. His wife's shrill daily arguments, her reasons why Ben should be made use of thus and so, and for this or that urgent business, nearly always carried her point against any protest he might venture to offer. One thing he made sure, — Ben had enough to eat. And yet, other circumstances considered, it was not strange that, instead of improving, the poor horse grew leaner and less alive every day.

It is likely that Mrs. Jeffries, for all her jeers at old Gibby on that score, found a pleasure not to be despised in owning a horse which had belonged to "them Evesbys" in their comparatively prosperous days, even though she could not refrain from wreaking on him all the while a sort of nagging vengeance. Soon after this purchase, she set out on a round of visits among her kinsfolk and acquaintance, mounted on Ben, and carrying a long, stout hickory switch, with which the poor old fellow's hide soon became too familiar. That Sylvia Evesby had left the neighborhood by this time was well for her faith in old Gibby, if not for Ben; for if she had chanced to meet this pair in the road, on some raw spring day of that year, had seen Ben's struggles through the half-frozen

mire, ankle-deep under the weight of Mrs. Jeffries' good two hundred pounds, and heard the whack which accompanied almost every other step, I believe there would have been, before another day-dawn, an end put to Ben's humiliations. Her whole fortune in ready money then did not amount to what had been lately paid for him, yet some way or somehow she would have managed it. However, she did not know, and neither did she guess.

Now, it cannot be denied that Mrs. Jeffries found a stick very necessary in all her dealings with Ben, for a more stubborn beast than he became at the very sight of her, the first sound of her voice, would be hard to find. His dislike to the woman was instinctive; as deeply rooted, as human, as if the spirit of old Mr. Evesby himself were still upon earth and sharing this his favorite equine semblance. Alas for the sweet, docile temper which responded always so kindly to some other touches and tones! To what sullen perversity, what dumb, obstinate "tantrums," was it changed under the influence of this obnoxious presence! No wonder that even old Gibby half repented his bargain sometimes, though in his secret heart he sided loyally with Ben.

One of Ben's peculiarities, and one highly inconvenient to Mrs. Jeffries, was his positive refusal to pass Evesby house or the front gate of the premises without being forcibly led. As the shortest way to the nearest village, post office, and store lay either through this farm, or along a lane skirting its boundary fence, out into the highroad on which opened the aforesaid gate, we can understand the ire with which, after many an unavailing blow, she scrambled down in the mud from her saddle or buggy seat and dragged him along by main strength. "You want to git back to them Evesbys, do you? — you ole buzzard!" she would say between her set teeth. "I'll teach you who you b'long

to now. There! an' there! an' there! Now come up here 'fore I cut the blood out o' you, an' lemme see you try it ag'in."

Nevertheless, for all the stripes laid on his poor old ribs, Ben tried it again so invariably that, to save trouble and time, a roundabout way through the woods had to be resorted to, instead of the two usual and better ones, which compromise by no means added to the little good will already borne him by his mistress. If she had known how, about this time, the new master of Evesby—whose rare and brief visits to the neighborhood from a certain great city not a hundred miles away, and whose erratic comings and goings while there, excited so much interest—had made old Gibby an offer for Ben, if she had known the price that old Gibby refused for him, I fear it might have fared harder still with horse and man. One thing is certain,—both of the men would have been set down in her mind as still bigger fools than she had before thought.

Old Gibby had a way of talking to the horse when they were alone together, creeping along the woods road, or in the stable or the little paddock behind; and Ben had a way of listening as if he understood. If the finer sympathy of dumb beasts exist only in our fancy, such confidence is at least safe. They are dumb; they will not betray. And it seemed good to the old man to speak out at last, after long years, to somebody. A few extracts from one of these outpourings will suffice for a fair sample of all.

It was on a soft April evening at the close of an uncommonly long and trying day, and Ben stood in his stall forlornly, biting his corn from the cob without apparent appetite, while old Gibby, who had just finished rubbing him down, sat on the end of the manger smoking his favorite clay pipe. The last glimmers of red sunset light through the doorway

were fading into twilight. The outer air stole in with it, warm and sweet. It had been a fine day for this pair's appointed task, namely, ploughing the garden and potato patch; but in getting through it under Mrs. Jeffries' supervision, even with old Gibby there to coax and soothe, the various eccentric movements prompted by Ben's quivering nerves had wrought sad havoc with grass walk and currant bushes, as also the mistress's broomstick with his sides. Outworn, defeated, and downcast he stood; only by a glance now and then keeping up his share in the conversation. And still the other did not by any means feel as if further eloquence were needed.

"You know I tole you befo', Benny, my boy," said old Gibby, with a puff and a sigh, "I tole you 't wuz n't any use. Don't you rec'lect now what I said t'other day? Bless yo' heart, Ben, ain't I been through it an' found out long-amerry-go? If I'd 'a' knowed she'd take sich a kink, I'd 'a' thought twice befo' givin' that promise,—fur yo' sake well ez mine. But now it's give, Benny, an' long ez I'm a-doin' my best fur you, don't you think 't would be better to do ez I does, an' take her calm an' easy? She sha'n't never give you a lick that I don't make up fur somehow; but don't rile her up, Ben,—jest don't rile her up. I can't say I blames you, Ben, fur not bein' fond o' her, but—but you see I've larnt by long exper'unce, Ben, how 't ain't best to show out so plain. She ain't sich a bad-heart, Benny, fur all she takes notions; an' if she wuz n't so set ag'inst the raristockery"—

The old man broke off his muttering, and smoked awhile in silence. Ben stirred restlessly, inquiringly.

"Don't you be oneasy, my dear," said old Gibby, "a-thinkin' I'm takin' her side ag'inst 'em. The raristockery, they never did nothin' to me. I ain't 'feared nor 'shamed, Ben, to put in a good word fur 'em whenever I'm called

on. I ain't goin' to deny, Ben, that yo' mother bein' a lady, — ez she wuz, an' no mistake, from top to toes, — an' yo' father bein' the high gentleman stallion that I knowed him to be, does make me look up to you mo', not to mention yo' fam'ly raisin'. Lord! he *wuz* a hawse, yo' daddy, Ben. If you could only ha' seed him, — that mane an' tail o' his'n, an' his head tip-tiltin' 'way up yonder, an' his feet fairly treadin' down pride itsef! Now you know what sort yo' mother wuz 'thout any tellin'. You rec'lect the time when you wuz 'bout seven months ole, how me an' ole Unc' Sam hustled you both out, one mornin', back way, through the gyarden, an' into that big gully down the hillside, under them plum bushes? The soldiers come mighty near gittin' you then, or gittin' her, anyway, if she had n't gone so quiet, a-steppin' it so ladified an' human-like. To be sho', I don't wonder you're proud, Ben, an' find the yother sort hard to stand. If it's hard on me sometimes, ez I 'low to you it is, — me that ain't got no blood nor nothin', — I kin sense yo' feelin's, Ben. But jest try takin' it easy, now, an' see if she don't come round. I reckon she do find us a leetle tryin' sometimes. Thar's somethin' to be spoke on her side. You see, she's powerful smart an' managin', Ben, an' the sort to git along an' git up. She's got a notion o' style now, too, — a powerful notion o' style. 'Pears to me she's a-gittin' stylisher an' stylisher 'most ev'ry day now; an' you see, you an' me, Ben, we ain't much on style, the way she looks at it. Yo' day fur that's overpast, an' mine ain't never begun. You're quality, Ben, all the same, but thar's quality that ain't stylish, jest like thar's style that ain't quality. I don't mind the quality style when folks do put it on; leastways I did n't use to mind it much ez the yother kind. 'T wuz n't so on-easy-like. It seemed to hang mo' nachal. I did n't use to mind Miss Sylvy an' them when they come along fixed up

fur comp'ny much ez I do them Sunday clo'es o' her'n when she gits 'em on. Cracky! ain't they stylish! An' the new furnicher! Lord jiminee! to think egg an' chicken money bought it! I did n't use to feel so shy o' that sofy in the dinin'-room at Evesby. 'T wuz mighty soft, I rec'lect, fur all jest a slip caliker kiver; an' I rec'lect sittin' on it sometimes, when I'd go in, easy-like ez you please. But to think o' me settin' on that thar sofy o' her'n! 'T ain't soft, but ain't it stylish! Lord! Lord! Lord!"

He paused again, softly rubbing and patting the horse's shoulder, while Ben, looking round, rubbed his nose comprehendingly against his master's elbow.

"I ain't got no sugar fur you this time," muttered old Gibby, rambling on, "so you need n't be lookin' fur it. 'T wuz n't 'cause I furgot you, but I did n't git ary chance to the safe to-day when she wuz n't in thar. I'm a-thinkin' I'll git a pound or two nex' time I go to the sto', an' keep it in here somewhere's. Rimmember how Miss Sylvy used to fetch you her candy, when she wuz 'bout knee-high to a lame duck? I'll be bound you do!" (And Ben really looked as if he did.) "An' I reckon that's the reason you're so fond of it now. I wonder what *she*'d say to my givin' it to you! — Ma'y Jane, I mean. Jiminee! what would n't she say? When folks takes to savin' up fur stylishness, Lord! how tight the'r fists does git! It'll be a pianner next, I reckon, or mebbe somethin' wuss'n that. Wonder what she'd say, Benny, if she knowed what I would n't take t'other day fur you! Well, mebbe you'd ha' liked the chance much ez she'd ha' liked the chink. I dunno, Ben, I dunno. But I'm sho' 'bout one thing: if Miss Sylvy thought enough o' me to pick me out in the fust place, 'stead o' him, I think 'nough o' my promise to stand by you. I'm a-goin' to do it, Ben. If it comes to fussin', I'll fuss. But don't you think you better take things a leetle mo' easy

now? Jest look at me an' keep cool till she comes round. Jest stop lookin' at her so critical-like, an' rilin' her up ag'in' the raristockery" —

It was the voice of Mrs. Jeffries shrilly calling her spouse to supper which interrupted and ended his speech this time. However, Ben had heard it all before, and was destined to hear it again, till I think he must have known every word by heart; so a little more or less now and then did not make much difference.

IV.

Spring passed, and summer came and went, without either Ben or Mrs. Jeffries fulfilling old Gilbert's hope by coming round; but at last something happened, and something that nobody expected.

There was life again at Evesby when the sun-steeped midsummer days brought the new master and his friends to enjoy its breezy largeness, its dreamy quiet and shade. There were handsomer horses in the stables (now repaired and smartened) than Ben had ever been, even in his best days, and girl guests who rode them more dashingly, if with less easeful grace, than ever Sylvia Evesby, — though whether they quite filled the vacancy which she had left behind in house and in heart (one heart, at least) remains to be guessed. Meeting them sometimes in the sleepy, brier-hedged lanes, or the still sleepier pine-wood roads stretching or twisting hereabouts, a gay cavalcade bent laughingly on some exploration of the Virginia wilderness, — meeting them thus, Ben gave no sign. Little he cared, apparently, for all this outside splendor which filled Mrs. Jeffries' heart with envy and awe. She hated, but admired. Ben did neither. He did not even notice. But then, Ben, in sooth, seemed to have got beyond taking much notice of anything or anybody. The iron had entered his soul.

It was well into autumn when the

grand yearly event of the Jeffries household came to pass. Old Gibby's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Bob Jeffries, a bustling young woman from a bustling young Western town, arrived on a visit.

Now, the being whom old Gibby feared most in all this world, next to Mrs. Jeffries herself, was this same daughter-in-law. The son, Bob, of whose money-making turn and general "all-around smartness" his mother had long been proud, was a good-natured fellow, and not hard on the old man. His father had never been afraid of Bob; but this other, ah! she was different. It is doubtful if men who are getting up in the world ever grow quite so ruthlessly hardened toward those who may keep them down as their women folk are apt to be in like case. Old Gibby, in talking it over with Ben, summed up the impression which Violet Magnolia made on his mind in one ominous word, — "stylish." It was not the quality style, he said, but that dreaded other kind; whereat he thought Ben nodded as if he also knew. The only word at old Gibby's command that came anywhere near describing her keen little countenance, her still keener manner, was "peart." The fit of her clothes, their tightness, their smoothness, was to him something fearful and wonderful. The glib tang of her tongue struck stammering terror to his own. And yet this dazzling reproach to his clodhopperish inferiority was Bob's wife, actually, in a way, one of the family! Alas for all such old folk whose juniors have got to a certain point beyond them, and alas for the soul-relieving confidences that at this time were poured into Ben's ear! For who knows how much they had to do with what soon followed!

A certain chill and cloudy evening in October, not long after Mrs. Bob's coming, found that lady and her proud mother-in-law seated in Mrs. Jeffries' buggy, drawn by Ben, on their way to the afore-mentioned post office.

Mrs. Jeffries had told Ben's history to Violet Magnolia with such embellishments as her prejudices suggested, and Violet Magnolia had listened with a sympathy gratifying to her hearer's inmost spirit. No wonder old Gibby gazed after them uneasily as they drove away. Ben's appearance was not improved by his life for some months past, in spite of the old man's petting and feeding. But for an accident which had happened to the other horse Mrs. Jeffries really would have been unwilling to drive him. Many apologies did she make, and scathing were the allusions both to "them Evesbys" and old Gibby's mean-spirited perverseness. As to Mrs. Bob, she was outwardly scornful, inwardly furious; not so much at the turnout, for she knew vaguely the difference between horses and horses, and that, despite Ben's age and condition, he at least showed what he had been; but to have to go creeping through the woods back of Evesby for the sake of avoiding that gate was really too great an indignity. The new velveteen dress, which old Gibby told Ben, as he harnessed him, looked "jest like she'd been melted an' po'ed in," strained tighter than usual over a swelling bosom. The new bonnet, gorgeous with bugles and the stiffest of "wired" red ribbon bows, fairly quivered in wrath at being thus half thrown away.

The two women called at the post office for Mrs. Bob's mail, and then drove to the store, where Mrs. Jeffries alighted and went in to make divers purchases. She was a sharp hand at a bargain, and always took her time. More than an hour did Violet Magnolia sit in the buggy waiting, her temper not improved by the situation. The east wind was blowing. A drizzling rain began to fall. It dripped from the umbrella which she had raised, and trickled in little streams from Ben's sharp back and hip bones, between his ribs, and down the hollows of his poor sunken flanks. The mud was deep underfoot from a rain some days

previous. It was also cold. Ben shivered now and then. When Mrs. Bob jerked his head up viciously every few minutes, there would come a curious quick flash into his dull eyes. This was the only sign of life about him, — that life which now meant mostly suffering and weariness and dumb humiliation. Yet who can doubt that thought and memory were busy within his brain? These long-known ways, these stopping-places, were they not haunted for him, as well as for his human brothers, by echoes from the past? The contrast in Ben's case could not have made his present any less bitter. It would have cut old Gibby to the heart, I think, to see him just then; and not old Gibby alone. Of various townsfolk who came and went, some pitied and some smiled. And Mrs. Bob, beholding, could have torn them — even as she could Ben himself — limb from limb with her own pudgy hands, and enjoyed the operation.

One thing she had resolved on by the time they started back, — to go right by the Evesby front gate.

The rain was still falling, the mud growing deeper, when, some time later, they drew near that spot of contention. It took a good deal of beating with Mrs. Jeffries' hickory stick to get Ben along fast enough. Her arm was as sore the next morning as Ben's back then, and that for more reasons than one. A veil of mist was thickening along the roadside on either hand, and blurring the landscape beyond; but the big iron gate, with its stone pillars, seemed to stand out blacker, sharper, than usual against this whitish, hazy background. However, had it been pitch dark instead, what difference would that have made to Ben in knowing his way at last — home!

"Give me the switch, mother," said Mrs. Bob, in response to the other woman's "There!" — her indicative nod and glance. "Give the rein a good hard jerk, and leave the beatin' to me. If you have to get out in the mud this time, it



sha'n't be my fault, anyhow. Before I'd be ruled by any contrary old horse under the sun, I lay I'd " —

Mrs. Bob never finished that threat.

The jerk and the blow were duly administered, but Ben heeded neither; and his offense this time was something vastly different from stopping, as heretofore, in the middle of the road. He must have felt young then, and very, very strong. He lifted his head high and shook it, and with a fierce, mighty plunge wheeled half around and started for the gate.

The buggy was old and dry-rotten. Mrs. Bob gave a scream, her mother-in-law a shout of rage, as one of the wheels crashed under them. The gate had been left unlatched that day by somebody. It swung gratingly back as Ben rushed against it, and he struggled through, with the skin scraped from one bleeding shoulder, a splinter from the shaft in his side, and the buggy, now on two wheels, lurching behind him, while the women, panic-stricken, screeched and tugged at one rein. The way (ah, how well he knew it!) sloped downward for some distance to a bad washout, lately deepened by autumn freshets, then rose straight and smooth for nearly a mile between two lines of trees to an open space where dimly suggested itself the shape of a house. It was in the gully that Ben shook off the burden which stayed his steps. No bones were broken, and bruises and scratches were none too deep. Velveten and artificial flowers, beads and bows, made but a sorry show crawling out of the mire; but on such a fall of finery, brought about by spite, we will waste none of the pity which belongs to Ben.

His breath was fetching hard, in great sobbing gasps, by this time. The fire in his eyes flashed redly still through a whitish, filmy glaze. The sweat was beginning to break out all over his trembling body. Swift reaction was already on the way, though not yet quite upon

him. That jagged splinter had struck deep, and must have made each step a torture at any other time. If he felt the pain now, it but added haste to his speed. Love's longing, hate's revengeful triumph, life's well-nigh despairing struggle, urged him on to his goal. Little he recked of those cast-off tormentors, or even of old Gibby, for whose sake he had borne with them so long. Above him, as he ran, met the grand old branches which had sheltered his merry, capering youth; beneath which he and Stonewall had so often paced pleasantly together, home-stepping after some ride or drive in the soft sunset light, needing no other incitement than one gentle word or touch. Under his feet was the soil which the feet he loved had trodden; the eyes he loved, looked lovingly on, as well as upon him; the hands which had caressed him, so sadly failed to keep. Before him stretched, near and nearer now, the wide, grassy lawn, its trees standing well apart, in stately fashion, the pillars of the high front porch glimmering between them against the gray massive house-front, — hazy all and dim now through mist and coming twilight. Not one friendly light gleamed out from window or doorway. Shutters and doors were closed. It looked like a house deserted. Not such a welcome, this, as the old days had seen; yet still his feet, though now slowly, staggeringly, pressed on their way to the threshold.

But if the house was indeed empty just then, there happened to be more than one person within sight.

As Ben, after that last struggle round the circle (he showed even then his gentle training by not going across the grass), stopped, faltered, and fell, with his head on the lowest step, a slender woman in a black frock came out of a small, stone-walled inclosure opening upon the lawn, well back and away from the house, and paused one moment, turning as if for a farewell look. An old man just behind her was fastening the

rusty gate. It was the Evesby place of graves, and these two were Sylvia Evesby and old Gibby Jeffries. No need to explain their errand, or tell how her sudden coming had taken his breath away an hour or two earlier. They were there. In a few more seconds they would have been gone, walking swiftly back along the field path by which they had come hither, but for what she saw when she turned. The cry that broke from her lips was echoed by old Gibby. They both started forward at once, but the other had fallen many steps behind when she flung herself on her knees in the wet and drew that poor head up against her. The neck was limp, relaxed, the eyes were half shut and glassy, the breath seemed well-nigh out of him; but she felt somehow that he knew her. She did not hear old Gibby's groan of anger and dismay. She did not see a carriage which a little later was driven rapidly up in Ben's very footsteps, or the tall figure which sprang from it and stooped anxiously at her side. The shame of his finding her there was nothing to her now. She was thinking only of Ben.

V.

Well, they made it up between them in the hour next following, and between them they tried their very best afterwards to make it up to Ben. The last two or three years of his life were different from that one of which I have told,

and to him as well as his mistress it was pleasant to be once more at home. If more fortunate elsewhere than he, neither had she been happy. Ah, yes, it was good to be at home!

"If I had not heard you were away, and not expected soon, do you think I'd have come that time?" she said more than once to her husband, when that reunion was mentioned, speaking with a frowning anxiety which brought a smile to his eyes. "For all it seemed to me sometimes that I could not keep away, do you think I'd have come? Even as it was, would you have found me here except for Ben? I won't pretend I'm not glad it happened so — but" —

She always stopped at this point, where he was wont to break in, sometimes after one fashion, sometimes another. The dash of stubborn pride still in her was no worse for what that last little word hinted at. Yet he took no cruel advantage. He could both tease and jest upon occasion, but knew better than to try it here; where, indeed, though they often thought a good deal, they were not apt to say much. They were both glad that it had happened so; as also was their stanch friend, old Gibby Jeffries, even if somewhat ashamed; and last, but not least, Ben himself. His bones rest peacefully this day by those of Stonewall, under a tree in a certain meadow that they loved, and the young mistress who loved them will never forget the spot.

A. M. Ewell.

RELATIONS OF ACADEMIC AND TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION.

At the time when the brothers Humboldt planned the scheme for the University of Berlin, the problem of the higher education did not seem very complicated. The ancient faculties of divinity, philosophy, law, and medicine

provided sufficiently for the demands of the time. It is true that the elasticity of the department of philosophy had already begun to be strained by the number of subjects which had been packed into it; but it was not necessary to re-

construct the framework of the higher education in order to provide for the subjects which at that time had come to be important. If those able men, who, by their diverse scholarship, were able to survey the field of knowledge in a most competent manner, should again essay their task, there is every reason to believe that they would feel obliged to abandon altogether the mediæval framework of university instruction, and to build a new one. In the century which has passed since they were in their prime, the natural sciences have undergone a marvelous extension, and the arts which rest on them have in great measure been created. In their day, the various technical employments were considered mere crafts, to be transmitted by tradition and apprenticeship; the idea that they were liberal professions, to be cared for like those of the physician or the jurist, was yet to enter the minds of men.

In the old classification of employments with reference to education, we discern a tincture of the aristocratic motive. The priest, the lawyer, and the artist, though their stations in society were not high, had definite rank in the scale of precedence which was devised in the feudal age, while the plain citizens of all grades belonged in the lower estates of the realm, in that unclassified residuum of mankind with which the authorities did not concern themselves. The French Revolution, or rather the political renaissance of the western world which it is the custom to name from the country where its features were most strikingly exhibited, did something to elevate education in the arts. Since this movement we find that technical education, which in earlier times had been practically limited to a few schools where mining was taught, has demanded increasing attention. Still, to this day, the tendency has been to regard this department of instruction as something much below the university grade. The plan has been

to give the needed instruction in special technical schools, arranging it to meet the immediate wants of the pupils. There has been little effort made to group this new work with that heretofore done in the centres of the higher education, — no sense of the advantages to be derived from associating the new arts with the old learning. When the technological institutes were geographically connected with the universities, there might be some slight exchange of instructors, or other similar arrangements dictated by common needs; but the conception that the new arts could be really allied with the old culture found no place in the minds of those who guided the course of education.

Since much of this sense of disparity between the old and the new professions arose, as before remarked, from the ancient prejudices concerning the humble position of all mechanical employments, it was quite natural that the first distinct step towards the union of the two in universities should be taken in this country. So far as I have been able to find, the beginning was made with the institution of the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard. The founder of this school, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, as is shown by his communication to the corporation of the university to which he entrusted his gifts, intended by his benefactions to secure to students in the several branches of engineering and chemistry, geology and zoölogy, an opportunity to pursue their studies where they would receive the benefits arising from the enlarging conditions which a university affords. It thus fell to a broad-minded citizen of Boston, in the middle of the present century, to begin a new age in the history of the higher education.

On many accounts, the place selected by Mr. Lawrence for his school was well suited for the experiment which he sought to try. Harvard University has, during the last hundred years or more, been willing to seek new fields of use-

fulness in a manner exceptional among such institutions in this or other countries. It has indeed made more essays of this sort than any other. It has established schools in medicine, dentistry, veterinary medicine, agriculture, and horticulture: it has maintained a Botanic Garden and an Arboretum, and a great Observatory which now has a branch in the Andes. It has organized very extensive and varied museums. In many ways it has shown an admirable hospitality towards all true and useful learning, in whatever form it might seek admission to its halls. The Lawrence School was welcomed in Cambridge. For almost twenty years it attracted much attention, and its graduates won their way in a remarkable manner to success in their professions. The rate of its advance during this period is perhaps as creditable as that of any other like school. What was of even more importance, several of our American colleges adopted the plan of having technical education in connection with the work they had previously undertaken. The Sheffield School at Yale, indeed, was begun at almost the same time with the Lawrence School, and scientific establishments were soon founded at Columbia, the University of Pennsylvania, Cornell, Michigan, and perhaps a dozen other institutions; and thus it came to be accepted that an American university was incomplete without a school of applied science.

If the march of events were in all cases controlled by logic, the result of Mr. Lawrence's admirable gift should have been decisive in all that relates to the place of schools of applied science in this country. Notwithstanding a temporary decline in the usefulness of his foundation, owing to causes which we cannot now consider, the success of the principle, and of the practice as well, was both quickly and completely assured. The schools of Yale and Columbia were of themselves enough to show that the old and the new learn-

ing could abide together, that their affairs could safely be left to the care of the same governing boards, and that the new professions gained much from association with the old. But the conception of the technical school as something which, by its nature, should be kept apart from the university, a view which arose in the rigid conditions of the Old World, was not without its advocates in this country. Their arguments have had weight: they have led to the establishment of several institutes of technology, which have proved in many ways successful, attracting large numbers of students, and providing our arts with men who are well trained in all that immediately pertains to their several crafts. Their success in their independent positions has led to the presumption that such trade schools may be freer, if isolated, to go straight forward to their object of training young men for the highly specialized employments of the arts. As a large part of the means which our people can afford to spend in the higher education is evidently to be devoted to technical instruction, it seems well to examine this point in a deliberate manner; for much depends on the decision which may in the end be reached.

In the first place, we should note the fact that, so far, only one perfectly successful agent has been devised whereby the ever-increasing store of learning, which is passed from generation to generation, can be made available for instructing youths: this is the university. Books do much for those already well trained; natural ability may do much if combined with fortunate experience; but the only method whereby, with the least effort, a large body of youths can be brought into contact with the store of knowledge is by an aggregation of able teachers who possess the traditions of their several branches of learning, and who can, through association, maintain the spirit which is peculiarly demanded in such work as they have to do. Few

even of those who have studied the life of universities appear to understand the essential though invisible complexity of their organization. To the eye, they seem to be a mere combination of instruments for teaching, instructors, buildings, libraries, collections, all of which may be duplicated at a certain cost and in a limited time. To the careful inquirer, there appear, beyond all this, the traditions of centuries, transmitting experience in all that relates to the methods by which the appointed work is done. If we could by any means weigh in the balance the material and the immaterial elements which constitute the great schools of the world, we should find that the invisible parts of the properties which give them value are by far the most important.

First among the needs of a great university — for on it depends the stability of its foundations — we must reckon the administration. In some foreign countries this may be left with safety to the civil government, which from time to time, by legislation, determines the general conduct of affairs, or regulates the methods in some detail; but in this country experience is clearly against the proposition that a really great school can safely be entrusted to the civil authorities, or can be developed under their direct control. It is therefore a difficult matter to see how properly constituted administrative boards can, save in rare instances, be provided for our great educational establishments. There are at present but few of our American institutions of learning which have succeeded in accomplishing this task of finding the men who can care for their money and regulate their work. So far, religious or sectarian interests have helped them to obtain the services of men who have the ability both to make large plans and to execute them; but such motives, while they may bring devotion, are in their nature hostile to the larger purposes of a university. Only two or three such schools in this country are so placed, as

regards their geographical position or their history, that they can command the services of their abler graduates for the needs of their government. Only where these conditions exist is it possible to insure permanent vitality in a great school. Now and then it happens that a strong man — sometimes a president of unusual ability, or a vigorous and far-seeing member of a board of trustees — may give a college the impress of his personality, and lead it for a time to success; but the continuity of action and the foresight and patience necessary for steadfast development cannot be secured without the devotion of generations of able men. Thomas Jefferson had the genius to frame for the University of Virginia what was perhaps the amplest project which has ever been devised for an American school; but no one else has been able to continue the work which he began, on a scale commensurate with the undertaking.

It is true that a technical school, owing to the limitations of its purposes, is perhaps more likely than a university to command the services of governors who understand its immediate objects and are interested in its success. There is, however, an evident danger that, drawing its supervising ability mainly, if not altogether, from persons who have a knowledge of only one side of human culture, the institution may become very narrow in spirit, seeking, not to develop its pupils to a full measure of their natural abilities, but to train them at once to do particular tasks. In general it may be said that the more fit the youth at graduation for the details of a special employment, the less likely he is to have the broad foundation on which his subsequent development must to a great extent depend. This truth is apt to escape the perception of those who are in charge of schools devoted to single and proximate ends. It is, in fact, the peculiar function of the university to maintain the well-affirmed principle that, to

make the enlarged man, we must seek all the means of enlargement. It is characteristic of all trade work that immediate utility, rather than the means of continuous growth, commands the attention of its managers.

The experiment in special education which is now being tried in our isolated technical schools has been carefully essayed in other and essentially similar institutions. In the earlier state of the educational work of this country, when men set about their tasks with little forethought, a number of law and medical schools were founded which had no relation to institutions of liberal culture. Even those which were in some kind of relation with the colleges were in most cases substantially independent. With one or two exceptions, these detached schools have failed to maintain themselves. Neither in the quality of their work nor in the kind of student they have secured have they been creditable or advantageous to the professions which they have endeavored to serve. Some of these ventures have entirely disappeared; others have been conjoined with colleges, thereby obtaining a moral and intellectual support which has bettered their condition; yet others continue to exist in feebleness, their degrees being of so little value that long ago, and with no reference to the question we are considering, it was determined that they should not be recognized in the Harvard Quinquennial Catalogue. Even in those instances where the professional schools grouped about a college had at one time a large measure of independence, it has been found most advantageous, indeed we may say absolutely necessary, to bring them under the direct control of the governing boards of the institution.

The lessons which may be drawn from the history of the detached professional schools of this country lead clearly to the conclusion that there are serious dangers arising from isolation, which may best be escaped by union with institutions which

can command able governing boards. There are no features in our separate technical schools which will insure them against the evils which have affected the detached schools founded to train ministers, doctors, or lawyers. Now and then, in a favorable environment, such a school may attain success; but this success is apt to be temporary, and at best it has the limitations which we shall hereafter note.

In all the productive work of modern life, where the labor ought to have a continuity not interrupted by the death of the men who do the tasks; where, in a word, perfect continuity of action and a complete preservation of traditions are demanded, the evident tendency is to consolidate labor in large establishments. It is commonly, yet erroneously, believed that the only end attained by this massing of endeavors is the cheapening of production. This is certainly one of the results; but it is doubtful if it is the most important of those which are attained. Of as much importance is the utilization of master minds, which can be discovered by these associations, and brought to do their utmost in their time. The supreme advantage arises from the consolidation of energy, which in a measure secures the undertakings from the accidents of death and incompetency. The principle has long been adopted in warfare; it is common in all the organic groups where many individuals are combined, as in the hive or the ant-hill; it is hereafter to be of much importance in the affairs of civilized men. The principle of the division of labor, when half understood, appears to militate against the law of association; but the principle is in fact not applicable save in coöperation, and is successful somewhat in proportion to the size of the association in which it is applied. The success of the university system in the past at once illustrates and explains this strengthening by division and coöperation.

So far we have considered the plan

of separate technical schools from the point of view of general administration. The conclusion seems fairly affirmed that the governmental needs of these establishments make it desirable to have them conjoined with the other institutions of professional learning. We now come to the point where we must take into account the effects on the development of students, brought about by the social and intellectual conditions and the diversities of *milieu* which are afforded by schools united with universities as compared with isolated schools. As before remarked, the observer who looks upon these associated institutions of learning as mere "plants" of buildings, collections, etc., fails to see the main source of their influence on the minds of men, namely, the influence of contact with able scholars, and of mingling with fellow-students who are engaged in a great diversity of intellectual occupations. It is this contact with learning which, though it may not be formal or sensible, in the case of all really educable youths is the first and most important element of university life. When a young man has but small natural ability and small means, it may be best, if he has at once to make his living, to spare him the time and force which he must expend in obtaining some sense of the breadth of human knowledge and interests. I say it may perhaps be well to do this in some cases; though I really think that any system is unjust which deprives a well-meaning youth, whose parents can support him till he is twenty-two years old, of this precious opportunity for enlargement which is certain to be unattainable in later life. When, however, the pupil is of fair capacity, and possesses that common quality which makes a youth quick to sympathize with the life about him, it seems to me worse than folly to set, during his school time, any barriers in the way of his gaining access to the incidental advantages which a university can afford. Even if he should

come to his technical employment with a little less of the craft sense than he might have gained in a detached school, this hindrance should not be allowed to weigh against the development of his general powers and sympathies which four years' contact with a great body of diverse intellectual endeavor may bring about.

Placed within a university of sufficient resources, a technical school can afford its pupils all the professional advantages which any separate institution can hope to provide. It can command their time for the tasks which they need especially to do. It can have its courses of instruction so arranged that the students shall to a great extent share the work of men engaged in fitting themselves for other professions. Next after the gifts which come to a youth by birth-right, the most precious of his resources are those of educative companionship. This system of associate study provides such opportunities in an ample way. As yet, the manner in which this element of profitable intellectual intercourse among students can best be favored has received too little consideration. I therefore venture to give an account of the way in which, after much debate and several tentative experiments, the project has been arranged in the departments under the control of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard.

In this part of the university, which may be termed the academic, the courses of instruction given by the one hundred and fifty or more teachers who work in its several divisions, amounting in all to about three hundred and fifty courses, are grouped in departments, according to their natural order. These departments number twenty; and each of them is in charge of a committee composed of its permanently appointed teachers. The courses of instruction offered by the several divisions approximately include all the branches of learning which, in the present condition of education, can well be introduced into an academic system.

In the departments of natural science they are about as complete as in any European university. The subjects are taught solely with reference to the acquisition by the student of the knowledge which the teacher can convey, and the methods of inquiry by which he can acquire the habit of research in the particular field. In the courses above those which are elementary, the effort is made to develop the habit of independent labor in the pupils. They are shown how to use the literature of the subject, and to approach the matter, as far as may be, in an original and originating way. From this body of instruction the students in the college and graduate school select the studies which they wish to pursue. In this they have a large freedom of choice, yet much guidance. In many cases, the students find a statement in the list of electives that they cannot take the so-called elective without having previously followed one or more courses which may have given them a fit preparation for the particular task.

The student in the Lawrence Scientific School finds the work which he has to do described in the above-mentioned list of studies. In his case, however, in place of the considerable liberty of election which is granted to his companions in the college or the graduate school, he is required to follow a prescribed path, taking, according to the end he has in view, a particular number and sequence of studies in successive years. When the student has a sufficient reason for making certain changes in his work, the appointed curriculum may be varied to suit his needs. In general, he is compelled to follow the plan laid down in the announcement, which designates the studies which have to be pursued in order to obtain the degree of Bachelor in one of the seven departments of the school. There are a few distinctly special courses in engineering, and in some other branches of the work in the Scientific School, to which students not candidates

for its degree are denied admission; but in all the others, say nine tenths of the whole number, the technical student of this institution is always in association with those who are following the work without intending to make it the basis of professional employment, except perhaps that of the teacher. Thus, the scholastic life of a young man who intends to be an engineer, a chemist, or a practical geologist, or who is specially fitting himself to teach science, is to a great degree spent in a truly academic atmosphere, — one in which knowledge and a capacity for inquiry are valued for their own sake, and not measured by their uses in economic employment. This seems to me, as I think it will to any one who holds the first purpose of all education to be the enlargement of men, the great advantage which the system has over any which is devised for more immediate ends. It starts the youth with a broad view of learning, and leaves the practical applications of the knowledge to a later stage of his work.

The incidental profit which the student of technical science may win from his residence at a university consists partly in the chance which he there has of getting some idea of the modes of thought and expression of many masters who are not among those whose instruction he is required to attend. When I was myself a student of geology in the Lawrence Scientific School, more than thirty years ago, I found a great and abiding profit in the lectures of Professor Lowell, which I heard for several successive years. So, too, the instruction given by Professor Jeffries Wyman in the lecture room and laboratory, though not demanded in my course, was of inestimable advantage to me. Such chances as these could not possibly come to a youth in a detached technical school, even if its teaching force could be organized with ideal completeness. Such men as those I have mentioned grow and abide only in the free atmosphere of academic culture, where

learning is followed for its own sake, and not as an aid to a very immediate end.

There are those who appear to hold that such divagations from the path of duty which is marked out for the youth who expects to make his bread by applied science are harmful to the integrity of his purpose. It seems to me that in this view there is a radical misapprehension as to the conditions of mental development, and of our duty towards that process. While there doubtless is such a thing as a dissipation of energy on the part of a brain worker, it is tolerably clear that the intelligence, like the body of a man, is at its best an intricate and complex growth, in which each healthy organ, or function, strengthens every other. The blacksmith needs a strong arm, but also a patient back, a quick eye, and a ready judgment. The true athlete, the man who is fit for all the exigencies of an active life, must have trained, not his body only, but his judgment and his will. The mind is not a member, like the ear or the arm; it is a pervasive and complex whole, which must be developed by many various contacts and influences. In later life the mental athlete may use his powers chiefly in some narrow field; but there ought to be nothing narrow about his powers.

If, as is often the case, it be necessary to give the student of technology a practical acquaintance with the arts which he is to practice after the period of his direct schooling is past, that end can best be accomplished, not by keeping him in an atmosphere of a professional quality during his term times, but by a proper use of the long summer vacation which we, following the English usage, have adopted in our higher education, — a custom which is warranted by the trying character of our climate. This long break in study is often a sad waste of the period of life in which intellectual accomplishment is most easily won, — a time which should be counted by months, when indeed the principle of *carpe diem*

should ever be before the minds of those who have control of youth. I have found that students of geology who pursue the theoretical part of their work in term time, with only such practice as is necessary to illustrate the theory, and who give the long vacation to economic employment in mines or surveys, derive a very great inspiration from contact with the practice of the arts. They feel at once how the general truth illuminates the practice, and in this practice they learn where they still need enlightenment by studious inquiry. The same result is attained in other branches of engineering work.

I am satisfied that the above-mentioned method, where the academic culture is combined with that of actual practice, will afford the fit solution of all the real difficulties which beset the training of our master workmen in the universities. Three months in each of four years can fairly be given to the lessons which the youth needs to learn in the applied science of his proposed occupation, making in all a year; eight of each twelve months shall be devoted to his term-time studies, — leaving a month to pure vacation or to home life. At first sight, it may seem improbable that the opportunities for practical instruction which are necessary for the development of such a plan could be found for any considerable number of students. Experience, however, indicates that the intelligent employers of high-grade labor are ever looking about for able young men whom they may take into their service. Such employers, of course, always have more persons seeking employment of them than they need; but the trial which they can make with a promising youth, who is willing to come for little or no pay, and to prepare and prove himself before he asks for a permanent position, has very distinct advantages. It should be remembered that the youths who resort to our universities are, in a very decided manner, selected from the mass of their gen-

eration. It is true that only a small part of the able young men of this or other countries find their way to these schools; it is also true that some few dull or characterless persons obtain this promotion through their families; but in no other large aggregations of men do we find anything like the average grade of capacity in the academic departments of our great schools. In proportion as they make their students ready for duty, the occupations of the world will call for their services, with the assurance that their ability and their training will give them value in tasks of a difficult nature. Our schools will find the men of affairs willing to aid them in making youths ready for their professions.

There is, perhaps, in the mind of the reader, an impression that the students who are assembled in our greater colleges are engaged in studies or diversions which have no particular relation to their plans of life; their aim being to develop their minds and bodies, with no care as to the way in which they are to be hereafter employed. This view as to the position and state of mind of the college student was true enough in Harvard College so long as the required system of studies was maintained; it is doubtless true of schools where that method of work still prevails. It was indeed the logical, the necessary result of that plan of education where the youth was taking a prescription at appointed intervals, and with a blind trust as to the benefit he was to receive.

One of the most interesting of the many effects of the elective system has been a steady and tolerably rapid change in the attitude of the young men toward their future: in this matter, it is not too much to say that in twenty years a great revolution has been brought about. The fact that a student has to make a choice puts his studies on the plane of the other elements of conduct which constitute the life of a free man, and this selection keeps the question of his course of study

constantly before his mind. The result is that while the few who are guided by the uncivilized humor of monetary enjoyment are apt to select their studies with reference to the ease with which they may "get through," by far the greater part are, from the beginning of their college life, intently engaged in preparing themselves for their future occupations, or at least are trying to attain a position where they may make an intelligent determination as to a career. Thus, any college where the young men are free to choose their studies is certain to afford an environment which is favorable to the development of the earnest spirit that is imperatively demanded of all those who are preparing themselves for technical as well as other work. Under the old conditions, in which undergraduates had only required studies, it might with reason have been doubted whether the environment of a college would have been favorable to the development of the earnestness of purpose necessary in the case of men who were to go thence to professional employment. It seems to me that the elective system has done away with this danger; it has made our academic life fit for the earnest, self-guiding young man. That colleges where the studies are elective have at the same time become less well suited to the education of the intellectual waifs who are forced into such a society is also true, but this is a matter of secondary importance.

The elective system in academic education, begun in Harvard College, has been rapidly extended in other schools of similar grade in this country, and is sure to be adopted wherever the resources of the institution will permit the innovation to be made. There is a probability, indeed, that it may be extended downward, until it affects in an important way our secondary education. This change does not mean that we are to give up the idea that the really educated man is a person broadened by knowledge which does not immediately relate to the economic work

of society; it does mean, however, the earlier formation of a plan of life, and the acquisition of culture in relation to that plan. In place of the ephemeral "jigsaw" decorations of our old teaching, we are to seek a solid framework of education which shall suit the needs of the individual, and which may receive an adornment fitly related to the plan.

The establishment of this theory of education makes it the more natural that all the higher training of specialists should be gathered into the universities. There we may expect that the body of students will be endeavoring to obtain from the store of instruction which these institutions provide the learning which may suit their especial plans in life. The society of teachers and students thus created will be so varied that it will fairly represent all the diversities of the masterful occupations which our civilization demands. In this condition of their development our great establishments for the higher education will be an epitome of our culture. Gaining their education under the conditions which they will afford, our youths will come to acknowledge the solidarity of all high-minded and well-informed endeavor. The prejudices of caste, the narrowing quality of many occupations, are serious imperfections in our democracy, which will tend to disappear before a spirit of culture that re-

cognizes all the well-trained intellectual service of mankind as in equal measure dignified and honorable. This end can be attained only by culture on a common ground.

So far, though the people of this country have had an ideal of higher education to which they have been very devoted, and for which they have made many sacrifices, it cannot be said that they have been wise in the ways in which they have sought to advance its interests. They have multiplied colleges, and made a patchwork of their professional schools. Vaguely conscious of the vast body of learning which it is necessary to preserve and to disseminate, they have failed to see how the work needs to be done in order to adapt it to the conditions of our American life. In this task, as in all else, they began by imitating the institutions of European countries, where learning was for the clergy, the bar, and the gentry. In dealing with the newly discovered needs of the technical professions, they have again been led in part to follow the example of Europeans. It seems, however, clear that with the broadening of the understanding as to the province of the higher education, and the share which universities have in the work, the people will demand for their children the opportunities of enlargement which they cannot elsewhere obtain.

Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

ANTI-SLAVERY HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE time has come for some one to write the classical biography of Abraham Lincoln. All the essential materials for such a life are now in our possession. Memoirs and Reminiscences without number have given us to the full the singular flavor of Mr. Lincoln's personality: a close friend has left us an authoritative account of his life; his secretaries have

overwhelmed us with ten volumes of particulars concerning it; and Mr. Herndon, his partner in the practice of the law, has disclosed it to us with a frankness little short of brutal. We know the man as those who were imaginative saw him, and we know him also as those who could not penetrate beneath the mere external features of his life would have us believe

him to have been. All the evidence being in, it is eminently desirable that some master of the art of biography should sum it up, sift, assess it, and picture for us the man Lincoln as he was.

If Mr. Morse has not done what we hoped and ventured to expect,¹ the reasons why he has not are obvious. He has attempted a bit of scientific painting, and not a portraiture to the life. The book is a criticism, consequently, rather than an appreciation. It unquestionably adds, and adds a great deal, to our command of the materials out of which a real and definitive Life of Lincoln is to be extracted; but it adds very little, if anything, to our knowledge of Lincoln himself. We are advanced several stages nearer a correct apprehension of the facts of that singular life by reason of this careful book, but it may be doubted whether we are any nearer to Lincoln.

This result is not due entirely, however, to the colorless scientific method which Mr. Morse endeavors to maintain. It is due also to the plan of the book. The series in which it appears carries by its title the assumption, not of biographic study, but of an inquiry into the public relations of the persons dealt with, the part which they played in the great political drama of their day. Mr. Morse is concerned with the statesmanship of Lincoln, and with his personality only so far as this accounts for individual notes in the story. Only one hundred and sixty of the seven hundred and forty-five pages of his volumes are given to the consideration of the fifty years of Mr. Lincoln's life which preceded his election to the presidency, and these are devoted largely to his political career; the rest of the two volumes is given up to a narrative of the events of the five years which ensued. The reason for this is, of course, that those five years were of incalculably more consequence than the preceding five decades, in their

transcendent importance both as respects the destinies of the country and the opportunity which they afforded for the display of Mr. Lincoln's character. During those years he stood forth one of the most conspicuous figures in the world's history, for he held steadily in his hand the destinies of a great nation. They were not simply the dramatic culmination of his own life; they were also one of the chief points of dramatic culmination in the history of the United States, and even of the world. If length of life is to be reckoned by intensity, there was unquestionably more of Mr. Lincoln's life in those five years than in the preceding fifty: and in these years he was not a mere political orator, as before; he was a statesman, having to put his political principles into action, to translate his theories into momentous practice. Our keen regret is that, in leading up to this great period, Mr. Morse has not given us a more penetrating study of those American forces which shaped Lincoln in his youth and obscure manhood. History underlies statecraft, and there is as much history in those forces as in the events which furnished scope for Lincoln's great powers amidst the tumults and storms of war. Even the very broad scale Mr. Morse has allowed himself for the consideration of the events of Mr. Lincoln's presidency is not broad enough for the purpose; he is obliged to refer to more history than he tells; and if Mr. Lincoln remains somewhat dim and shadowy the while, it is because we did not know him well before the stage became so crowded. If we could have mastered his character and made it real to our thought before this rush of momentous history came upon him and upon us, the outlines of his part would remain clear-cut and prominent throughout. As it is, we note him only when our attention is called to him.

¹ *Abraham Lincoln*. [American Statesmen Series.] By JOHN T. MORSE, JR. In two vol-

umes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

This explains the inadequacy of the book as a personal biography. Mr. Lincoln can be known only by a close and prolonged scrutiny of his life before he became President. The years of his presidency were not years to form, but rather years to test character. The strain was too great to harden and perfect any sinew but that which was already tough and firmly knit. There is something of the quality and method of the analytical novelist in Mr. Morse's manner of dealing with his subject. He frequently pauses to explain and analyze Mr. Lincoln; modestly, indeed, and without the novelist's confidence that he thoroughly understands the workings of his singular hero's mind, since he did not create him, but still with the novelist's art of making the character distinct by description rather than by action. And yet these descriptions of the man are confessedly incomplete. Like most modern historians, Mr. Morse uniformly suspects and rejects, if he can, every explanation that is extraordinary, and insists upon believing that some quite commonplace explanation exists, if it could but be discovered; though he very often admits a failure to discover it, and rather helplessly suggests that we must feel convinced both of its existence and of its sufficiency without knowing what it is. He is subtly disquieted, nevertheless, by the consciousness, which every one must have in studying Lincoln, that the more ordinary and within easy view of reason you seek to make the life of this strange man, the more extraordinary it becomes, and the more inexplicable. Mr. Morse is keenly alive to the desirability of avoiding the foolish habit of most biographers, of beckoning their great men impatiently on to their greatness, wondering the while and fretting at their laggardliness and blindness to the destiny in store; and yet he himself gives frequent evidence of having his eye on the future always rather than directly on the present, in dealing with Lincoln's

years of preparation. He is himself irritated by the narrowness of the life Lincoln so long led, and hurries over it as merely preliminary to his narrative.

And yet the real Lincoln was alive in 1850 quite as much as in 1860. Mr. Morse presents the key to the whole matter on pages 31-34 of his first volume: "The preëminently striking feature in Lincoln's nature," visible in the early days scarcely less than in the later, "was the extraordinary degree to which he always seemed to be in close and sympathetic touch with the people; that is to say, the people in the mass wherein he was embedded, the social body amid which he dwelt, which pressed upon him on all sides, which for him formed 'the public.' First this group or body was only the population of the frontier settlement; then it widened to include the State of Illinois; then it expanded to the population of the entire North." But it strikes us that he hardly sees the full value of the solution; he only marvels at the rapidity of the transition from the public of Illinois to the public of the Union, on Lincoln's part, without loss of head or flaw of complete insight and sympathy, and leaves the capacity a sign and wonder rather than an explanation. The fact would seem to be that there was no sudden broadening of view, no marvel of an instantly widened vision. Lincoln's capacity to understand and persuade men was indeed marvelous in its perfection, its inerrancy, but in kind it was no new wonder. And in Illinois, in Lincoln's day, there was every opportunity for an eye like Lincoln's to see the thought and spirit of the whole country. The youth of the State was coincident in time with his own youth, and Illinois grew to maturity as rapidly as Lincoln did. The Western frontier population was, moreover, an intensely political population. It felt the very keenest throbs of the nation's life, for the nation's energy was directed westward. The West was not separate from the East: its

communities were every day receiving fresh members from the East, and fresh impulse of direct suggestion; their blood flowed to them directly from the veins of the older communities. Elements separated in the East, moreover, were united in the West, which displayed to the eye a sort of epitome of the more active and permanent forces of the national life. In such communities as these Lincoln mixed daily with men of all types and from every quarter of the country. With them he discussed neighborhood politics, the politics of the State, the politics of the nation, now more and more centring in Western questions. He went twice down the Mississippi to its mouth, and his eyes, so accustomed to look directly, point-blank, upon men and affairs, saw characteristic regions of the South. He worked his way slowly and sagaciously, with the larger sort of sagacity, into the active business of state politics, he sat twice in the legislature and for one term in Congress; his singularly sensitive mind open all the time to every aspect, especially every human aspect, of what was going on about him. All the while, too, he was canvassing, piece by piece, every item of politics, familiarly around the stove, more formally upon the stump, in direct contact always with the ordinary views of ordinary men. He was reading, too, as nobody else of those around him read, seeking a complete mastery over speech with the conscious purpose to prevail in its use; deriving zest from the study of mathematical proof, amusement in clean and naked statements of truth. It was all irregularly done, but it was strenuously done, and done throughout with the same instinct and with a steady access of facility and power. There was no sudden leap for this man, any more than for other men, from crudeness to finished power, from an understanding of the people of Illinois to an understanding of the people of the United States. He came to his great national task with a capacity trained

to an equality with its magnitude. You could not then set a pace in learning and perceiving that was too hard for him.

If we have dwelt upon the possibilities contained in such a study, it is because every fresh presentation of Lincoln makes us more eager for that characterization of the man which shall not indeed detach him from his times, but which shall build up the figure with such truthfulness and skill as shall justify the unique position which he holds in history. For the rest, Mr. Morse's contribution is marked by such full knowledge, calm judgment, and eminent fairness that after we have regretted the neutral tints in which the chief figure is drawn, we can thank the writer heartily for an able historical study.

Both the plan and the subject of Mr. Pierce's volumes¹ are very different. They complete his monumental *Memoir of Charles Sumner* in the style of which the earlier volumes gave promise. They do not attempt a portrait of the man; a portrait extended throughout four octavo volumes would of course be no portrait at all. They are a careful and elaborate recital of all the events, both great and small, of Mr. Sumner's interesting and eventful life; full of long extracts from his speeches and addresses; full of his letters, both formal and familiar, and of letters written to him by others. They are not an historian's work, but teem with such materials as historians are most grateful for; such materials as furnish minutely elaborated pictures of men, of situations in affairs, of places and social conditions, and bring the imagination into direct contact with persons and times now passed away. This *Memoir*, with due allowance made for the prepossessions of the devoted biographer, unquestionably gives us Charles Sumner as he was, a man of high tastes and refined sensibilities; meant for the profession of

¹ *Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner*. By EDWARD L. PIERCE. Volumes III. and IV. 1845-1874. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1893.

the scholar, but forced by exceptional times and causes into public stations for which he had a decided distaste, into public functions for which he had little real capacity or fitness of temperament. Mr. Sumner was by nature a philanthropist. His capacity for affairs was a capacity for understanding them in their larger aspects rather than for conducting them in detail. Immediate hot contact with practical politics sometimes destroyed his self-possession, as it is so apt to do in the case of all men of fervid moral temperament. He now and again suffered himself to be goaded into utterances which were wholly unbecoming his elevated genius. He often spoke like an apostle, too, when the occasion required that he should speak like a statesman. Powers meant, perhaps, for mankind were given up to an agitation. His life had dignity, had largeness, had even, in the broader conception of events, a generous measure of success; but one cannot suppress a regret, after reading Mr. Pierce's worthy memorial, that such a man should have been denied to some quiet time, when his powers could have worked the gentler works of amity and peace.

So far, such materials of our history as this great biography affords have proved more interesting and enlightening than the formal histories that have been constructed out of them. Biographies, especially when they are full of letters, as this one is, are at least pervaded by the flavor of the personality of the men whose lives they recount. But the historian introduces what individualities he will, distributes flavor to his taste, reconceives the story, recasts it, colors it to his own eye. And it must be said that we have not been very fortunate in our later historians of the anti-slavery struggle. Elevated as are the character and purpose of Mr. Schouler, it is impossible to convey right impressions in his

swashbuckler style. Mr. Rhodes has been hardly more successful. It is unpleasant, it even seems ungrateful, to set less than full value on his painstaking volumes.¹ They are studiously conceived, they are full of a pleasing candor, they try diligently to tell the whole story, their purpose is just and their manner unpretentious. But for all that, if the balance be wisely cast, they must be pronounced not to be what a history of the period they cover ought to be. Nothing short of catholicity of sympathy, a most delicate and discriminating appreciation of opposite points of view, and a rare literary skill in nicely modulated statement is required by the historian of the time since 1850; and Mr. Rhodes does not, if the truth may be candidly put, possess these elements of success. This is not harsh criticism; it is simply the inevitable conclusion of the critic.

His attitude towards the South is of course the crucial test of the whole matter. He declares, with his usual candor, at the outset of his chapter on slavery, that what he shall have to say "can only be a commentary on the sententious expression of Clay: 'Slavery is a curse to the master, and a wrong to the slave.'" He has already avowed, in a previous passage, the belief that only "the historian whose sympathies are with the anti-slavery cause of 1850" "can most truly write the story" of the ways in which that cause was advanced. Accordingly, his volumes become a superior sort of anti-slavery pamphlet, and, by reason of the extreme exaggeration of his emphasis of the national life and feeling, the features of the story are thrown hopelessly, almost grotesquely, out of proportion. There was space enough in these two large volumes, surely, to tell the history of the whole country during the ten years they cover, stirring times as those were; but Mr. Rhodes's view is confined

Volumes I. and II. 1850-1860. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

¹ *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850.* By JAMES FORD RHODES,

to the Northern States, and, within the Northern States, almost exclusively to the anti-slavery struggle. All other matters, even all other features of national legislation, not only fall into the background, but practically pass out of view altogether. No one now needs to be persuaded that slavery ought to have been extirpated, the country rendered homogeneous and safely united both in spirit and in interest; and yet those who believe in the necessary and indissoluble nature of the Union, before the war as since, can hardly be satisfied with Mr. Rhodes's treatment. He quietly dissolves the Union from the outset of his narrative. The South is throughout, for him, a foreign country, whose condition and sentiments he learns piecemeal and at intervals from travelers. It is a region from which many rumors come to him; he speculates and concludes concerning it, but he has no authentic knowledge or direct realization of it himself. His Union is not to be preserved so much as created by the suppression of slavery.

That the whole matter of the condition of the South and the character of slavery is foreign to his apprehension is shown most sharply in his deliberate estimate of the slave system. He sets forth the evils of slavery in black catalogue, and then he turns suddenly about and smilingly recites the brighter and more benignant features of the institution. The two passages are simply contradictory; and he is either unconscious of the fact, or quite helpless in the presence of it. He makes no attempt at a consistent assessment of the thing as it was when seen whole and in its normal aspects. This is the result in part, perhaps, of the leisurely spaces of the narrative, and in part, no doubt, of the false canons of modern historical writing. Both long histories and modern canons prompt the historian to set forth his material rather than to digest it, to give grounds for a conclusion rather than the conclusion itself.

But such methods, such temptations, when yielded to, simply rob history of all significance or right to be. Mr. Rhodes ought to have realized for himself, and ought to have written the history of the whole country. Even during the decade 1850-1860 that history by no means narrows itself to a history of the Northern States and the anti-slavery struggle. The forces that were to win in the deadly contest coming on were gathering head in the North, and the South was approaching the end of her belated régime. But the historian who confines his view to these things merely skims the surface; he by no means penetrates to the real life of the times. There was much genuine community of view between North and South in those days. The South was rashly forfeiting the confidence of those who nevertheless held her general principles of politics as staunchly as she did; but the Republican party, fast as it gathered strength, was the party of a minority even at the very threshold of the war. There was a real and abiding basis for the Union in spite of slavery; and if there had been no persistently open question concerning the extension of slavery, its mere continued existence in the Southern States would never have been a question at all, — at any rate never a question capable of affecting the vitality of the Union. The history of the anti-slavery propaganda, therefore, is not, taken apart, the history either of the affairs or of the thought of the country. Its affairs had a deeper guiding principle, its thought an infinitely profounder complexity, than one would dream of in reading these pages. The very term which most comprehensively characterizes the war which followed, the war for the Union, is a protest against a more limited conception of the principles involved in the contest.

The truth is that Mr. Rhodes has no insight, at least into complex characters, taking men either individually or

in the mass. His delineations of character and appraisements of motive in public men give even a painful evidence of the fact. No historian of real insight could for a moment accept his portrait of Calhoun, or of Douglas, or of Seward, or of Sumner. The historian needs nothing less than the insight of the best novelists into character and the grounds of action. Mr. Rhodes gives us only very singular and whimsical sketches of the outsides of men. The same man is now one thing, and again quite another, according as his acts are approved or disapproved. Seward is a politician when he is wrong, a statesman when he is right. Douglas is a time-server when he proposes the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; yet he suddenly becomes unselfish and disinterested at the very moment when he might, by trimming, reap the identical advantage he is supposed to have played for in that legislation. The author's descriptions of the personal appearance and outward fortunes of his characters are equally capricious and oddly proportioned, reminding one sometimes of the dear old lady who described an intellectual friend who had impressed her very deeply as "having a great mind and shaggy eyebrows"! Lincoln, "like Socrates, was odd in personal appearance, though with a different grotesqueness of exterior. And to Lincoln, as to Socrates, were denied the felicity of domestic life and the pleasures of a quiet home." Could Mr. Rhodes find no homely man whose wife was uncongenial who was at the same time in other respects more like Lincoln than Socrates was? Such comparisons are not even like Banks, "sagacious in appearance."

These, it will be perceived, are not mere literary defects. They betoken a real obtuseness of vision. Mr. Rhodes's method is crude and with the flat hand

rather than refined and discriminating. It never penetrates to any interior meaning, nor to the real centre of any complex situation. His soft-spoken judgment of John Brown, his tendency to speak of "the South" in a lump, his sometimes credulous entertainment of rumors, of which his pages are often as full as Washington itself, are evidences of this that will occur to any one who has read the book. The writing is not dogmatic in terms, one feels, only because the author is aware that it is "bad form" to be dogmatic; for it is strongly dogmatic in spirit.

However much one deplores these grave defects of the book, and however radical he must pronounce them to be, he cannot quit its perusal without a kindly feeling for the author. It is so honest a piece of work. It is elaborate, — unduly, inartistically elaborate, indeed, — giving symptoms everywhere of that demoralizing disease known as "materials-in-the-footnotes;" but its elaborateness is unmistakably the result of a painstaking examination of the sources. If the colors of the narrative are not successfully blended, they are at least not pale or neutral in tint, but the strong and definite colors of conviction. It is a pleasure to see the period so studiously canvassed, so frankly discussed. There are vigor, honesty, and knowledge throughout; and so full a setting forth of the matter for judgment will contribute in a very important degree, it may be hoped, to the formation of right views. Where there is no concealment the truth may be expected eventually to emerge.

An old member of one of our historical societies used to say, some years ago, that he did not know but the time had about come when we might tell the truth concerning Great Britain and the Revolution. Dr. Woodrow Wilson¹ evidently thinks the time has come when the coun-

¹ *Division and Reunion. 1829-1889. [Epochs of American History.]* By WOODROW WILSON, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor of Jurisprudence in

Princeton University. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1893,

try is ready to hear the truth about the South and the war. We believe that he is right. The generation which participated in the final struggle has largely passed away. It has contributed much toward bringing on the better era in the historical treatment of the conflict by the good work it has done in the impartial discussion of its military history. In this field it was easier to bring the views of the opposing parties into reconciliation. But that participants in the political history of the time should come to agreement about its events and questions was not to be expected. Unquestionably, our civil war is not exempt from the fate of all other civil wars, — that the ultimate judgment of mankind upon it is something different from that held at the time by either of the parties engaged. But for this judicial and intermediate view we look rather to the new generation, which can more easily acquire that sympathy with both sides which is the indispensable condition of just narration. This new generation Dr. Wilson fully represents. Such a temper is a primary qualification toward writing the history of the period of sectional division and reunion in the United States. The resulting view of the conflict is one which we believe will commend itself more and more, especially to the newer generation. We may quote as typical Professor Wilson's words regarding secession: "The legal theory upon which this startling and extraordinary series of steps was taken was one which would hardly have been questioned in the early years of the government, whatever resistance might then have been offered to its practical execution. It was for long found difficult to deny that a State could withdraw from the federal arrangement, as she might have declined to enter it. But constitutions are not mere legal documents: they are the skeleton frames of a living organism; and in this case the course of events had nationalized the government once deemed confederate. Twenty

States had been added to the original thirteen. . . . These are not lawyer's facts: they are historian's facts. There had been nothing but a dim realization of them till the war came and awoke the national spirit into full consciousness. They have no bearing upon the legal intent of the Constitution as a document, to be interpreted by the intention of its framers; but they have everything to do with the Constitution as a vehicle of life. The South had not changed her ideas from the first, because she had not changed her condition. She had not experienced, except in a very slight degree, the economic forces which had created the great northwest and nationalized the rest of the country, for they had been shut out from her life by slavery. . . . She had stood still while the rest of the country had undergone profound changes; and, standing still, she retained the old principles which had once been universal."

In other words, Professor Wilson refuses to engage in the old debate upon the ground originally occupied by the disputants, but leads us away to another position, from which both sides of the shield can easily be seen. From the strictly legal point of view, that which was the Constitution in 1789 was the Constitution in 1830 and in 1860; and what it was, was to be discovered by inspection of the document in the light of the remarks of those who originated it. In the old debate, each party argued from this assumption, and claimed the victory on this battle-ground. In Webster's great speech, the best remembered portion is the impassioned appeal to the sentiment of nationality with which he closed; but the bulk of the argument is upon the documentary evidence as to the original meaning of the Constitution. Taken upon this ground, the Southern chieftains were in reality difficult to assail. While we should not wish to assent to the proposition that the extreme state-rights theory would hardly have

been questioned in the early years of the government (for the writings of the fathers give an uncertain sound), the weight of evidence seems on the whole to be with those who think the doctrine of state sovereignty to have been the doctrine held, consciously or unconsciously, by most instructed persons at the time when the Constitution was formed. But the legal point of view is not the only one from which a constitution can be considered. There is another, — that of the historian, regardless of development; of the practical statesman or humbler man of affairs, to whom it seems obvious that the growth of a nation to adult maturity should cause, and sufficiently justify, a fortification of its vertebrae. Hence arose, by 1861, another theory of the Constitution, equally valid with the other, and, as the event proved, vastly more potent, but quite irreconcilable therewith. It is one of the chief merits of Dr. Wilson's little book that he has perceived not only the irreconcilable quality of the two, but the real validity of each, its genuine title to respect.

We have lingered long upon those portions of the book which deal with the great crisis toward which the thirty preceding years of the period were leading us, and from which the thirty succeeding years have but slowly, painfully, and in some respects imperfectly extricated us. These are the parts of the book which will most arouse discussion, and in regard to which the author's lucid mind and liberal spirit will have their most ample chance to exert a beneficent influence on those who may use his volume for reading or as a textbook. Yet, after all, the slavery conflict was, in its relation to the logical development of American democracy, only an episode, though a gigantic one, and Dr. Wilson is careful not to give it undue prominence in his narrative, nor to neglect for its sake the record of that development. We could ask for a student of Mr. Rhodes's History, for example,

no better preparation than would follow upon a careful reading of Dr. Wilson's volume. Considered as a general history of the United States from 1829 to 1889, his book is marked by excellent sense of proportion, extensive knowledge, impartiality of judgment, unusual power of summarizing, and an acute political sense. Few writers can more vividly set forth the views of parties. Indeed, we should be inclined to say that the book is stronger in its exposition of the development of political thought than in any other department of the narrative; certainly stronger here than in regard to the development of external institutions, the anatomy of government. Yet here it is only fair to remember how little has been done to elucidate the history of our governmental institutions during the present century. What do we know about the history of the nominating convention, for instance? Have we not left it to be described by M. Ostrogorski and Mr. Bryce? And the writer of the small book upon a long period, however zealous he may be in research, is to a great extent limited by the existence or absence of larger or more special treatises.

Though Dr. Wilson's book is mainly a history of our political development, he has a manifest desire to consider the history of our civilization, at least in so far as it illustrates our political history. In his remarks on such topics one notes the influence of the writings of the late Professor Alexander Johnston. One notes, too, an appreciation of the fact, which we hope will be increasingly perceived by our historians, that at many points in our history subsequent to the Treaty of Ghent there have been intimate connections between the movements of public thought in Europe and those in America. In spite of our political separateness since 1815, more is common in the nineteenth-century history of the two continents than is usually imagined.

If one compares Dr. Wilson's book with the two which have preceded it in the same series, some results of the comparative want of predecessors are apparent. There is not the same evidence of compression forced upon the writer by the presence of a vast body of facts already long recognized as of necessity to be included in a history of the time. The narrative is easier, the style more fluid. It may be that the book will not be so easy to use as a textbook as Dr. Hart's admirable volume, but it will be more enjoyed as reading. As regards arrangement, the author has intentionally dealt somewhat more fully with the years of Jackson and Van Buren's administrations, as constituting a formative period the understanding of which is in an especial degree necessary to that

which follows. Particularly interesting and important is the short chapter on the constitution and government of the Confederate States. Dr. Wilson rightly remarks that, "stupendous as was the war struggle from every point of view, its deepest and most extraordinary qualities are revealed only when it is viewed from the side of the Southern Confederacy." He therefore gives an instructive account of the constitution of the Confederate States, of their resources, army, and finances, and of the character of the government, the symptoms of opposition, and the final collapse.

Save for a number of annoying misprints in the references, the volume has the same excellence in respect to bibliographical aids which characterized its predecessors in the series.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. The second volume of J. R. Green's *A Short History of the English People* (Harpers), in the new illustrated edition, follows the plan so well laid down at the start, of giving as far as possible facsimiles of contemporaneous designs. The period covered is from 1377 to 1610, and the editors have drawn upon manuscripts, psalters, paintings, local histories, old prints, and other sources for a rich collection of illustrative material. There are several brilliant reproductions in color; costume, architectural views, portraits, title pages, scenes descriptive of manners and customs, landscapes, a great variety of most helpful designs, render the book a pleasure to the eye, and a sound aid to the student. — A new edition of *Pepys's Diary*, edited by Henry B. Wheatley, is in progress. (Macmillan.) There are to be eight volumes, and the first is before us. It is based on Mynors Bright's edition, but the editor assures us that he is able to add one fifth more matter, since so much was left unused by Mr. Bright. He avails himself of Lord Braybrooke's notes as well as makes

many of his own. He provides also a brief summary of *Pepys's* life as drawn from the *Diary* and from other authorities; and this volume is furnished with a portrait, an engraving of *Pepys's* silver goblet, a view of the old Navy House in Crutched Friars, and a plan of part of the Tower Ward. The page is a good one, the type is clear; and now the reader, having dispatched these accessories, may be left to the imperishable delight of the *Diary* itself, one of the great accidental books. — *Russia under Alexander III.* and in the Preceding Period, by H. von Samson-Himmelstierna. Translated by J. Morrison, M. A., and edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Felix Volkhovsky. (Macmillan.) On the curiously arranged title page of this book, the names of the translator and editor, particularly the latter, are conspicuously given, while that of the luckless author appears in type so small that many readers will probably overlook it altogether. But this is only the beginning of the indignities suffered by him. The editor brands him as a narrow-minded German, who loves his race, and does not

love the Russians, and proceeds to controvert or treat with scorn most of his opinions; explaining by the way that the present volume is not a full translation of the original work, but a collection of sketches selected from it, a large part of the book being of no value to the English reader. In respect to some of the points in dispute, readers, English and American, will, as a rule, have a plentiful lack of knowledge, and, after the discouraging prelude, they will be agreeably disappointed in the excerpts vouchsafed to them. They will find the character studies exceedingly well done, will soon feel confidence in the author's intelligence and acumen, and will probably be much interested, and certainly instructed. The narrative is recent rather than contemporaneous, but in regard to most of the subjects treated this is of slight consequence. The work presupposes, especially in its present disjointed and fragmentary state, reasonably well-informed readers, and to them it will prove of real value. — *The Memoirs of Baron de Marbot, Late Lieutenant-General in the French Army, translated by Arthur John Butler.* (Longmans.) There was no need that Mr. Butler should, in his preface, give so modest an estimate of his abilities as a translator, for he has produced, on the whole, an excellent version of the exceedingly interesting volumes whose appearance in Paris, two years ago, was the cause of a veritable sensation among both students of history and general readers. Except in the most exciting episodes, the Memoirs throughout have been somewhat abridged; and this condensation has usually been effected skillfully and with good judgment, though it is of course inevitable that readers of the original should occasionally miss some of the details which have been crowded out. The work has taken so high and assured a position that it is hardly necessary now to reiterate the fact that no other officer of Napoleon has left reminiscences at all comparable to these. That they should not have been continued beyond the Emperor's first abdication, and have found their fitting ending in the record of the Hundred Days and Waterloo, is a cause for keen regret. But doubtless we should then have wished to learn something of Marbot's experiences during the Restoration, and of his service under the monarchy of July. At any point

we should probably have parted with him reluctantly. — *Angelica Kauffmann, a Biography, by Frances A. Gerard.* (Macmillan.) A new, an enlarged, and, as was sorely needed, a carefully revised edition of this memoir. Excepting good intentions, industry in collecting material, and enthusiasm for her subject, the author shows few qualifications for the task she set herself. She has small sense of literary form or comeliness, her style is commonplace, and she shows no special gifts as an art critic or a student of character. And yet so attractive is the personality of Angelica, so interesting, and in certain aspects so tragic, the story of her life, that this her first English biography, with all its shortcomings, holds the reader's attention from beginning to end. Even the charming Miss Angel of fiction hardly appeals to us as does the sweet-natured, brave, self-sacrificing heroine of unadorned fact, who, with her extraordinary gifts and immense power of work, is always so entirely womanly in both her virtues and foibles. If her phenomenal success was largely the result of her being an excellent exponent of a passing artistic fashion, it must in its social phases have owed much to that exceptional personal charm which she never lost, and which to most readers of to-day will make the artist a far more interesting study than her works. — *Studies by a Recluse in Cloister, Town, and Country, by Augustus Jessopp, D. D.* (Putnam's.) To all who share with the author, in however humble and ineffective a fashion, the love of historical research, or even to those who have merely a taste for historical reading, a new volume from Dr. Jessopp is sure to be heartily welcome. Modest as is the estimate he puts upon his attainments, — the modesty of the true and enthusiastic student who feels that "the most difficult of all the sciences" demands the devotion of a lifetime rather than the spare hours of a hard-working clergyman, — yet it is given to few to revivify so successfully the dry bones of monastic chronicles, to divine so clearly the life of our mediæval ancestors, while his temperate judgment, quick sympathies, unfailing geniality, and humorous perception make him a delightful *raconteur*. The principal paper in this collection is the admirable article on St. Alban's and her historian, first printed in the Quarterly Re-

view; and second only to this are the at once interesting and suggestive essays, *The Land and its Owners in Past Times*, and *The Origin and Growth of English Towns*. Most of the studies were first given as lectures, and, wisely on the whole, the original form has been retained. The volume closes with an earnest plea for the extension and popularizing — in the best sense of the word — of the study of English history, so that the masses can have some conception of the great past of their country; and the writer instances the success of his impromptu address to his weather-bound rural parishioners on the history of their own church. Why, he asks, should not this thing be done in a hundred churches? Perhaps it might be, if many of the clergy thereof possessed the historical, archaeological, and antiquarian knowledge, and the imagination and insight that alone can make such knowledge attractive and vital, which are the good gifts of the rector of Scarning. — *Formation of the Union, 1750-1829*, by Albert Bushnell Hart. (Longmans.) Dr. Hart is not only a master of the art of condensation, in this small volume, the second in the series *Epochs of American History*, edited by him; he is what is of even greater importance, an interpreter of history. He perceives the logic of historic events; hence, in his condensation, he does not neglect proportion, and more than once he gives the student valuable clues to the solution of historical problems. The book is well furnished with maps, index, and bibliographical details. — *A New England Boyhood*, by Edward E. Hale. (Cassell.) Readers of *The Atlantic* need only to be told that this volume is a collection of the charming papers which were read first in the last two volumes of the magazine, no matter whereabouts in the numbers they happened to be placed. An agreeable introduction adds some details of family history which one is glad to have.

Fiction. *Strolling Players, a Harmony of Contrasts*, by Charlotte M. Yonge and Christabel R. Coleridge. (Macmillan.) Miss Yonge has shown in more than one of her later novels that she fully comprehends the changed or changing conditions of the time as they affect that section of English life of which she has so long been a faithful chronicler. This is rather strikingly evident in this story, which, notwithstanding such

assistance as may have been given by her co-worker, must be regarded as in the main hers. One of the heroines, distinctly a girl of to-day, is a gentlewoman who thoughtfully and deliberately decides to go upon the stage, not from necessity, but because she feels it to be her vocation. The book is a record of the haps and mishaps of a company of well-born amateurs, who, owing to the pecuniary reverses of the family to which their leading performers belong, endeavor for a while to make a serious business of what has been an amusement, and are aided thereto by a clever and distinguished young actor, who finally, as perhaps the most important result of the summer's work, becomes the *fiancé* of the prospective actress. It need not be said that this pleasant and readable tale does not adventure far into the land of Bohemia, or that it is marked by good sense, refinement of tone, quiet humor, and touches of delicate discrimination in the character drawing. — *After Twenty Years, and Other Stories*, by Julian Sturgis. (Longmans.) Mr. Sturgis, who has a friendly interest in himself as well as in his readers, advises us that the first story in the volume was his maiden effort in publication; the last, his latest. Both have an element of freshness, almost of boyishness, about them, and impress the reader with a sense of Mr. Sturgis's vivid interest in his subjects, — an interest which he conveys to the printed page. — *Cosmopolis*, by Paul Bourget. Translated by Hettie E. Miller. (Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.) A wearisome book, in which the few incidents are invented by the author only as illustrations of his theory, and his characters have their being only as exponents of a predetermined scheme of literary color. The attempt to construct a round world out of a few examples of race tendencies, and to discover thereby the logic of life, repeatedly breaks down, and all that the reader gets for his pains is to see a number of persons sadly bemired in a sort of French Inferno. Better the whirlwind of Dumas than the soft breezes of Bourget, which merely spin a few dead leaves about in the pale sunshine. — *A Cathedral Courtship and Penelope's English Experiences*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. With five illustrations by Clifford Carleton. (Houghton.) Mrs. Wiggin has added to the gayety of nations by this little book. Readers of *The Atlantic* know the delight-

ful frivolity which characterizes it; do they not also remember one or two passages, like that describing the preacher in the park, which turn the humor into a sudden pathos, as genuine as it is moving? — *Voodoo Tales* as told among the Negroes of the Southwest, collected from Original Sources by Mary Alicia Owen. Introduction by Charles Godfrey Leland. Illustrated by Juliette A. Owen and Louis Wain. (Putnams.) Miss Owen has borrowed a hint from Mr. Harris as to the plan of her book, and provides a little group of old negroes and half Indians for the story-tellers, and a small girl for chief listener. The figures are well sketched, and the stories are cleverly told. They are marked variations from the Uncle Remus stories, with more of the sorcery element in them; but if one can stand the almost unrelieved negro dialect, he will be entertained, or, if he chooses, be folk-lored seriously. The pictures have a rudely amusing character, in keeping with the tales. — *The Shadow of Desire*, by Irene Osgood. (Cleveland Publishing Co., New York.) The only original thing about this story is the author's trick of winding up each chapter with a poetical quotation. The book itself is a weak piece of literary erotics. — *Mrs. Harry St. John*, by Robert Appleton. (Morrill, Higgins & Co., Chicago.) Silly. — The latest volumes added to the new edition of William Black's novels (Harpers) are: the clever Irish story, *Shandon Bells*, parts of which are in the author's best manner; *Yolande*, an agreeable tale, wherein the characters voyage in a P. and O. steamer, and hunt deer in the Highlands, after the well-known fashion; and *Adventures in Thule*, three spirited stories for boys. — *To Leeward*, first published ten years ago, and which remains one of the writer's strongest and most impressive novels, has been issued, after careful revision, in the uniform edition of Mr. Crawford's works. (Macmillan.) — Two recent additions to the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are, *In a Promised Land*, by M. A. Bengough, and *A Wasted Crime*, by David Christie Murray.

Travel and Nature. Baedeker's United States, with an Excursion into Mexico (Imported by Scribners), has a curious effect upon the traveled American. He is used to Baedeker. He trusts him implicitly in his European journeys, and now he has a chance to test the Baedeker principle by con-

sidering its application to his own country, which he knows as a native, and therefore by a thousand trifling, almost incommunicable modes. The book stands scrutiny well. In its appearance, without and within, it falls into the compact style so well known. Here are the asterisks, — but no double ones, by the way, — the small-type introductory notes, the abbreviations, the condensed statements, the clear, frequent maps and full index. On looking more closely, one discovers the same authoritative but not dogmatic tone, the accurate sense of proportion, the frugality of epithets, the precision of statement, which have created confidence in the remarkable series of which this is the latest and, considering the difficulties attending it, the most conspicuous example of skill in guidebook-making. — *Under Summer Skies*, by Clinton Scollard. (Webster.) These pleasant sketches in unambitious prose touch upon light scenes in Egypt and Palestine, Italy, Arizona, and Bermuda. They are true to the comprehensive title, for both writer and reader feel the leisure, the long shadows, the ease, and the languor which belong to nature and humanity when the traveler is loitering in warm places, and not actively engaged in accomplishing something important.

Literature. A delightful little edition of the novels of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë has been begun with the issue of *Jane Eyre* in two volumes. (J. M. Dent & Co., London.) The book is 16mo in size, with a close yet readable page, and attractively bound. A portrait of Charlotte Brontë and six other photogravures illustrate the two volumes; there is a brief sketch of the author; the original prefaces and dedication are reproduced; and then there is the story itself, with its power and its crudity, its stormy passion and its frank avowal of woman's weakness. One reads it first as a bit of life, and then goes back to it as an exercise in pathology. — *The Beauty Spot, and Other Stories*, by Alfred de Musset. Translated by Kendall Warren. (Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.) Besides the title story, the volume contains *Frederic* and *Bernerette*, *Titian's Son*, *Croisilles*, and the famous *Adventures of a White Blackbird*. The translation, though not marked by special grace, is not marred by special blemishes. The delicacy of the

telling, nevertheless, is what preserves an otherwise fading interest, and the English reader accustomed to current French tales is a little puzzled to account for the vogue of De Musset. — Chapman's Homer's Iliads is reproduced in three volumes in Knickerbocker Nuggets. (Putnams.) The form is handy, but it was unwise to repeat Flaxman's designs in reduced and inartistic line. They require the most careful engraving and printing to save them from the nakedness of commonplace. — The Complete Angler of Izaak Walton. (McClurg.) In this little edition of the Angler Walton's text is given intact, but the voluminous notes of modern editors are omitted, as is also the essay by Cotton which usually follows Walton's work. The necessary editing has been done by Edward Gilpin Johnson, who has prefixed an introduction to the volume, in which most of the familiar anecdotes and stock allusions to Walton and his work are rehearsed. Is it with conscious humor that Mr. Johnson remarks that "this edition of Walton's masterpiece is designed chiefly for those who wish to enjoy it as a piece of literature rather than to consult it as a manual in fishing; and indeed we fancy that in the latter capacity it is largely superseded"? In this diverting passage the italics are our own.

Manuals and Textbooks. An Adventure in Photography, by Octave Thanet. Illustrated from Photographs by the Adventurers. (Scribners.) A lively account of the experience of two ladies in learning to take photographs, with many practical hints and direct recipes. Incidentally, the reader receives a number of impressions of Arkansas life, for the scene is laid chiefly in that country. We can readily fancy that the amateur photographer will read not only for entertainment, but for profit. — Spanish Literature, an Elementary Handbook, by H. Butler Clarke. (Macmillan.) Mr. Clarke is the Taylorian teacher of Spanish in the University of Oxford, and he ought to speak with authority. His book is, however, a rather wooden and lifeless review of Spanish literature from the twelfth century to the present day. Merely as an introduction and as a brief survey of Spanish writers it possesses some value. It is not exhaustive; and if it be throughout as inadequate as it is in the account given of modern Spanish writers of fiction, it will

leave a good deal for the reader to find out for himself. As some attention is called to the indexes, we may add that they are perhaps as poor as any it has ever been our ill fortune to be obliged to consult.

Theology. The Sacramental System, Considered as an Extension of the Incarnation [Bishop Paddock Lectures for 1892], by Morgan Dix. (Longmans.) Whatever Dr. Dix writes is worth reading, although his standpoint is one unpopular with the general public to-day. This volume is an elaborate defense of the system commonly known as sacramental, held among English-speaking people at the present time, chiefly in the Church of Rome, the Church of England, and the Episcopal Church in the United States. Dr. Dix first considers the sacramental character of God's workings in nature and in man, and then extends these considerations to his workings in the kingdom of grace. He endeavors to show that sacramentality is to be found in all created things, and deduces from this an argument in favor of the reasonableness of such manifestations to the soul of man through the sacraments and sacramental ordinances of the historic churches of Christianity. It is at this point, where the author becomes really definite, that his words will form "an hard saying" for some persons. His book will be prized chiefly by those who already in some sort agree with it. It may be added that it is clearly and delightfully written. — The Blood Covenant, a Primitive Rite, and its Bearings on Scripture, by H. Clay Trumbull. (John D. Wattles, Philadelphia.) Eight years after the first, a second edition of this interesting study is published, with a supplement, in which the author uses his opportunity to reply to some of the criticisms made upon the book, and to add further facts which have come to his knowledge.

Bibliography and Book-Making. The Great Book Collectors, by Charles and Mary Elton, and Book Plates, by W. J. Hardy (Imported by Scribners), are the first two numbers of a series entitled Books about Books, edited by Alfred Pollard. Mr. Pollard is himself to follow with a volume on the Decoration of Books, while Herbert P. Horne will consider Book Bindings; F. Madan, Books in Manuscript; and E. Gordon Duff, Early Printed Books. The scheme seems to be an excellent one,

and the books before us are well printed, very profusely illustrated, and contain good indexes. Having said this, we confess that we are disappointed in the volumes themselves. That entitled *Great Book Collectors* covers an enormous field, beginning with the classical bibliophiles, and bringing down the race of book lovers through England, Italy, France, and Germany almost to our day. To do this in two hundred and thirty pages is of course difficult, and it is not strange if the notice of each collector is brief; but even after this allowance is made, the work is unsatisfactory. The text is full of dates, proper names, and titles, which pass before the reader in such rapid succession that they leave no serious impression, and it gives a good deal of entertaining information in a way which does not inform and does not entertain. The subject of book plates is much more special in character, and Mr.

Hardy's book seems to cover the ground very well. He traces the early use of book plates in England, and the various styles in vogue there; gives some account of German, French, and American book plates, and sketches of the best engravers of them; and adds to this a varied knowledge in regard to the subject not easily come at elsewhere. At the same time, we must say, in regard to this volume, that it is not, to our mind, as satisfactory as an earlier and slighter book by the Hon. J. Leicester Warren, now Lord De Tabley. We are glad to see that Mr. Hardy mentions in the preface the strikingly beautiful work of Mr. W. C. Sherborn, of London, whose marvelous book plates for the Duke of Devonshire, the Rothschild family, and other well-known collectors are among the best specimens of modern work, and whose efforts in this direction ought to be better known to American book collectors.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Sound versus
Color.

A CORRESPONDENT of Notes and Queries says: "Almost from childhood I have been in the habit of associating the vowel sounds in a word with color. In the course of a somewhat long life, I never met more than one person (a woman) who was possessed of a similar craze, as I considered it, and in her case only two of the vowels, *a* and *o*, were supposed to have color. In my own case each vowel has its distinctive color. *A* is very white, *e* is light blue, *i* is red, *o* black, and *u* brown. When I hear a name I remember its color, although I may not remember the name itself; and thus I sometimes give a wrong name, although of the same color; for example, 'Mr. Cook' instead of 'Mr. Wood.' To my mind 'Abraham' is a very white word, 'need' is light blue, 'iniquity' is as red as if printed in red ink, 'bore' is black, and 'useful' is brown."

I feel very much like shaking hands with the unknown Notes and Queries man across seas, for, as far back as I can remember, a younger sister (no longer living) and myself had the same "fad;" and until now we were the only people I had ever heard

of possessing it, so that I was really pleased to learn there were a few other persons in the world affected in the same way. And I should now like to "inquire round" among the friends of the Club whether any of them have a similar gift, — though indeed I hardly know whether to call it that, — and are in sympathy with my English friend and myself; and above all, whether any one has anything like a philosophical explanation to offer for this peculiarity. It seems as if there must be some principle underlying it all that could be found. Most of us have, I think, heard the story of the man, born blind, who asked what the color of scarlet might be like, and was told to imagine it like the blast of a trumpet. Many people can see how very good that is, and it seems to me that our color fad must be based on exactly the same principle, only carried down to infinitely finer gradations.

I should like to add that my English friend and I do not see the same colors in the vowels. We agree only in the *u*, which to me, as to him, is brown, — a rich red-brown. Otherwise, my scale of colors is

this: *a*, pale green; *e*, pale pink; *i*, yellow, either light or dark, according to pronunciation (in "Smith," for instance, orange; in "bright," more a lemon color); *o*, dark blue; and finally, *u*, brown. Combinations of vowels, such as in "house," "memoir," etc., have a tint of their own, — a sea-green, a kind of purple, and so on. Probably every one having the fad possesses a different color tablet of his or her own. I remember, for instance, that my sister's differed from mine, though I do not recollect in what way. But in whatever combinations this singular palette may be made up, the mind lays on the colors by a perfectly involuntary process, — for there is no conscious effort of the will or imagination about it, — and with absolute and inflexible consistency; there is no shifting or varying of colors, they remain always the same. Thus the name "Clarence" (the process is somewhat more conspicuous in proper names, perhaps, but might be, and really is, applied to every word in the language) is to me, for instance, infallibly pale green and pale pink; "John," indigo; "Ruth," dark brown; "Lily," yellow; "Jackson," pale green and indigo; and so on, indefinitely.

There is a word in German that ought to have some bearing on this subject, — *Klang-Farbe*, sound-tint. To the best of my knowledge, it is used mostly in musical composition. For instance, if there is in a piece too great a preponderance of one instrument, — let us say first violins, — the *Klang-Farbe* will not be just right.

I am quite aware that to any one knowing nothing of my fad this must all seem very vague and flighty, possibly like mere nonsense. But if some Club friend can and will come forward and assure me that I am not the only "crank" on the subject on this side of the water, it will be very interesting as well as delightful.

In re Port — Has not my fellow-Contributor quoted his epigram from a failing memory? Old mutton! Here is the way my recollection, of from thirty to forty years, makes the epigram read: —

"Firm and erect the Caledonian stood;
Prime was his mutton, and his claret good.
'Let him drink port!' the English statesman cried.
He took the poison, and his spirit died."

How the distinction between Scottish and English wines came about I take to have been as follows: Even in England the wines

of France were the only wines (except, say, the "sack" or sherry *sec* of Falstaff) in use before the eighteenth century; so that it has been said that not so much as a pipe of port had been brought into England before the Revolution. Still truer was this of Scotland before the union, since its relations, political, dynastic, social, as well as commercial, with France were very intimate. The Methuen Treaty with Portugal, so named from its negotiator, was concluded in December, 1703. By this, Portuguese wines were to be received (and were received until 1831 or 1833) at duties one third less than French wines; which amounted practically to the exclusion of French wines from the country. In England as well as in Scotland, therefore, it came about that port in the place of claret became the universal wine of the last century; with what effect upon the British constitution might be an interesting inquiry.

To be sure, the union of England and Scotland was not consummated until 1707; but having a common monarch, who was the treaty-making power, their relations with other powers were naturally identical.

But whose the epigram is, and where to find it, I shall be glad to learn when the "pestilent specialist" shall make it known through the Contributors' Club.

A Barometer of Gayety — A few steps from the birth-place of Giulio Romano, and within a stone's throw of the new Victor Emmanuel monument, is a little by-street with a queer name, which has not yet succumbed to the devastating hand of progress. Lumbering diligences, crowded inside with priest and peasant, and laden on top with weary poultry and fresh eggs from the mountains, draw up here every evening and unload their dusty, vociferous burden. Next to the diligence stable is a wine shop of the old Roman type, with grotesquely frescoed walls and great wine vats. When one passes by at night, the eye plunges through a long vista of black tuns and flickering light, with groups of dark-browed folk drinking and playing cards, men wrapping their mantles about them in the fashion of their forefathers, and not less swift than they with their knives in midnight brawls. Opposite this, the cooks and maids of the neighborhood gather each morning around a greengrocer's, where they chat and munch, and the

hours fly by unheeded. It is mortifying to call such a study in color a "grocery." The massing of the tender green of the endive salad and darker lettuce, borderings of tiny scarlet tomatoes, fringes of purple and white grapes, big yellow pumpkins in the background, piles of juicy figs to the fore, — such dashes of color, such combinations of shades, all entitle the *ortolano* to some of the artist's honors.

But the keynote to my characteristic by-way is a place of business facing this shop, and a would-be rival. In a wide, arched doorway, by the side of baskets of wizened apples, speckled pears, and pomegranates, sits a fat old woman, too colossal and lazy ever to drive a flourishing trade. Before her is one of the little iron stands for roasting chestnuts; and she also deals in vegetables, but each thing is the worst of its kind. On one side hangs a dingy card, inscribed, in shaky capitals, with the words

"DARNING AND MENDING DONE HERE."

But over her head is suspended the redeeming feature of the establishment. On a string stretched across the front of the shop, above the decaying cabbages and fried artichokes, is strung a goodly array of mandolins, violins, and guitars,

"TO BE LET OR SOLD."

During the bright October days, Christmas week, and the carousals of carnival not a single instrument is on the line, but Lenten dullness finds the string taut and fully manned; so I have learned to consider this, Madame Lucrezia's relative musical display, as a sign of whether our Romans are serenading, making merry, or doing penance.

In old days Madame Lucrezia found in me an occasional customer. Honeyed flattery was distilled into my ear as I bought oranges, and several extras were thrown in when chestnuts were the purchase; but pulpy fruit and worm-eaten shells drove me to her *vis-à-vis*, a fact naturally resented by this dealer in greens, fine needlework, and musical instruments. Passing in best array and light gloves for calling, I am arrested by a fat paw thrusting forward roasted chestnuts and sticky fruit. Distance is unrecognized by her, and as I go down the street with friends she screams, "Why don't you buy from me any more?" Sometimes she appeals to me as "beautiful

child," and again shakes her fist and says bad words. She knows not dignity; and though she begins to despair of me as a purchaser, she cannot yet quite relinquish the social side of our acquaintance; and on the days she does not see my cook shopping at her rival's, opposite, she inquires affectionately after her health, and wishes me a pleasant walk.

— The waning power of expression that Mr. Greenough deplores, in his admirable essay in *The Atlantic* for May, 1893, is, it would seem, only partly accounted for by the prevailing conditions he describes, and could hardly be revived or duly encouraged solely by the methods he advocates. Without regard to personal aptitude, is not the power of expression, generally speaking, a matter of definite understanding? The most uneducated person strongly possessed of a definite idea finds little difficulty in expressing it; is, in fact, irresistibly impelled to the expression of it, though perhaps in no very nice language. But it is especially the discrimination resulting from a rich vocabulary and all its associations that can be cultivated by study under competent masters.

Is there any more important or essential thing to be learned than the relative value of facts and deductions? Is there any practical necessity for drawing the usual hard-and-fast lines between the different subjects of inquiry? For instance, a boy is studying Latin. That "*Omnia Gallia divisa est in partes tres*" is to him neither an historical nor a politico-geographical fact, and is not made to appear so. In short, why cannot his Cæsar be made a means of teaching him history, geography, and literature as well as Latin? Should not Carlyle's statement, that the sum of all possible human knowledge is what mankind has said and done, be engraved on the walls of every schoolroom?

It is not so much the recitation of lessons that will insure readiness of expression as an appreciation that every word in the language has a history, a complete understanding of which is equivalent to the most liberal education. A child who should be taught to describe some one thing or condition with scrupulous nicety every week, and taught to appreciate something of the value of the selected words, would not fail, in a few years, to become more

"The English Question" Again.

liberally educated in the true sense than most of us ever are, and would be sure to find the expression of an idea a second nature, — especially if to oral discussion were added the task of committing to writing the accepted definition or description.

To describe accurately and adequately is, perhaps, the flower of all education. This sort of teaching can be graded to the capacity of any age, sex, color, or previous condition; from the description of the simplest objects and things to that of phases of exalted feeling or accomplishment. A child in the primary class — even when this shall be confided, as Professor Shaler would have it, to none but the most gifted persons — could not be expected to appreciate the force and beauty of De Quincey's comparison between Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke as conversationalists: "The doctor was remarkable for a word, a distinction, a pointed antithesis; but a projectile thrown by Burke in conversation rebounded at new angles, and went on splintering and coruscating."

Gaudia Cer- — "Come, close up there!
taminis. Steady on the right! Forward
into line!" And the brigade of Tecumseh
Sherman, which had been running on what
the boys called "all fours," — that is, by
the flank, — suddenly swept forward and
formed a line of battle across the road.
Our men were breathing hard as they came
up from the Centreville Ridge at what was
termed the "double quick;" and so great
was our eager pride to be in at the first
shedding of blood that nearly all, sick or
well, weak or strong, had somehow con-
trived to be present. The usual straggling
and falling out by the wayside, which later
became only too familiar, were on this oc-
casion conspicuously absent. Some remnant
there was of the impression of the holiday
excursion which had been promised us by
our home sympathizers; and the tedious and
gruesome realities so soon to be experienced
were scarcely apprehended by our gallant
soldiery, so many of whom were to have
returned that very day, since their three
months' term of service was just expiring.
Uniforms were still new, gold lace was but
little tarnished. Even the horses were glossy
from recent grooming, and were neighing
from recent oats, little recking how soon
they too would drop the gaudy trappings
of war which now bedizened them. How

readily they caught the holiday spirit which surrounded them, how sociably they whinied! All that we had ever read in the Old Testament and elsewhere about the unthinking horse in battle seemed here to be realized. We had expected that the quadrupeds of our crusade would require reassuring; that an animal so timid in the city streets that he can easily be stampeded by a vagrant firecracker could not be relied upon at first to face the hideous noises which now prevailed, but that he must gradually become inured to the terrors of the cannonade. Yet, to our surprise, the horses showed no signs of fear whatever. We noticed that no horse ran away except when he became riderless; then, with lifted head and staring eyes and floating mane, he would flee bewildered. But horses and mules all accepted the sounds and tokens of coming battle with far more equanimity, apparently, than could be accredited to many of their tamers.

Yes, there was no disguising the fact, the scene was a dreadful one. From a source entirely invisible, missiles were sent crashing through the woods, like a hurricane of delirious metal, shrieking and falling, to be buried in the earth with what was literally a sickening thud. The number who were hurt, it is true, was not very great; what appalled us was the mystery of it all, the strange unexpectedness with which the danger appeared. Then, too, the orders were given in a tone of low, hissing intensity that seemed to have the carrying power of the stage whisper. Add to this the perpetual galloping of horses immediately in our rear, — horses belonging to the staff officers who were conveying orders; then a pause, and the hurricane of cannonade in our front was redoubled. The men were told to lie down; the officers remained standing at our rear, while those of sufficient rank maintained their position on horseback, a little farther back. The screaming of the missiles was interrupted from time to time by what we now knew to be the bursting of shells. The deepening danger grew tragically intense, for there was nothing to be done except to stay and confront it. At last, to the manifest relief of the long, long line, the orders were to advance; and as we stepped forward somewhat blithely, we noticed, moving directly in front of us, a little more rapidly than ourselves, a small body of glit-

tering cavalry escorting a group of gorgeously appointed staff officers. We also noticed that they had a most enthusiastic companion. A large dog, with shaggy, jet-black curly hair and most musical voice, followed the cavalcade closely, barking sonorously, as though he felt his duty to be akin to that of the bugler. His superb waving tail moved high in air in rhythmic cadence with the marching men who were behind him, rather than in time to the clattering hoofs and chaos of sound which preceded him. The awful peril of our own situation did not prevent us from wondering how the noble beast had managed to get there, and what would be his fate if he remained. We could not learn, even, whether he belonged to any of those who were actors in the fearful drama before us; but presumably this was the case, for there was that in his movements betokening a dog who felt himself to be at home, rather than the vagrant canine who had run away whither he had no business to go.

Still on and on, as the brigade advanced, went the delighted dog, occasionally raising his head yet higher, as if for the purpose of throwing his voice farther, while his ever-swaying tail responded to the cadenced step of the dear dog's fellow-countrymen. How he loved the scene! I have often been charmed with the delight shown by dogs when there is dancing or other frolic going on; their emotional nature fairly reveling in movement of any kind. The least sociable dog is always ready for a run or a romp with the least congenial companion, and there is no being to whom the infection of gayety is so generously contagious.

All through the desolate two hours occupied by this engagement, the first of the war, our friend still pursued his delighted tactics,—an example of glowing fearlessness. "Why," exclaimed a soldier, "he's better than a brass band to keep our spirits up!" We were all young then, the group surveying this ecstatic dog, and much nearer to college and classic phraseology than most of us have ever been since; and so, when a recent graduate cried, "Well done, Gaudia Certaminis!" the refrain was taken up by all who could translate it, and by a great many who could not, and Gaudia Certaminis the dog remained throughout his martial career.

Later on, as one by one the various regi-

ments were drawn off from a field now deemed impracticable, we could see our handsome friend holding his ground among the very last, until, in the deepening twilight, he was observed majestically striding after his cavalry escort, as we now called it, on their way to the rear. Ah, then that swaying tail, which an hour before had moved in joyous unison with the soldiery, had fallen to a discontented level, as the poor dog bewilderedly retraced his footsteps, following whatever master among the glittering staff might lay claim to his prowess and his fidelity.

All the succeeding night we were kept awake by the fierce whistle of trains bearing what we only too well knew were reinforcements from Richmond. When at last, at daybreak, we stood on that vast plateau where we were to see by far the greatest battle yet fought on this continent, we instinctively looked for our four-footed comrade, Gaudia; for somehow we were well assured that he must be with us, taking his share of peril, as be seemed a noble knight.

At dark of that day of monstrous calamity the warring hosts had separated, and, for some reason which will never be known, the legions of the North were in full retreat, having been victorious all through the day! Terrified teamsters, homesick militiamen, panic-stricken mules, and stragglers of every sort had started the stampede at the rear long before the fighting in our front had ceased. The German reserves stationed at Centreville, five miles behind us, were in full retreat an hour previous to the last charge of the seventy-ninth Highlanders. As our discouraged, despairing soldiery staggered in retreat towards the stone bridges, walking as though wading through seas of clotted blood, one of the last scenes that fell upon our disturbed vision, on passing through Centreville, was that of our dear Gaudia returning from the field, with a small red rill of blood trickling from his neck. He probably did not live to go much farther; and, associated as he was in our minds with the army when advancing, it seemed to us well if he did not survive to witness that retreat which brought mourning into nearly every house in the land.

I have seen much of the brave man's contempt of death, of the risks run for

glory, of the honest patriotism which dares for duty, but I have never seen such exultation of joy in battle, such genuine sympathy with heroic pageant, as were shown by this handsome dog at the battle of Blackburn's Ford. Hitherto, I confess that it had seemed a sentimental exaggeration of Byron's when he wrote of his dog, Boatswain, in the famous epitaph: "Here lies one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, — all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but simple truth when told of a dog." But the fitness of these words had for me been visibly verified; and I think it would be no exaggeration to say that, in all our glittering host, there was no braver heart nor one with greater zest for battle than that which beat in the breast of our poor Gaudia Certaminis.

The Metaphor of Every-Day Life.

— For a people who talk as much as we Americans, we are strangely deficient in current proverb and available metaphor.

With the exception of certain Yankee quaintnesses and the topsy-turviness of humor which reached its acme in Artemus Ward, we have done little in the way of furnishing ourselves with useful and artistic slang. To be sure, we have invented some odd verbal terms of distinction (of more than doubtful expediency and fitness), as when we say a "walkist," meaning a man who walks for a living, as discriminated from the "walker," who is merely a man who walks; or as when we indicate by the word "billiardist" the gentleman who makes a calling of the propulsion of ivory in contradistinction to the ordinary individual who plays billiards!

The older countries, especially those rejoicing in many dialects, have a wealth of proverb and metaphor, the picturesqueness of which might imply a survival of the fittest through many generations. What, for instance, could be better descriptive of a man who returns abashed at the non-success of his mission than the phrase (Scotch), "He came back with his finger in his mouth"? What more vivid limning of the fatuously improvident one than the following description, "He came home with both arms alike long"? A whole sermon on marriage is contained in the phrase,

from the same national source, "Beauty and she might be married, being nothing akin" (applied to the case of a conspicuously plain woman). The delight which is sometimes experienced at some novel wickedness, or, still more, novel virtue, has a brief but expressive condensation in the word "newins." I noticed in army days that no one had to ask twice to be sent to the front; and the philosophy of Auld Reekie confirms this noble sentiment in a proverb to the effect that "those who are willing to take the black end of the poker will always get it." The unwritten anthology of popular wisdom is rich in prudence rather than generosity, abounding in warnings against the vice of unthrift. Probably in all languages there is a variant for the idea contained in that homely Yankee distich,

"But keep your money in your pocket,
For when it's there, you know you've got it,"

— an idea which is offset by the following from the Scotch: "If a man counts the cost, he'll never put plough in the ground."

The metaphor of every-day life, being made, as it is, for convenience rather than for ornament, is apt to resemble the attire of every-day life, and is therefore more remarkable for its accommodating proportions than for its suitable fit. Indeed, certain current witticisms seem to be valued (and here let the present metaphor be changed) as missiles which can safely be launched on all occasions, since their entire merit is irrelevance! The embodiment of all evil, his Satanic Majesty, and the kingdom which he represents, are apt to figure largely in the metaphor of every-day life; and the easy-going indifference as to fit or fitness is nowhere better manifested than in the various rôles assigned to this tropical personage. It might seem proper to refer to the weather as being "hot as the Devil;" but when the profane hewers of wood, in midwinter, on the Canada border, look forth on a morning when the mute mercury cowers in the bottom of the thermometer, and characterize the season as one cold as the regions swayed by the Prince of Darkness, we might call this the meeting of extremes. In most metaphorical illustrations, persons given to methods of this sort are likely to push language to the last hyperbolic bounds. So, the bucolic voyager, overtaken by a passing shower, describes the event as a series of

torrents, sometimes reaching the amazing consummation of "cats and dogs," or, yet worse, "pitchforks;" but why these domestic animals or agricultural implements should be so popular in weather observations is difficult to account for except on the score of improbability.

Persons who are *ête montée*, such as fervid orators, temperance lecturers, and lovers, are not expected to confine themselves to literal truth; and we cannot wonder that the narratives of J. B. Gough were more remarkable for their tear-compelling qualities than for historic or clinical accuracy. The lover is aware that he is expected to come supplied with certain "property" metaphors (if a theatrical term may be used), metaphors in which the lady's eyes are likened to stars, which they must very slightly resemble; although, when the rose and the carnation are laid under contribution for limning her cheeks and lips as they appear to him, there is both propriety and fragrance in their use!

In politics, of course, the "property" metaphor is drawn mainly from the national symbols, with such occasional allusions to our national dimensions and civic virtues as will conduce to the popularity of the orator. However, there is nowadays far less tampering with the bird of freedom, far less adverting to territorial resources, than was the case in the early days of the republic. The late Daniel Dougherty used to allude to his political opponents as persons who had "dried up the fountains of liberty, and locked the wheels of progress," making a very convenient use of certain obvious elements of our commonwealth. Joseph Rodman Drake furnished material for the Fourth of July orator for a period of fifty years; but, unfortunately, when the abolition question arose, the inconvenient presence of "stripes" in his glowing metaphor was a drawback to national similitudes of freedom. Contributory to this department of rhetoric, Edward Everett made a beautiful turning-point in his speech on Washington by referring to the Indian quest of Vasco da Gama and the sublime mistake which brought Columbus to our shores when seeking India as "two century plants, of the West and the East."

Time was when a poem, even a lyric like those of Moore, was expected to contain at

least one thoughtful metaphor addressed in verse as musical as poetry could command. As, for example, in one of the Irish Melodies, where the proverbial variable-ness of climate is used to parallel the troubled political career of Ireland, the whole metaphor is "resolved" (to speak as musicians do) in the second verse, where "a rainbow of promise" is called in to reconcile all factions under "one arch of peace." In another instance taken from this poet, any one who has ever heard the snapping of a string on a musical instrument, especially at night, when the increased dampness makes such an accident probable, will see at once the propriety with which the idea is introduced in that most poetic bewailing of the silenced harp, in the lines,—

"The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells."

It would seem that our moderns (the impressionists of verse, shall we call them?) can find some better way of expressing the thoughts that crowd upon them, for the metaphor is no more a necessity of life in poetry than it is in oratory. But it is the metaphor of every-day life that is under present consideration, and I fear that it is subjected to many humiliating tasks; largely used for purposes of needless condensation, lending a sting to the blow of invective, imparting a pathos to the pleading of self-seeking; acting, therefore, as a stenographer, telephone, and other ornaments of the useful arts, until, like the spavined race horse that draws a buggy for the country doctor, it is scarce recognizable in its harness of commonplace duty!

On the whole, the "property" metaphors are the least objectionable: they fill a "long-felt want." Like depreciated currency, they deceive no one, for no one attaches to them their face value. A gentleman who is described as being "quicker than lightning" may be one who simply avoids being a sloth. A man who is "strong as a horse" need not necessarily draw four tons to prove his athletic power. When, on the other hand, eulogistic comparisons are addressed to beauty, all reasonable exaggeration becomes poetic license, and is understood to express not so much the literal fact as the elevated state of mind of him who speaks.

